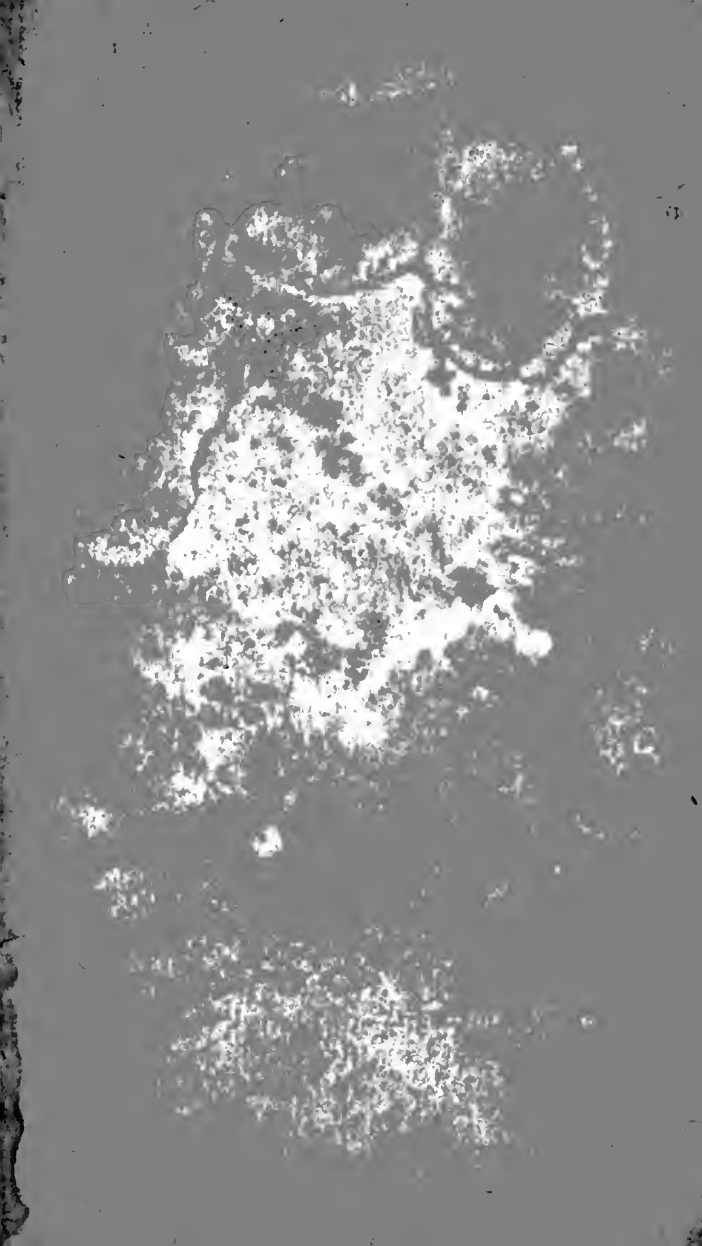
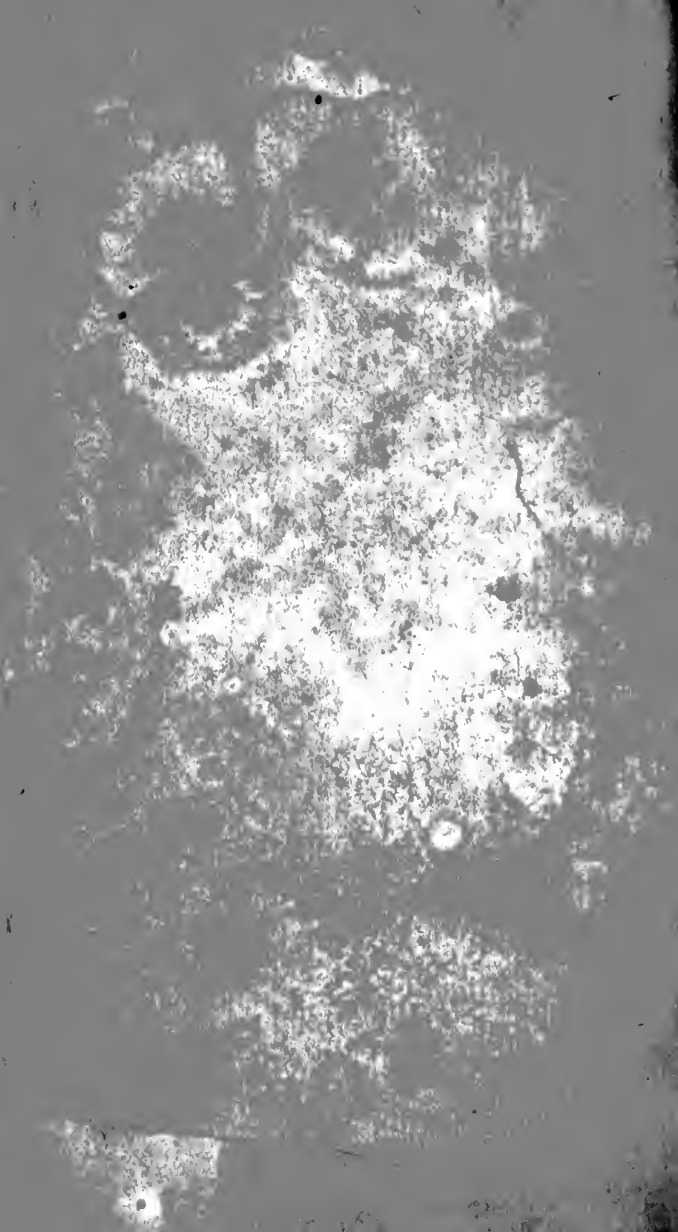


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REUBEN AND RACHEL;

O R,

TALES OF OLD TIMES.

A NOVEL.



BY MRS. ROWSON,

AUTHOR OF CHARLOTTE, TRIALS OF THE HEART,
FILLE DE CHAMBRE, &c. &c.



When oft, by pain or grief oppress'd,
Sweet Poesy, enchanting fair,
Has breath'd some heav'nly dulcet air,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.
But when her magic harp she strung,
And softly play'd and sweetly sung;
Bidding the tranced Fancy fly
O'er oceans vast from shore to shore;
Raising bright visions to the mental eye,
Of ages long since past, and days of yore;
List'ning enraptur'd to the strain,
Nor sickness, sorrow, care, or pain,
Was e'er remember'd more.

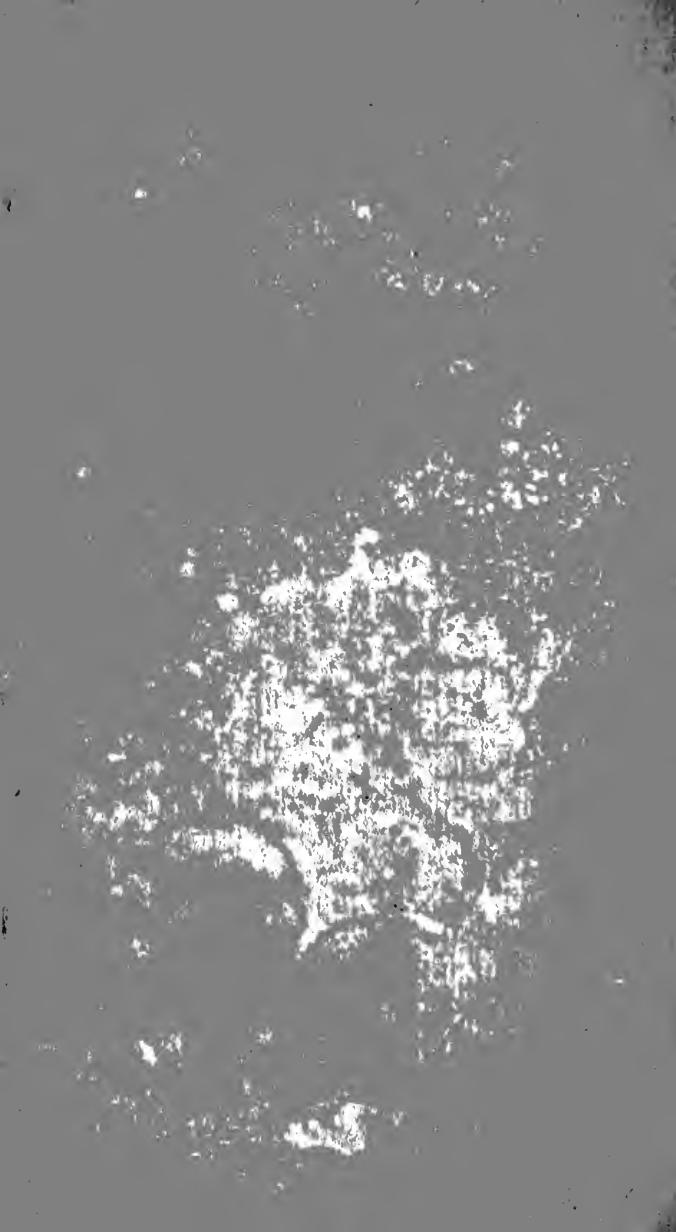
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P R E F A C E.

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PREFACES in general are esteemed of so little consequence, that few persons take the trouble to read them. It is therefore an irksome task to be obliged to write, what will neither call up the attention, nor interest the feelings of those who may peruse the book; and yet, irksome as the task is, I find myself necessitated to perform it.

I am conscious that some apology ought to be made to the public, for the length of time that has intervencd since I first awakened their curiosity by announcing my intention of publishing the present work. In excuse for this tardiness, I must allege several months of ill health, during which time I was incapable of pursuing my favourite amusement of writing; and since my health has been re-established, an avocation of a more serious nature has employed every hour, and almost absorbed every faculty of my mind.

When I first started the idea of writing "*Tales of Old Times*," it was with a fervent wish to awaken in the minds of my young readers, a curiosity that might lead them to the attentive perusal of history in general, but more especially the history of their native country. It has ever been my opinion, that when instruction is blended with amusement, the youthful mind receives and retains it almost involuntarily.

The first volume of the present work was written before I had entered on the arduous (though inexpressibly delightful) task of cultivating the minds and expanding the ideas of the female part of the rising generation. If I was before careful to avoid every expression or sentiment that might mislead the judgment, or corrupt the heart, what was then inclination became now an indispensable duty. And though none of my characters are so very faultless as to occasion the young reader to neglect imitating them at all, because they despair of attaining the same degree of perfection, yet they discover such an innate love of virtue, such a thorough

a thorough contempt of vice, that the uncontaminated mind will contemplate with pleasure the beauty of the one, and shrink with abhorrence from the deformity of the other.

As a novelist, I think it is more than probable that I have made my last essay. Flattered and encouraged as I am in my present undertaking, in having the education of so many young ladies entrusted to my care by their respectable parents, it shall henceforward be my study conscientiously to discharge the trust reposed in me; and whilst I endeavour to cultivate their taste, and improve their understandings, implant, with the utmost solicitude, in their innocent minds, a love for piety and virtue.

To this end, I shall devote my leisure hours to preparing a set of progressive lessons in reading, for the youth of my own sex, from five years old to ten or twelve; after which period, there are a multiplicity of books, better calculated to forward the great design of education than any my pen could produce:

It is observable, that the generality of books intended for children are written for boys: even Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons, which are the best productions of the kind I ever met with, are addressed to a boy. And as for the generality of little books which children are permitted to read, they are such a jumble of inconsistencies, that though they may assist the child to learn to read with propriety, they do not convey one idea to the head that is worth retaining. Mrs. Trimmer, and some few others, are exceptions to this remark, having laboured to correct this false idea, that it was necessary to excite the young mind to the pursuit of learning by tales wonderful and indeed impossible, and have displayed to their view the real wonders and beauties of nature.

For my own sex only I presume to write; and if hereafter one woman should think herself happier or wiser from the fruits of my endeavours, I shall be overpaid for the time or pains bestowed in writing and arranging them.

REUBEN AND RACHEL;

O R,

TALES OF OLD TIMES.

CHAP. I.

An old fashioned Widow.

IT was about the middle of the fifteenth century that the lovely and amiable Isabelle found herself a widow, reduced from ease and affluence to a very confined income. Though her circumstances were altered; her mind elevated, her spirit noble and independent, was still the same. Isabelle was a native of Spain, of noble parentage, expanded heart, superior sense, and highly finished education. The beauty and elegance of her person, though striking, were but secondary objects of the esteem and admiration she was sure to excite wherever she was seen or known.

In the prime of life, having scarcely reached her 35th year, suddenly deprived of a valuable and beloved husband, she retired from a court of which she had been a principal ornament, to a castle romantically situated on the borders of Wales. Amongst her husband's vast possessions, this only had escaped the rapacious hand of his enemies. It was an antique castle which formerly had been designed for defence, as well as a habitation; but the fortrefs had been for many years totally neglected, and the castle itself, in many places, was fallen to decay. The ground belonging to it consisted of but a few acres, and those few were uncultivated and rude; a few clumps of old oaks were here and there scattered on the sides of the hill, on the summit of which the castle stood; and immediately surrounding it, was a small patch which once

B

had

had been used as a kitchen garden. The very trifling value annexed to this small demesne and its retired solitary situation, made it no object to the enemies of Arundel; and thither Isabelle, with her only child Columbia, retired.

An old female servant, a native of South-America, whose name was Cora, and Matthias, a veteran soldier who had grown old in the service of her husband's father, with a lively little girl particularly attached to Columbia, comprised the whole of her household.

Mina was the daughter of a peasant in the neighbourhood of London. The little Columbia, when quite a child, walking with her maid on the banks of the Thames, saw Mina gathering some dry sticks, which she carefully tied in a bundle, and, dropping a curtesy as Columbia passed, cried, "Bless you, sweet little lady." Mina was just nine years of age, her complexion clear olive, a profusion of jetty hair waved in glossy ringlets over her neck, and partly shaded her expressive countenance; her full black eyes beamed unutterable softness, as taking up her bundle of sticks she gazed after Columbia, and cried, "Bless you, my sweet little lady!" And "bless you, my pretty girl," said Columbia; "why do you carry that heavy bundle?" "'Tis wood to make a fire for mammy who is sick." "Where does your mammy live?" "There, in that little cottage by the road side." Columbia, though not eight years old, possessed a heart glowing with the strongest feelings of humanity; she darted forward, and in a moment was at the door of Mina's cottage. "You must not go in, Miss," said the servant; "if the woman should be sick of any contagious disorder, and you should catch it, what would my lady say?" "What would she say (replied the child) if I passed by the house without inquiring what ailed the poor woman? I will go in, and then I can tell my mother, who will, I am sure, give me some money to bring to her to-morrow." Opposition was useless; the benevolent child entered the cottage, and beheld a scene of misery, which, though she did not fully comprehend, she on her return home sufficiently explained to her mother, to obtain immediate

ate relief for the poor cottager ; and Mina was taken into the family and promoted to the honour of waiting, entirely on her little benefactress.

When the lady Isabelle retired to Austenbury Castle, Columbia was eleven years old. It was her mother's chief amusement to cultivate an understanding naturally good, but where sometimes the shoots of female vanity impeded the progress of those virtues, which nature with a liberal hand had implanted in her heart. Remarkably lovely in her person, she would frequently decorate her hair with field flowers, at the same time placing garlands of them in fantastic drapery about her dress ; and then, having admired herself in the natural basin, which ornamented their little garden, fly to her mother, and exclaim with transport, " Only see how beautiful ! " When Mina, who thought her young mistress almost a divinity, would rapturously cry, " Don't she, my lady, look like an angel ? "

Isabelle, though delighted to observe the unbounded vivacity of her daughter, and the grateful affection of her little dependant, was fully sensible of the necessity there was for checking those ebullitions of vanity, which, if suffered to pass unnoticed, would effectually throw a shade over the really valuable qualities of good sense, good nature, and benevolence, with which the soul of her daughter was amply stored. Her reflections on this subject were often painful in the extreme. Secluded from the world, she had no friend with whom she could advise. Severity (she would say within herself) will but teach my child to consider me as a frigid mistress, her heart will contract and hide its thoughts from an eye that beams only with reproach ! No ; I must watch the favourable moment, and effectually eradicate this error, by convincing her understanding of its folly. I would be the guardian of my child's morals ; I would be her friend, and direct her in the way most likely to secure her present and future happiness ; but for the universe I would not forfeit the exquisite pleasure of participating every thought, every wish of her innocent heart.—No ; let me not, by all timed harshness, drive her guileless and unsuspecting nature

to mean subterfuge and artifice ; had she a thousand errors, she is still my child, and though it is my duty to correct, it is also my duty to conceal and palliate faults, which reflection tells me, are but the offspring of human nature.

It was ever the care of Isabelle to impress on the mind of her daughter a proper sense of a wise, benignant, overruling Power ; to whom she was indebted for her being, and to whom she was accountable for her words and actions ; but this was done more by example than precept. Calumny was a stranger to her lips ; to perform every good work of peace and mercy was the delight of her heart. She worshipped her Creator with sincerity and fervor ; no appointed hour, no set form of prayer ; every blessing was received with thankfulness, every correction submitted to with patience. Amongst the most heinous offences she reckoned the misuse or neglect of time, and the total abuse or perversion of God's good gifts. Every hour of her life was usefully employed, and she dealt by every human being, as she wished them to deal by her.

It was a fine evening in the middle of September, when Columbia asked her mother to partake of some fruit in a neat arbour Matthias had dressed by the side of the pond. " You forget, my dear mother, (said she) that this is the day I always devote to joy and playfulness. This is the day on which you relieved poor Mina's mother, and brought that good girl home to live with me ; and she has been so affectionate, so grateful, that to-day I am determined she shall be queen of the feast. You do not know how charming it will be ! Matthias has got us some peaches, and Cora has provided cream, with baked apples and wheat cakes ; and whilst you refresh yourself, Mina and I will sing and dance to divert you." Isabelle clasped the interesting child in her arms, and repaired to the appointed scene of infantile festivity.

After the collation was over, at which Mina was made to preside, Columbia told her mother, that she could never repay the pleasure her first acquaintance with that little girl had given her ; " For," said she, " before

“before I saw her distress, and you, my beloved mother, gave me the means to relieve it, I had no idea of happiness beyond myself; but that blessed day taught me, that to confer happiness on another, gave the mind sensations a thousand times more exquisite than any other enjoyment the world affords.” She then, with the swiftness and light bound of an antelope, sprang from her mother’s embrace, and ran toward the castle; but soon returned with Mina, decorated in all the finery they could put together. The jetty hair of Mina hung loose and unadorned about her neck and shoulders, whilst her little white jacket and petticoat were richly ornamented with orange lilies, poppies and blue iris.

The fine auburn tresses of Columbia were bound up with a garland of corn flowers, and autumnal daisies, whose glowing tints vied with the colour, whilst the consciousness of their becoming effect gave an additional brilliancy to her eyes. Her dress, which was composed of light grey satin, she had lightly and elegantly ornamented with festoons of oak leaves, whose dark native green was at this period of the year enlivened by the bright yellow, and glowing scarlet hue, they had caught from the chilly breath of autumn. Light as the gossamer they bound over the turf, dancing to the notes of their own harmonious voices. The evening was serene; the glowing sun just touched with his broad disk the western ocean, whilst as he sunk beneath the shades of night, the moon, emerging from her watry bed, reflected his departing beams, and tinged the cold eastern sky with saffron hue, whilst here and there a scattered cloud, dark in itself, caught her pale rays, and brightened by degrees to high-wrought silver.

Fatigued with the exercise of dancing, Columbia paused upon the margin of the stream; its surface was smooth and even as the polished mirror;—her elegant form, becoming dress, and angel countenance were reflected in the water. She stopped and gazed. A beam of exultation shot from her eyes. It was the moment Isabelle had so long wished for.

“And what does my child so intently gaze at?”
(said she, approaching her daughter.)

Mina stood at a little distance; her own beauty was to herself unknown, her whole soul was wrapt in admiring the beauty of her young lady. When the lady Isabelle spoke, she drew near and listened with attention. She loved her with grateful affection, and instruction from her lips sunk directly to her heart.

“And what does my child so intently gaze at?” said Isabelle, “is it the lovely form with which nature has bountifully endowed her; and which the unruffled surface of the water so beautifully reflects to her admiring eyes? Alas, my child, if that is the object of your admiration, how fragile is the pleasure you receive! What is it you contemplate? A shadow; nay, less than a shadow; for beauty itself is but a shadow, scarce seen before it is gone; and that fair semblance you there behold is but the shadow of a shade. Behold, my child,” continued she, throwing something into the water, “see that beauteous figure, how deformed, how disgusting; every trait of loveliness is gone.” Columbia turned from the stream with an involuntary shudder. Isabelle continued—“Or see, my love, these flowers, with which but a few hours since you decorated your hair; they were then fresh-blooming and beautiful beyond description; behold them now! their sweets are all exhaled, their vivid tints are flown, and no longer valuable, you would throw them from you with neglect and abhorrence. Even so, my dear Columbia, is it with the frail beauty which you so ardently admire: One breath from the creative Power that gave you being, might level you with the dust. Sickness, misfortune, poverty, might deprive your eyes of their lustre, your skin of its glossy hue, and steal the luxuriant tresses from your head. Nay, even at this moment, the cold hand of death might sink you into nothing; and those who to-day looked at you with admiration, would to-morrow turn from you with disgust and terror. Like these poor flowers you would be thrown upon the earth, be trod under foot and forgotten.”

Mina,

Mina, dropping her garland on the ground, seized her young lady by the arm, as though she would save her from so disgraceful an end. Columbia looked at her with affection, gently freed herself from her grasp, and, looking at the faded flowers, with eyes streaming with tears asked her mother, "Am I, then, of no more consequence than these flowers, and may I be as easily destroyed? Shall I be as soon reduced to nothing?" "No, my beloved girl, (said Isabelle) you are of a thousand times more value than the fairest flower that ever bloomed, or the richest gem that ever decked the brow of royalty. Look round, my love, behold this vast, this glorious universe; what beauty, what order! How does the mind expand with wonder and delight as we contemplate the fields of ripened grain, the loaded fruit trees, verdant plains and majestic mountains, whose summits seem to kiss the face of heaven. Observe how grand, how strikingly sublime, appears the orb of day, just sinking in the western sky, which flames with crimson, burnished gold and purple; and see, as he retires, the placid moon assumes her silent reign, whilst millions of stars compose her splendid train, and glitter in the vast expanse of ether. Stupendous, great and wonderful as these appear, believe me, my child, one pure, virtuous human soul is of more value in the sight of the Creator, than all that you behold. They shall fade away, shall vanish as a dream, and be no more remembered; but the soul, studious to perform its duty, beneficent to its fellow creatures, and glowing with grateful, humble affection to the great First Cause of all, shall stand secure amid the general ruin, and rise triumphant from a sinking world."

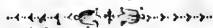
Thus did Isabelle endeavour to inspire her daughter with a thorough contempt for all frivolous pursuits, and to give her a just sense of the value of mental acquisitions. From this time she fully comprehended of how much more consequence was the embellishing of the mind, than the trifling decorations of the person. Besides, having been informed of the immortality of the soul, she was anxious in inquiry for the means by which so invaluable a blessing might be preserved;

and

and to hint to her the danger of forfeiting so great a privilege, was always sufficient to deter her from any thing that was wrong.

It cannot be imagined that a woman like Isabelle could pass at once from the court to the cottage, and be suffered to glide unnoticed into obscurity. Amongst the friends and intimates of her days of splendor, were some, tenderly attached to her from principle, and others, whom the united beauties of her mind and person had inspired with a wish, to lead her again to the altar of Hymen. But Isabelle had drank too deeply of the bitter cup of affliction to suffer love ever again to enter her bosom. Faithful to the memory of her regretted lord, her heart could receive no second impression. "Our love," she would say, "was unfortunate, but he has left me an inestimable pledge behind; shall I give the daughter of my adored Arundel another father, or by extending my family duties have less time to bestow in rendering my child worthy of the name she bears? No; the sincerest proof I can give of my affection to her father, is to live a widow for her sake."

This resolve of Isabelle being once known, and she still persisting in secluding herself from the world, she was soon forgotten, almost as much as if she had been dead; for love cannot long exist without hope, and the gay and thoughtless soon forget those on whom the sun of prosperity no longer shines. She was left in peace to enjoy her retirement, and to cultivate unmolested the mind of her lovely daughter.



CHAP. II.

The Dangers of Greatness.

AS Columbia increased in years, her affection for her mother daily strengthened. It was an affection actuated by the enthusiastic fervor of youth, yet sweetly tempered by a friendship which might have become maturer years. Isabelle was to her daughter,
mother,

mother, sister, friend; every tender connexion combined in one. Never did child more love or fear a parent; yet her fear did not proceed from the apprehension of punishment or severe correction. But to see her mother frown, to be told she had offended her, and to be spoken to with coldness, gave her such inexpressible anguish, that the thought at any time was sufficient to fill her eyes with tears.

As she advanced towards womanhood, she could not but observe the extreme pensiveness of her mother's disposition; the pursuits and pleasures of childhood gradually lost their charms, she more frequently sought the society of Isabelle, and when sometimes she surprised her in tears, she would sink on her knees before her, and, folding her arms round her waist, cry, "Why, my beloved mother, will you confine your sorrows to your own breast, why not repose them in the bosom of your child? Let me share them, my mother, and in sharing soothe them." Isabelle would faintly smile at these effusions of her daughter's tenderness, and as she kissed the affectionate girl tell her, it was too early in life for her to be acquainted with sorrow, though she could feel it only from the tenderness of her nature, leading her to compassionate the sufferings of others.

"I am not so happy as I formerly was, my dear Mina," said Columbia to her attendant one evening as they were walking in the garden; "I see my mother daily sinking under the weight of afflictions I can neither comprehend or alleviate. Yesterday I tremblingly asked her, if I was the cause of her sorrow; she pressed me to her heart and said, in some measure I was. Alarmed, I inquired what I had done to offend her. Nothing, she replied; you are my only comfort, my greatest blessing, and I cannot but lament—Her tears at that moment impeded her words, and when she recovered her voice, she bade me leave her. I obeyed; but still I have a weight upon my heart, an anxious, restless wish to know, how without offending I can cause her so much affliction."

Mina could not satisfy her young lady's curiosity; she could only kiss her hands, and in a voice rendered exquisitely

exquisitely soft by grateful affection, declare it was impossible her dear little benefactress could offend any one!

But though Mina was ignorant of the cause of Isabelle's tears, Cora, the Indian servant, was not equally so. She saw Columbia partook of her mother's depression, without understanding the cause; and the loquacity naturally prevalent in persons of an advanced age, made her eagerly watch for an opportunity to inform the innocent girl of all she knew. The moment long sought at length arrived. Columbia had frequently observed her mother weeping over papers which she took from a private drawer in an escritoire which stood in her bed-chamber, and which in no other part was locked, except that which she most wished to explore. One day coming suddenly into the room, she saw her gazing at a portrait which she pressed to her lips, raising her eyes toward heaven with a sort of reverential awe. "May I not, my dear mother," said she, "behold the object that seems at once to excite both grief and exultation." Isabelle turned the portrait towards her; it was an Indian maid habited in the manner of her country; but in habiliments that bespoke her of elevated rank. Her jetty hair, which flowed in profusion round her face and over her neck, was ornamented with a coronet of pearl and gold; her thin white robe was clasped at the bosom with studs of the same valuable materials, and her arms, which were naked to the shoulders, were in several places bound with bands of silver and coral.

"This," said Isabelle, as she presented it to her daughter, "is the portrait of your grandmother; by birth a *queen*, the only child of a monarch whose wealth had no bounds, and who, far from the haunts of those who call themselves civilized people, reigned unmolested, till the adventurous spirit of your great ancestor Columbus prompted him to seek in distant seas for unknown worlds. Oh, sublime and too daring spirit," she continued, whilst her raised eyes glistened with the tear of extorted remembrance, "why wert thou endowed with qualities, which served but to stir up in the breasts of thine enemies the malignant fiend Envy. Why! whilst thou wert labouring

bouring to benefit and enlighten posterity, wert thou sealing thy own ruin!"

The portrait dropped from her hand, and her head rested on the shoulder of her child. "Oh! my daughter," cried she enthusiastically, as her tears subsided, "whilst I glory in the qualities with which it has pleased Heaven to endow your mind and person, I cannot but tremble for your future fate; for to possess superior beauty, sense or genius, is but to excite the wonder of the ignorant, and the envy of little minds, whilst those who are wise, or great in their own conceit, will wound your feelings with contempt or ridicule, which your own good nature and sensibility will not permit you to retaliate. I cannot proceed, my child; my powers are not at present adequate to the task of recounting the misfortunes of your family." Isabelle paused for a moment, then tenderly kissed Columbia, and leaving the portrait in the hands of her child, passed from the apartment.

Sinking upon the seat her mother had left unoccupied, one hand supporting her head as her elbow rested on the escritoire, the other which held the portrait fell on her knees, her eyes immoveably fixed on those of the inanimate face she contemplated, Columbia sat immoveable as a statue, till roused by the voice of Cora. "Look there," said she, putting the miniature towards the aged servant; "see! my mother says it is the picture of my grandmother." "It is, it is," cried Cora, dropping on her knees and kissing the picture with rapture; "it is the figure of my queen, my mistress, in the dress she wore on the day she was espoused by Don Ferdinando. Oh fatal day! unhappy hour! by that union she sealed her own wretchedness, the ruin of her father, the slavery of his people, and brought destruction on the heads of her adored husband and his respected parent! Ah! my sweet young mistress, I can no longer forbear; I must tell you the fatal story of your father's wrongs."

"Do so," said Isabelle, who at that moment returned to her apartment; "do so, my good Cora; and let it be a warning to my child how she quits the quiet paths of retirement

retirement to enter on the gay or busy scenes of life. Here, take this key; what your memory cannot furnish toward the recital, the papers you will find in that drawer will assist. Listen with attention, my dear child, and learn that content builds her dwelling in solitude, and peace spreads her pinions over the cottage of the humble; whilst the paths of ambition are strewed with thorns, and the dwellings of the great are the habitations of misery."



CHAP. III.

An Old Woman's Tale interrupted.

"IT is many years ago," said Cora, seating herself in an easy chair, her right hand spread out, as commanding attention, and every feature of her aged countenance beaming with the satisfaction which the liberty of repeating tales of old times gave her; "it is a great many years ago, I was then scarcely eight years old, when your great-grandfather Columbus arrived in our country; I never shall forget it: for I can remember things which happened when I was a child much better than those which pass now daily. Time steals away our memory, but those things which either frightened, or surprised us when we were young, are the last which we forget. So as I was saying"—

"Stay, my good Cora," said Columbia, "let us examine the papers; there may be letters which may serve to elucidate your relation, and explain events which happened antecedent to the time of your remembrance."—

"I do not think you will find any worth reading," said Cora, impatiently. "We will see," replied Columbia, mildly, as she opened the drawer. "You may look," cried Cora somewhat pettishly, "but I am sure there is nothing worth attending to, till the time of Don Fernando's arrival in Peru and becoming enamoured of my royal mistress Orrabella." "Hush, hush, my kind friend," said Columbia. "Here is a letter signed Columbus; there

there are several in the same hand writing ; they must contain facts necessary for me to know, or they would not be thus carefully preserved. Be silent, and I will read them to you. Cora sat herself back in the easy chair, and shutting her eyes in token of attention, remained silent. Columbia opened the letter.

COLUMBUS TO BEATINA.

October, 1490.

I AM parted from you, my adored Beatina ; but painful as the parting is, I feel it is for our future advantage. I am convinced, my beloved wife, that there are worlds beyond the narrow bounds which our natural philosophers at present prescribe. I have studied much, my lovely friend, and am almost certain, that were I supplied with vessels, men, provisions, and every thing necessary, I should make discoveries that would occasion my name to be revered in after ages ; and those who blamed my lovely Beatina for giving herself to her Columbus, shall say, " You did right, Beatina ; Columbus has an enterprising spirit that will carve out a fortune, even from a barren waste. For is not the ocean a barren waste ? and yet even from that do I mean to carve out for my soul's idol an empire, where she shall reign queen over all, as she does over my heart.

Why, why, my best beloved, are you not endowed with strength of frame, that your friendship might increase my fortitude in danger, and share the glorious triumph of unexpected success ? Yet why should I wish you to lose the sweet feminine softness which first won, and still holds captive my heart ? I know not what I wish, Beatina. You so entirely possess my thoughts, that whilst I search this vast globe for unknown worlds, to lay them at your feet when found, I would have the fame, the glory of the discovery all your own. And will it not be yours ? Yes ! surely yes ; for you inspired the thought, prompted the search, and are the magic charm that actuates all my endeavours.

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Tell

Tell our dear Ferdinando, that though I have by my marriage with his mother deprived him of his birthright as the only heir of an ancient and wealthy marquis, I will toil to recompense to him the sacrifice his dear mother made to me. Sweet Beatina, do not grieve at this our long separation; when I return, I will return worthy of your love; I will make my charmer worshipped by those who now hold her in contempt. I am about to lay before the king of Portugal a plan for making those discoveries, you have so frequently heard me mention as more than probable. If he listens to me, my fortune is certain; if he treats my proposals as chimerical, the offspring of a disordered imagination, I will apply to some other power. Dearest, have courage; the persevering spirit must in time conquer. Believe I but exist, whilst absent from you, and think that existence scarcely worth preserving but for your sake. Heaven bless my Beatina.

C. COLUMBUS.

“That letter was written before my remembrance,” said Cora. “Very likely,” replied Columbia, scarcely noticing the date, in her eagerness to open another.

COLUMBUS TO BEATINA.

January, 1491.

I HAVE been disappointed, my sweet friend, but be not you disheartened. Thanks be to Heaven, I left you and my darling boy in a safe retreat, where, though not enjoying all the advantages your rank in life might demand, you have at least all the comforts necessary to the real pleasures of life.

But think not, my beloved, my esteemed friend, I would wander forth in search of adventures, and leave the wife of my choice and the offspring of her affection to languish out many years, nay, perhaps their whole lives, in obscurity. No! no! Columbus labours not for his own advantage, but for the advantage of those so nearly, so dearly connected with him. I will leave you, my love, whenever I quit my native land, in a state of honour and opulence, or my scheme shall be totally abandoned.

If

If I fail, if in this (generally thought) romantic plan I lose my life, your father will no doubt be reconciled to you, nor slight the offspring of an only child, on account of his affinity to an unfortunate man, who, had he been monarch of the globe, would have laid his crown at Beatina's feet.

I leave my native land to-morrow, in order to solicit Ferdinand of Spain to grant me the vessels and supplies necessary for prosecuting my intended voyage. I am told the court of Spain is more enlightened than any other court in Europe.

I had, previous to my quitting you, found means to lay my plans before the British throne; but I fear they were treated as the project of a visionary; for though my brother undertook the charge, I have received no answer. Alas! Beatina, how hard it is to combat any received prejudice. The wise and learned men of past ages have held it impossible for mariners to find a passage, or proceed, without incurring immediate death, beyond certain boundaries which their confined knowledge has marked out. But I will not be withheld from the experiment. If I succeed, after ages will revere my name; if I fail, it will sink quietly into oblivion; or perhaps some future genius, enterprising and sanguine as myself, shall drop a tear to my memory, and as he laments my fate, tremble for his own. Adieu, my friend, my lovely comforter. I am more yours than my own.

C. COLUMBUS.

After this, several letters were perused by Columbia, which contained little more than a repetition of his attachment to Beatina, and accounts of his unsuccessful applications to Ferdinand, the then reigning king of Spain. At length the following called up all her attention.

COLUMBUS TO BEATINA.

May, 1492.

CONGRATULATE me, my lovely friend; I am at length successful! How have I counted the tedious months that kept me from my soul's idol; and how often have I feared that my perseverance would be of

no avail, and that I had sacrificed ages of real happiness (for hours are ages to the heart that loves as mine does) to the visionary hopes of future greatness. But I am successful. I shall explore those distant seas, with which my studies have so well acquainted me, and in some unknown world seek out a kingdom of which my Beatina shall be queen. Yes, you shall be queen; for whatsoever world I find, be it the fairest, greatest, or the best the sun ever shone on, no man should ever claim a right to govern it. For it is to a woman I owe the means of making the great attempt. I am so overjoyed I cannot proceed methodically; yet I know you languish to learn every particular that concerns your Columbus.

I have in former letters informed you of my hitherto fruitless solicitations. Wearied by attendance on ministers and creatures, who hung about the king like bees upon the sweet scabious, draining it of its vital moisture till its very root decayed, when they returned to their hives laden with the precious store, regardless of the dying state of the flower from which they had extracted both life and health; disgusted with their unmeaning professions, their hypocrisy and stupidity, I had nearly relinquished the undertaking, when I one morning received an order to attend the queen's private drawing room. You may suppose I did not hesitate to obey the summons. The royal Isabelle received me with affability and encouraging sweetness; she condescended to confer with me on my intended voyage, and on the studies which led me to hope for success. She listened with attention to my reasons, and bade me attend the levee next morning. I went. My royal patroness urged my suit to the king with all the earnestness of persuasive eloquence. He listened; but it was with cold, almost contemptuous silence. Yet was she not dismayed; her fine features glowed with enthusiasm, as she expressed a prophetic assurance of success. Her intercessions were finished with this heroic declaration:—
 “If your majesty,” said she, “conceives the plan too wild, too eccentric to be countenanced, by ordering this enterprising man the necessary supplies from the public treasury;

treasury ; and if your own private purse will not at present allow of so large a disbursement, suffer me to raise the money on my own personal jewels. I beseech your majesty do not say me nay. I want no ornaments to render me pleasing to my sovereign, and will cheerfully part with them, to benefit his subjects, or add to his territories."

Struck with the magnanimity of the proposal, Ferdinand could no longer refuse ; he gave immediate orders for the equipment of a fleet, in which I am to proceed on my intended discovery ; and a sum of money is to be paid to me from the treasury, to provide every necessary for the voyage.

I fell at the feet of the royal Isabelle, and kissed, with grateful transports, the hem of her garment. She graciously raised me, and with a smile of heavenly benignity assured me, that you, my Beatina, and our darling Ferdinando, should be taken under her immediate protection. Hasten then, my dearest, on the receipt of this ; hasten to Spain, and let me introduce you to our august queen. I know you will partake my joy ; and if a tear does start at the thought of parting, I also know you will wipe it off unseen, lest it should unman the heart of your adoring.

COLUMBUS.

"Undaunted spirit of my ancestor," cried Columbia, as she closed the letter, "may you ever inhabit the bosoms of his descendants." "But what is the next letter?" said Cora. She opened it, but it was only a farewell to Beatina, when he was ready to sail from Cadiz ; and by it Columbia discovered that lady and her son were retained in the Spanish court under the immediate protection of Isabelle. The next was a large packet, and of such a nature as could not be hastily or slightly passed over.

ISABELLE, *queen of Spain*, to BEATINA, *wife to*
COLUMBUS.

February, 1493.

THOU bosom friend of the bravest man that ever lived, thy queen now claims thee as her friend and sister. Isabelle is in affliction, and calls on Beatina to

comfort her. Yet how can I ask comfort from you, when I have none to offer in return? I cannot see you, lest you curse the hand that supplied the means for this ill-starred voyage. Our Columbus, the man whose name shall be revered while time endures, is no more! He sleeps in the vast ocean; but his memory shall live forever.

Did I say I had no comfort to offer? Alas! my regrets for his loss were so great, I forgot that he triumphed ere he died. He found the wondrous unknown world he sought; but his own words will best tell his success. The inclosed was brought to our court this morning by a sea captain, who, whilst yet far from the Spanish coast, saw something floating on the waves; and feeling an awakened curiosity prompt him, went a little out of his course to take it up. It was a cask painted white. On opening it, they found this sad testimony of our fatal loss, inclosed in a cake of wax, and surrounded by a quantity of cork, in order, as is imagined, to facilitate its swimming. I am inadequate to the task of adding more; only to say, when you can see me without distress to yourself, come to me, and let us mingle our tears together. Bring Ferdinando with you; henceforth he is my son. Farewel.

ISABELLE.

Inclosed in the foregoing.

COLUMBUS TO HIS ROYAL MISTRESS.

At sea, December, 1492.

Royal and revered Lady,

THE most humble and grateful of your servants addresses you at a moment, when he much fears he shall never again behold you. I am, with my little convoy, in a boisterous and almost unknown sea, at a season of the year when storms prevail, and the inclemency of the weather renders our safety extremely precarious. The clouds hang low; the atmosphere is thick; the hollow murmuring sea, and bleak wind that whistles through the rigging, portends an approaching storm.

I shall

I shall not fulfil my duty to the most gracious of sovereigns, if I do not try some method to inform her, whatever may be my fate, her wishes are fulfilled. The new, the hitherto unexplored world, of which I fondly dreamed so many anxious years, is at length discovered! I shall annex to this the course by which I steered, the soundings as we approached the land, and every requisite direction for mariners to find the place where I have left a little colony of forty men.

Our voyage from Spain was tedious in the extreme, and those who had not the same internal assurances, which my intense study had given me, of our being in a right course, were almost tempted to mutiny, to confine me, and, taking command of the fleet, return to Spain; but to my inexpressible joy, when even my own spirits began to fail, nor could I longer have silenced the fears of the mariners, on the morning of the 12th of October, I discovered land. We made for the shore, and on the 13th landed and took possession of a beautiful fertile island, in the name of your august consort Ferdinand. I kissed the ground as I landed, and called it St. Salvadora, in honour of my gracious patroness; for her bounty relieved me when I was in utter despair of ever making the attempt of a discovery, and the sight of this island preserved me from the vengeance of a disappointed, terrified set of seamen, who thought I had foolishly dragged them from their friends and country to perish on the ocean. I found the inhabitants humane, social, and tractable; and left our little colony in a state of greater comfort than could have been expected. But the impossibility of obtaining proper provisions for the long voyage before us, and the very fragile state of our barques to combat seas unusually tempestuous at this season, renders me fearful I shall never again see Spain, or kneel at the feet of my royal mistress.

The island I have discovered yields plenty of gold dust; pearls are found in the rivers; and from what I could observe, diamonds and other precious stones are easily procured. For the natives not only wear them in their hair and about their necks, but decorate their
temples

temples with them, intermixed with gold and silver. These temples are in general dedicated to the *Sun*, which is their chief object of adoration. The sacred duties are performed by priestesses, who vow eternal virginity. Their men are tall and well proportioned; the women beautiful in the extreme.

Thus have I slightly touched on the many charms to entice my sovereign to make this territory her own. Oh may the wealth its mines contain, enrich her above all her contemporaries; may the colony the plants increase and flourish; there may she found a new, a glorious world, that after ages shall at once admire and fear.

And now that life perhaps is near its close, will my benignant queen permit her servant to recommend once more to her protection, my wife and child? Ferdinando is now fifteen. When he attains the age of manhood, let him pursue the path I have marked out, and finish what his father but begun; and should his searches meet with the success my spirit prophesies, let the new world be called *Columbia*. It will unite the name of Beatina with Columbus, perpetuating her loved name with mine.

I would have wrote to my beloved wife, but what could I say? My heart bleeds for what she will suffer. You, my gracious mistress, will not forsake her. Comfort her, console her; tell her that Beatina will be the last sound that trembles on my lips. Pardon me, sovereign lady, my style grows familiar; but the grave levels all distinctions, and I am now standing on its brink. A few more hours, and I plunge into a vast eternity! If the storm increases, my vessel cannot much longer brave its fury; if mine cannot, what will become of the poor little caravels that accompany me? Their fate is certain! Royal Isabelle, farewell. While life lingers in this frail tenement, gratitude for thy munificence can never be extinct in the heart of thy servant,

COLUMBUS.

“Noble, brave commander,” cried Columbia, giving way to a flood of tears; “and was this thy untimely end?”

end?" "No, no," said Cora interrupting her; "he made several voyages after that, or else how should he carry Don Ferdinando to Peru? He did not die till after the birth of Christopher and a sister of your mother, who was christened Isabelle, after the queen of Spain. He lived to a good old age, and was hearty and well till misfortune overtook him; then he moped and pined; nay, I have seen him weep like a baby, and he died at last broken hearted." "More shame for those who could wound a heart so noble," said Columbia, whilst resentment, as it crimsoned her cheek, dried up her tears; and she proceeded to the next letter. It contained an account of Columbus's safe return. After having encountered innumerable perils, he landed at Palos, in Spain, on the 15th of March, 1493. After which, several other letters announce another voyage, in which he was more successful than the first, returning laden with ingots of gold, with pearls, with diamonds, and immense plates of silver.

But his success and the homage the populace seemed inclined to pay him, awakened a spirit of envy in those who had at first opposed, or treated as the chimeras of a disordered fancy, his plans for the discovery of a distant continent. They had not time to bring their plots to ripen, before he again embarked for America, with a large company of volunteers, gentlemen of the first rank in Spain; amongst which was his own son, Don Ferdinando. A farewell letter from this young gentleman to his mother, was the first that awakened Cora's attention. It was dated in June, 1498. "That was the time," said she, "that was the very voyage, which I so well remember." "Were you eight years old then, Cora?" said Columbia. "Yes, I was indeed," replied Cora, "but I remember every circumstance, as well as if it had passed but yesterday!" "Then do tell me, dear Cora," said Columbia, "tell me all; for in listening to the recital of a person who was present whilst the events they relate happened, it seems as if you were transported to the very scene, and witness to the incidents recited."

CHAP. IV.

New Scenes, new Men, new Manners.

“**I**T was on the first of August,” said Cora, drawing herself forward, whilst memory seemed upon the stretch to recal events so long past; “it was, as near as I can recollect, about the beginning of August, when my mother, who was chief attendant about the royal children of Orrozombo, king of Péru, was ordered to attend the queen and her children to a palace newly built on the sea-coast, a great distance from the capital. I shall never forget it; it was as fine a morning as ever shone. The princess Orrabella was the oldest of five daughters; for my royal master never had a son, and she was looked upon as our future queen. I was then, as I told you, but eight years old, quite delighted with our new habitation. I followed the princess, with whom I was a great favourite, from one apartment to another, till we reached the top. There, as we stood looking toward the sea, we saw a monstrous fish or bird, for it was impossible to tell which it was; its body was black, its wings white; it was coming quick toward the shore. The princess shrieked. The king and queen had, from a lower apartment, observed the same monster hastily approaching; and ordering forth the guards, bade them draw up on the beach, and as it drew near discharge their arrows at it. But, Oh terrible, if I was to live a thousand years, I never shall forget how frightened every creature was, when the huge monster, drawing quite near, stopped on a sudden, and dropping all its wings, a burst of fire and smoke issued from its side, with tremendous noise. Many fell to the earth with terror, as this dreadful phenomena was repeated three times. When our fears were in some measure abated, we plainly saw living creatures move upon it, and soon a smaller fish of the same kind, only without wings, came from its side, and several men were borne by it quite to the shore. The guards affrighted, dared not discharge their arrows, but let their bows fall, and gazed in silent wonder. The king, the queen, and all the royal

royal children were standing on the shore. The princess Orrabella was ever brave and undaunted; she stood leaning on my mother's arm, the foremost of them all. I had hid my face in her robe; but though afraid to look long on the terrifying object, I now and then drew it aside to peep at a creature so wonderful.

"But, my good Cora," cried Columbia, rather impatient at the old woman's prolixity, "if you are thus particular, you will never get to the end of your story. This monster, as you describe it, I suppose was the ship that bore the great Columbus to the Peruvian coast; and the little fish you mention was the boat in which he landed."

"Well, I know that," replied Cora, angrily; "but I like to tell a story my own way. If I am not allowed to tell all the particulars, I shall never be able to tell it at all." Columbia smiled and was silent.

Cora again began, but she so often interrupted herself telling the same incidents several times over, and dwelling on each with a tiresome minuteness, that Columbia, though anxious, could scarcely command her attention to the end of the story. From it she gathered the following circumstances.

Columbus, though he had made two voyages before, one when he discovered St. Salvadora, and another with relief and supplies for the colony he had left there, had not discovered the part of the American continent of which Cora was a native, till his third voyage; when many noblemen and cavaliers from the court of Spain accompanied him in his expedition, in hopes of sharing at once the glory and emolument the discoveries were likely to produce. Amongst the gallant group of gentlemen was Ferdinando, only son of Columbus. He landed with his father, both richly habited and followed by a train of cavaliers equally gay. With white flags waving, and their drawn swords pointed towards the earth, they advanced to the party described by Cora to be assembled on the shore. Orrabella, struck with the majestic yet conciliating mien of Columbus, perhaps more with the personal beauty and elegant deportment of Ferdinando, who advanced at his right hand, pressed forward

forward to meet them; and with a countenance at once expressive of wonder, admiration and timidity, her right arm extended seemed a barrier to prevent their approaching her parents and sisters, whilst laying her left hand on her breast she knelt to the ground, raising her fine eyes in token of supplication. Ferdinando raised her, laid his sword at her feet, and throwing a string of beads about her neck, told her, in the language of nature, which is alike understood in all nations, that she had nothing to fear.

Orrozombo, assured of their friendly intentions, received them cordially, and shewed them every mark of hospitality. They resided on the continent many months, collecting ingots of pure gold, bars of silver, with pearls, diamonds and coral, forming the most wealthy cargo ever borne into a Spanish port.

During the time Columbus and his followers tarried at the Peruvian court, Ferdinando had numberless opportunities of improving the favourable impression his first appearance made on the lovely Orrabella. He soon instructed her in the Spanish tongue; and with equal facility, became himself a proficient in her native language. He found her possessed of strong powers of mind, quick perception, ready wit; in short, an understanding capable of the highest improvement. The mutual passion that subsisted between them was early discovered, and encouraged by their parents. Columbus looked forward to the union as a mean of insuring wealth and power to his posterity, and Orrozombo imagined, by resigning his daughter to this young stranger, he secured to himself a powerful friend and ally in Columbus. For the Spaniards had taught his subjects many of the useful arts; and Science, by their means, began to unfold her beauties to the delighted monarch and his court.

Upon their marriage, Orrozombo gave up part of his territories to Columbus, as a portion for his daughter; and a colony was begun, where every thing was regulated according to the Spanish form of government.

This being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the adventurers prepared to revisit their native land; and

and the royal bride of Ferdinando determined to go with her husband. Several of her attendants were appointed to accompany her; amongst whom was the mother of Cora, who at the princess's request took her daughter with her. With many tears did Orrabella quit her parents and sisters; tears which seemed to forebode they would never meet again. Alas! Avarice had discovered this new world was an inexhaustible mine of wealth; and, not content to share its blessings in common with the natives, came with rapine, war and devastation in her train: And as she tore open the bowels of the earth to gratify her insatiate thirst for gold, her steps were marked with blood.



C H A P. V.

Ingratitude and Perfidy.

THE ship in which Ferdinando and his bride embarked was destined to proceed immediately to Spain; but Columbus himself, in a small caravel, determined to cross over to Hispaniola, and visit a colony which now began to wear a very flourishing appearance. Many families had emigrated from Spain, some of considerable distinction; and Columbus had, previous to his embarkation, solicited the government of this colony for an indigent friend, hoping he might in the new world retrieve his ruined fortunes. It was partly a wish to see how his intention succeeded, that prompted him to visit Hispaniola at this time. The reception he met with, and the manner of his return to Spain, Columbus found in the following letter.

COLUMBUS to his Son FERDINANDO.

Cadiz Harbour, 1499.

THY father is returned, my dear son, returned to his native land. But how? Not as an enterprising spirit whose plans had proved successful, should return; but as a traitor to his king, loaded with ignominious

ious chains. Oh! my brave boy, I see thy noble spirit fire at the intelligence. But beware; conceal the workings of thy honest soul. To prosper in this ungrateful world, you must wear the mask of hypocrisy; wear the semblance of humility, honesty, patriotism, till you have obtained some favourite point, then throw them aside as useless, and glory in the success of your stratagems.

Pardon me, my son, I write from the impulse of a broken heart. I know you would scorn such advice if seriously given, even from a father; but I have suffered so much from ingratitude and duplicity, and have seen those who practise them most, seem to succeed the best, that I would willingly shut my eyes on the light of day, and sink into eternal rest. My dear Ferdinando, your father has received a wound no time can heal. Surely we must hope, that in the blest abodes of immortality, the soul retains no remembrance of what passed in this sublunary state; else certain I am, that the delights of paradise itself would be alloyed by the retrospect of the ignominy I have endured, and the chains I have worn.

And what will that treasure of my soul, thy adored mother, say? How will my Beatina bear the degradation of her Columbus? Will not her father, (but lately reconciled to his child) again spurn her from him? And will not her haughty brothers and sisters pour their insolent reproaches on the wife of a disgraced, a ruined favourite? Your lovely Orrabella too! Alas! I greatly fear, whilst we were hospitably entertained at her father's court, we were ungratefully paving the way for the introduction of war, rapine and destruction. Yet witness, ye immortal Powers, I am innocent. I sought not new worlds for conquest, or for power; I felt, forcibly felt, the blessings of Christianity, the comforts resulting from a commercial intercourse with other nations. I vainly thought those blessings through my means might be extended, and earnestly wished them participated by the whole world. But I am venting the sorrows of my agonized soul, and forget you are a stranger to what has caused them.

them. Oh! ever, ever, may you remain a stranger to such anguish. May my son never experience how far beyond all other miseries which malice can inflict, or human nature suffer, is the torture occasioned by the poisoned sting of ingratitude. But to my sad tale.

Light pleasant gales, and a smooth sea quickly bore the caravel in which I embarked to Hispaniola. A certain emblem of the vicissitudes of human life; for how often does the sun of prosperity gild the horizon, and its delightful airs play around and fascinate the senses, whilst the storms of adversity hang unobserved, ready to burst on our devoted heads.

Roldan (whom you must remember was appointed through my intercession to the government of this colony) received me with the greatest marks of respect, and a profusion of compliments. I ought to have been upon my guard and suspected his excessive adulation. His professions of gratitude and attachment pained me; but as I knew the present affluent state of himself and family originated from my friendship, I attributed all to the noblest motives, nor once suspected, that as I held him to my bosom I was enfolding a serpent that waited but an opportunity to sting me to the heart.

The morning after my arrival the natives thronged in crowds to see me, and in the most tumultuous manner expressed their joy at my return. Roldan, with an insidious smile, warned me to beware of giving them too much encouragement. "They are," said he, "an encroaching set of wretches, and will torment you with complaints, which, as they exist only in their own imaginations, it is not in your power to redress. You had better speak to them a little sternly, and dismiss them to their homes."

"How?" said I, rather surprised, "I do not rightly understand you. What privilege can these people solicit from you or me, which they have not a right to demand? Is not this continent theirs by right of nature? and is not the privilege of living here unmolested enjoyed by us through their unsuspecting good nature, and the confidence they place in our honest intentions?"

tentions? and shall we abuse this confidence, repay their hospitality by infringing their natural rights? Heaven forbid! If they have complaints to make, it is our duty to hear, and to the utmost of our power redress them."

As I spoke with fervor, I observed the countenance of Roldan change. A livid paleness overspread his face; his eyes gleamed, his lips trembled, and every feature expressed a rage which he in vain attempted to conceal by a haggard smile.

"All is not as it should be," said I mentally; "I will inquire into the nature of the complaints he seems so anxious to evade. If Roldan has made an unjust use of his power, it is not our past friendship shall screen him from my reproach, or lead me to continue him in a station he appears inadequate to fill."

Full of these thoughts, I immediately set an inquiry on foot concerning the general conduct of Roldan and his officers. I found they had grossly abused the power intrusted to them; that they had distressed and treated the natives in many cases with the utmost barbarity! and that this arbitrary governor had supported the Spaniards in every act of injustice or enormity they chose to commit.

Having traced these grievances to their source, I requested a council might be called; and then, in the most forcible language I could think of, yet with temper and mildness, I represented to them all the iniquity of their proceedings, conjured them to redress the injuries they had committed, and to reform the government. Some few seemed pleased with my remonstrance, but the greater part heard me in sullen silence.

Roldan thanked me with a sarcastic smile for my advice; but at the same time told me he held his office by a commission from the royal Ferdinand, and to him only was accountable for his actions. I was thunderstruck by his speech and manner, and left the council room in a perturbation of mind not easily described.

Amongst the officers under the command of Roldan in this settlement, was a young man of dissolute

lute manners, named Diego. He was younger son to a noble family; but having dissipated a considerable fortune, and from being at first only weak and foolish, having become vicious, his friends thought proper to solicit employment for him in the new settlement, and he was accordingly appointed third in command. This man I found the bosom confidant and privy counsellor of Roldan. His rapacity knew no bounds; his passions were his only master; and hurried by them to dreadful excesses, he committed crimes at which humanity at once blushed and trembled. Though the very little knowledge I had of Diego had by no means prejudiced me in his favour, I could not have supposed he would have perpetrated crimes of the blackest die without compunction, or that Roldan would have openly dared to sanction his licentiousness; but I was at length fatally convinced, that when vice and folly are leagued together, there is no wickedness, however horrible, at which they will hesitate.

Bruna was the only child of a venerable Indian, whose possessions were extensive and valuable. I had cultivated a friendship with the father of Brunna, when first the settlement was formed; and both myself and followers experienced from him the kindness and attention which nature, when unadulterated by art, is ever ready to offer to the friendless, or the stranger. His dwelling was at our service; he supplied us plentifully with goat's milk, the flesh of deer, dried maize, and other comforts of life, which, to men who had experienced a tedious and wearisome voyage, were real luxuries.

Bruna at this time was a lovely child of about twelve years old; she was wild and untutored; but there was something so engaging in her manner, so fascinating in her vivacity, that I could not see her daily without becoming insensibly attached to her. Her curiosity was unbounded; and the surest way to become a favorite with her; was by gratifying a propensity which in general was directed to laudable objects. I was charmed with her artless thirst for knowledge, and employed my leisure moments in instructing her.

her. But though eager to learn, that very eagerness counteracted her wishes. She was too hasty and impetuous to allow herself sufficient time to become a proficient in any thing; therefore all my attention could do, was to give her a trifling knowledge of the Spanish language. For when I spoke to her of the customs and manners of the European world, she would laugh, and declare her own country manners were best; for she could not possibly think any duty obliged us to conceal our thoughts, or that any custom whatever could make it laudable to speak one thing and think another. I give you this slight sketch of her character, that you might not be surpris'd at what I have to relate concerning this Indian heroine.

It was about ten days after my arrival, as I was walking a few miles from the plantation, and remarking the improvement agriculture had made on the face of this beautiful fertile continent, when in a low-built hovel I saw an ancient Indian seated on the ground; his elbows rested on his knees, his hands clasped his forehead, as his head reclined upon them. I stopped for a moment to contemplate a figure so striking; and as I paused, the sighs that broke from his agitated bosom, went to my very heart. The noise I undesignedly made as I moved nearer the hovel, occasioned him to raise his head. I was amazed; it was the father of Bruna! He gazed for a moment eagerly upon me; then springing forward, fell on his knees, kissed my hands, my feet, the very hem of my garments. In vain I attempted to raise him; he prostrated himself on the earth, and laid my hand upon his head, in token of owning me for his master.

Pray rise, my worthy friend, said I, and tell me what is the meaning of this humiliation? who has caused the change I perceive to have taken place in your circumstances?

“Christians! Christians!” replied he with vehemence, gnashing his teeth as he spoke, “they have plundered me of my wealth, torn my child from my arms; but you are come, and I shall be revenged.”

The

The confidence this poor Indian seemed to have in my integrity, filled my eyes with tears.

“Yes,” said I, “tell me who has treated you thus barbarously; and if I have the power, you shall have ample restitution.” “Alas!” cried the old man, “of what avail will be the restitution of my wealth, unless you can restore my child, my darling to my arms pure and unspotted?”

He then informed me that soon after the arrival of Roldan at the settlement, an entire change took place in the government; vice was tolerated, private property not in the least regarded, but every thing subjected to the lawless power of the new governor and his favourite.

Diego saw Bruna; her beauty kindled in his bosom an unholy flame; he solicited her love and was rejected. He dared attempt her chastity, and was repulsed with scorn. That moment sealed the ruin of her father. Diego complained to Roldan, that the father of Bruna refused to submit to the Spanish laws, and had even treated him with contempt and derision, who had endeavoured to enforce them. Roldan, glad of an opportunity to gratify his ruling passion, which was avarice, gave ear to the complaint of his favourite; and driving the unoffending Indian from a home he had inherited from his ancestors, seized on all his valuable property, ostensibly in the name of the Spanish King, but in reality to enrich his own private coffers.

Bruna, unknowing to what danger she exposed herself, and thinking this piece of injustice was entirely the act of Diego, flew to the governor for redress. Her tears, her innocent supplications, had no effect on the obdurate heart of Roldan! he inhumanly rejected her suit, detained her person, and gave her into the power of Diego. This horrid scene was acted but the day before my arrival.

“You shall have justice, old man,” said I; “come with me.” He followed me to the house of the governor. At sight of him, Roldan started and turned pale; but soon recovering himself, he asked him, in a stern voice, what he did there. “He comes for justice,”
said

said I, "he comes to demand restitution of his property, of which he has been robbed, and his daughter, who is unjustly detained from him." "The artful wretch has imposed on you," said Roldan fiercely, "but go, slave," turning to the Indian, get from my sight, and be thankful your insolence does not cost you your life. I was preparing to reply in a proper manner to this inhuman tyrant, when Bruna rushed into the apartment, her hair dishevelled her garments disordered, and her eyes wild with terror. She threw herself into her father's arms, and gave way to a violent gush of tears; but the tenderness that seemed to overcome her was but momentary. She recovered herself, and raising her head, looked round with a kind of fullen dignity. Her eyes met mine. Perceiving she knew me, I offered her my hand, and was proceeding to comfort her; but with a rejecting motion, she put back my proffered hand, and covering her face with both her own, turned from me. I instantly comprehended the extent of the injury she had sustained, and my soul shuddered within me.

Roldan's agitation was too great to escape notice; he attempted twice to speak, but words were denied him. His pale countenance betrayed his guilty heart.

At length he hesitatingly told Bruna, if that was her father, and she had forcibly been detained from him, she was now at liberty to return home. The poor girl stood for a moment the image of mute despair; then raising her hands and eyes to heaven, cried, "Home! No! never! Bruna is the daughter of the chaste Lilah, and was instructed by the wise precepts of her father, to prize her honour above her life. Their mansion was the dwelling of innocence, piety, and virtue; and never will their wretched daughter carry pollution thither." Then turning toward her father, she made as though she would have embraced him; but with a kind of involuntary shudder, shrunk again from him, and drawing a dagger she had concealed in her bosom, plunged it in her heart.

This sudden, unexpected event threw the governor and all his attendants into the utmost confusion. The servants, terrified, opened the doors; and a
concourse

concourse of people, Spaniards as well as natives, rushed in. The bleeding form of the lovely Bruna, the agonizing sorrow of her father, acted like a talisman on the minds of the people; and in a few hours the whole settlement was in a state of insurrection. Justice! justice! was the cry: Deliver up Diego to our power, or we will extirpate the race of Christians from amongst us. Roldan in this exigence applied to me to quiet the enraged multitude. I spoke to them; I promised they should have ample justice! I soothed them by speaking of the virtues of Bruna, and execrating the author of her ruin, and consequent death; and at length persuaded them to depart quietly to their homes; assuring them that Diego was in confinement, and should be made to suffer, to the extent of the law, the punishment due to his crimes.

After a day of such unusual agitation, I retired to my apartment. Fatigued in body, and distressed in mind, sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and I was ruminating on the best means to appease the irritated natives, when a band of Roldan's guards entered my chamber, and arrested me as a traitor to my king, accused me of being disaffected to his government, and inflaming the minds of his subjects in Hispaniola to rebellion. Resistance or remonstrance was vain; they were the tools of arbitrary power, and I submitted in silence. They manacled my hands and feet, and putting a gag in my mouth, conveyed me on board a vessel lying in the harbour. Yes, Ferdinando, your father was chained, and sent to his native country as a traitor.

As soon as I was on board, and the guard departed, I found, by the motion of the vessel, we were under way; the wind was fair, and she left the shores of Hispaniola with rapidity.

About two hours after daylight, the captain entered the cabin where I was, and entreated my pardon for having been obliged to act contrary to his inclinations. "I am but a servant," said he, "and must obey those whom the king has set over me. I am ordered to keep you a close prisoner till our arrival in Spain; but here I shall dare to transgress my orders so far as
to

to release you from your chains." He then advanced to take off the insulting badges of my disgrace, but I forbid him. "No, Don Sancho," said I, "if I am guilty, I will suffer the sentence my sovereign may think proper to pass on me with resignation. If I have been unjustly accused, to him do I look for redress; into his presence will I go, loaded with these ignominious bonds, and when my innocence is proved, from his hands only will I accept of liberty."

Hasten then, my dear son, on the immediate receipt of this, to my royal mistress and patroness; deliver to her own hand the inclosed few lines; and should she condescend to request it, lay the contents of this letter before her. Comfort and console your angel mother ere you leave her. Embrace your charming wife for me. Whilst I live, you share my heart amongst you. The strong sense I have of my present injuries, is only for your sakes? for of what consequence would the smiles or frowns of princes be to me, were not my wife and children to be involved in my disgrace, or exalted by my success and honour. Hasten, my son, after you have fulfilled this commission, to the arms of your father; come, my brave boy, and by a filial tear heal the anguish, which at present corrodes the heart of

COLUMBUS.



C H A P. VI.

Retribution.

COLUMBIA could only pause for a moment to wipe off the tears which, spite of her endeavours to suppress them, would rush to her eyes. She then proceeded to the next letter.

FERDINANDO TO HIS MOTHER.

HAD I a conveyance, swift as my own impatience, to forward to my revered mother the joyful tidings of my father's triumph over his enemies, the wings of
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the wind would be too tardy to bear this to your hands. Yes, my dear mother, Columbus, the great, the enterprising Columbus, is restored to all his former dignity, and even fresh honours are heaped upon him. But I know you wish me to be particular; and how can I be more pleasingly employed than in recounting the noble conduct of a father, and obeying the commands of the best of mothers?

When in obedience to my father's mandate I repaired to court, and requested an audience with the royal Isabella, I was, within a few hours after the request was made, admitted. An unusual gloom, almost approaching to severity, was cast over a countenance, which heretofore had only on me beamed smiles of benevolence. It chilled me to the heart. I approached with extreme agitation; and, bending one knee to the ground, presented the sealed paper which was inclosed in my father's letter. The queen paused for a moment, seemingly irresolute whether or not to break the seal. My agitation increased, my knees trembled, my heart beat violently. My disorder did not pass unnoticed. "Calm your fears, Ferdinando," said Isabella, as she at length opened the letter; "your father has, it is true, powerful enemies; but if his innocence is apparent, he will ever find in me a steady, powerful friend." I bowed in grateful acknowledgement of her goodness, and she in silence perused the letter. A crimson glow overspread her face as she read; it seemed the glow of resentment, as folding the paper she unlocked a small cabinet, and deposited it amongst some other writings.

"You have a letter from Columbus," said she, "permit me to see it." I presented it. "Go," said she, taking it from me, "retire in peace; the success of my hero has awakened the envy of those who had not courage to follow his example, he has been traduced to the king; but Isabella will not suffer a man, whose merit she esteems and whose cause she espouses, to be injured with impunity."

Charmed by these condescending expressions, I bowed and retired. In about two hours, I received a man-

date

date signed by the queen's hand, ordering me to repair immediately to the port, and conduct my injured father to her presence. "Take off his chains," were the words, "and let him come to his sovereign, attended with all the respect and honour a man deserves, who, whilst he was adding new territories to our crown, whilst he had it in his power to heap up mines of wealth for his own coffers, forgot not the cause of humanity, and rather than countenance one act of tyranny, hazarded the displeasure of his king, the loss of his fortune, nay even life itself. But his sovereign shall reward him."

Her majesty's own servants and mules attended my commands; and quick as it was possible, I pursued my journey, and flew to the arms of my father. Our meeting was beyond description. The agitation of his mind had affected his health; his countenance was pale and dejected; his person neglected. I offered to take off his fetters, shewed him the queen's mandate, but in vain. "I will go to my royal mistress," said he, "but I will go as I am." When he saw the servants that attended to conduct him—"Poor pageantry," said he, "pitiful recompense for the injuries I have received! No! no! I will have no attendants. I am a disgraced man, and will enter the metropolis with as little noise as possible; obscurity and silence suits best with dishonour. But mark me, my son, as my disgrace has been public, so shall be my justification." There was such majesty in his manner, such fixed resolution in his looks, I dared not oppose him. I dismissed the retinue that attended; and with only my own servant, accompanied my father, by the most unfrequented roads, to the court of Ferdinand and Isabelle.

It was about twelve o'clock when we arrived, and orders were given for our immediate admission. Never shall I forget the countenance of the royal Isabelle, when she beheld her hero enter thus encumbered with the testimonies of his disgrace. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the presence chamber, attended by many noblemen and cavaliers, tried friends of my father, and some whom I knew to be his enemies. Columbus entered the door a few steps, then
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making a full stop, bent his knee to the ground, and raising his manacled hands, attempted to speak; but pride, resentment, wounded honour, swelled his brave heart nearly to bursting; and, spite of his endeavours to suppress them, the scalding tears rolled down his pale face. It was a reproach more poignant than words could have conveyed.

Isabelle rose from her seat, her own eyes glistening with the dew of sensibility; and advancing to my father, raised him. "Rise, my brave admiral," said she, "and let thy queen take off these fetters, of which she has more cause to be ashamed than you have." Then leading him to the king, "Royal Sir," said she, "how shall we recompense this worthy man for the undeserved humiliation he has received?" "Columbus," said Ferdinand, "I blush for the indignities offered you in the person of my representative; but you shall have ample revenge. Go to your wife and friends, indulge awhile in ease, and recruit your strength and spirits; in the mean time, I will give orders for the preparation of a fleet superior to any you have yet commanded; in it you shall return to our new colonies, of the whole of which I from this moment create you viceroy, giving you unlimited power to create or displace officers, and distribute rewards and punishments at pleasure. I know it is a power you will not abuse. Go, valiant chief, and reign over a people, whom you have conquered by practising humanity, not the arts of war. But take those fetters from my sight," continued he; "that Columbus ever wore them, will cast a lasting shade on my memory; and ages yet unborn, when they shall hear the tale related, will accuse Ferdinand of ingratitude."

"Pardon me, gracious sire," said my father, placing his foot on the chains as one of the guards attempted to remove them; "these fetters are mine. I purchased them with fatigue and danger, went through many perils by sea and land to obtain them, nor will I lightly part with them. Wherever I go, they shall go with me; I will contemplate them every day, lest prosperity should make me forget, on what a frail ten-

ure I hold my happiness. I will look at them ; and whilst I recollect the anguish I felt when they were imposed on me, learn to be cautious how I attempt to inflict the same misery on a fellow creature. When I am unhappy, I will cheer my heart by the remembrance, that the moment when my royal mistress took these fetters off my hands, was the most transporting moment of my life ; for it reinstated me in the good opinion of my sovereign, gave my friends cause for exultation, and covered my enemies with confusion."

Ferdinand was silent. Isabelle smiled ; it was a smile of triumph. " You must do as you please," said she. Then turning to the guard, " convey them to wherever Columbus orders ; his intrepid spirit can convert even fetters into badges of distinction."

Their majesties then left the chamber followed by the court, and in a moment I was locked in the arms of my father, and mingled with him some of the most delicious tears I ever shed. Tell my lovely Orrabella, in a few hours after she receives this, I shall be at her feet. Yes, my revered mother, I shall behold once more all the dearest objects of my affections united in one family circle. I shall see your dear countenance beam with heartfelt satisfaction ; see my father happy in the bosom of his family ; and in the smiles of my Orrabella and her sweet infant, enjoy every felicity of which human nature is capable. Farewel till we meet.

FERDINANDO.

The next paper Columbia opened had the appearance more of a manuscript than a letter. It consisted of several sheets of paper wrote on all sides ; it was from the wife of Columbus, addressed to her granddaughter Isabelle.

BEATINA TO ISABELLE.

Valladolid, 1520.

AS the perusal of the inclosed letters and papers will no doubt awaken in the bosom of my dear Isabelle, a curiosity to learn the events that followed this triumph of Columbus over his enemies ; and as I think

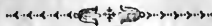
it necessary to inform her, not only of her descent from the native kings of Peru, but also of the fate of her parents, who' now, alas! are no more, I have taken up my pen to trace every circumstance that may tend to prove your right to the sovereignty of Quito, and the surrounding territories, if hereafter you should think it worth contending for. But as I leave you, my dear child, in the protection of my own family; and am fully sensible that my nephew, the marquis Guidova, will take such care of your fortune, (now ample) that by the time you are of age to peruse these papers, you will be one of the richest heiresses in Spain; I fondly hope you will not suffer the vain ambition of bearing the empty title of queen to influence your conduct, or tempt you to throw away the real blessings of life in pursuit of shadows and toys.

I am old, my dear Isabelle, and have lived to bury all my dearest affections in the silent grave, except the kindly lambent flame that warms my languid heart when I behold your innocent smiles, and listen to your lively prattle. You are now scarcely five years old; I cannot therefore expect to live to see you enter on the busy stage of life. Let me entreat you then (and think, as you' peruse this, your grandmother speaks to you from the grave) let me entreat you to pay the strictest attention to the advice of your uncle and his amiable wife. Certain I am, they will never impose harsh commands; and to them I leave the full power of controlling and directing you during the dangerous period of youth.

One thing I think it proper you should know, in the choice of a partner for life, (though I would wish you to consult those dear friends,) you are entirely your own mistress. At the age of 21, your fortune will be put in your own power; but, Isabelle, remember the royal race from whence you sprang, and do not disgrace it by an ignoble alliance. It is not wealth, it is not titles, I would have you seek! no, my child; seek courage, honour, good sense, and polished manners. These constitute true nobility; it was these so eminently distinguished

distinguished the great Columbus; made him the delight of our sex, the envy of his own.

I say you are your own mistress; in every point but one you are so. I charge you, Isabelle, as you value your eternal peace, unite not your fate with that of a heretic. Should you unhappily feel a growing inclination for one of those impious innovators on the rights and ceremonies of our holy mother church, repel it with your utmost power; for in that case your guardian has my authority peremptorily to refuse his sanction to your union. And should you form such a connexion in defiance of his absolute commands, your fortune, on the instant of your marriage, becomes forfeit, and will go to the marquis's eldest son. My wishes to see you not only temporally but eternally happy, have led me to make this point indisputable; but I trust it is a needless caution, since you will be brought up in the true religion, in the religion of your ancestors; and will feel a just abhorrence for those licentious wretches, who arrogantly style themselves reformers. Of all the European courts, none are so infested with this sect as the English. Beware, then; and when you behold a gay, accomplished Englishman, and many such visit the court of Spain, before you venture too nearly to contemplate his seeming virtues and graces, say within yourself, May not this man be tinctured with the principles I am cautioned to avoid? Think thus, avoid him, and be happy.



CHAP. VII.

Return to the new World.

“**A**LAS,” said Columbia, laying down the paper, “I now see the source from whence sprang all my dear mother’s sorrow. She was bred in the Catholic persuasion, and my father tempted her to disobey the rigid commands of her guardian, forfeit her fortune, embrace his faith, and, leaving all her connexions

ions in Spain, follow him to England. Poor, bigoted Beatina, little did you think, when making your will, that you signed the mandate for your grandchild's misery. For what might not avarice tempt the son of the marquis Guidova to do? Might not he wink at a marriage that was to invest him with all the vast wealth of the unfortunate Isabelle? But perhaps I injure him; he may be innocent of such an intention; my misguided parents themselves may be alone to blame. Yet knowing and adoring them as I do, how can I believe that possible?" Thus was Columbia bewildered with conjecture. At length, thinking the manuscript might satisfy her curiosity, and remove her doubts, she again addressed herself to the perusal of it.

"It was the beginning of the year 1500, that the great Columbus embarked on board the fleet which Ferdinand had ordered to be equipped for his service, (with all the attendance, ceremonies, &c. customary on such occasions,) as viceroy of the new-discovered continent. Ferdinando was appointed governor of the settlements in Peru. Myself, the princess Orrabella, and her son Christopher, embarked with them. The king, queen, and all the court attended us to the water side; a vast concourse of people crowded the shore, wearying Heaven with prayers for our happiness whilst absent, and our safe return. At parting from his august patroness, Columbus knelt to kiss her hand. She raised him, and throwing a gold chain over his neck, by which her own portrait was suspended, "Go, my invincible hero," said she, "go, and enjoy the reward of your labours. And if we never meet again on this side eternity, let my memory ever be dear to you; for whilst you live, Columbus, you will never find a truer friend than you have found in Isabelle." As she finished speaking, she inclined her head towards him; he respectfully saluted her cheek. "Heaven ever bless and defend my royal mistress and her august consort," said Columbus. "And protect my hero," added the queen. Then turning hastily to hide her tears, she rushed into

the midst of her attendants, and retired. Yes, my child, the good, the noble-hearted, royal Isabelle retired; and we saw her no more. Before we returned, she slept in peace; but her name shall be revered to after ages. The brave and worthy will remember it with gratitude; and the pious tears of millions yet unborn, shall sanctify her memory to all eternity.

“It was determined at our departure, that the whole fleet should accompany Ferdinando and Orrabella to her native coast; and having seen him safely settled in his government, proceed to Hispaniola, and send Roldan and his licentious associates home in the same disgraceful circumstances in which he had before ungratefully involved Columbus. A fine season favoured our voyage; and in less than two months from our embarkation, we saw the fertile shores of Peru rise upon our sight. The joy of Orrabella as she beheld her native land was beyond all bounds. “I shall see my father and mother,” said she, “and embrace my dear sisters; I shall sit beside them for hours, and relate to them the wonders I have seen in your world; and only that they know my lips abhor falsehood, they would think some of the strange things I have to relate were nothing more than fictions. Then caressing her child, she would talk of the joy of her father’s subjects when they should behold her offspring, whom she fully believed was born to sway the sceptre of Peru.

“It was on the second day after we had discovered land, that we reached the desired harbour. But as we drew near no shouts of joy welcomed our approach; no king, no guards, no exulting subjects appeared to greet us. All was silent, all was desolate. Our hearts sunk within us. “They are at Quito,” said Orrabella; but her pallid countenance and tremulous voice betrayed that she hardly dared hope what she asserted. “We will land, however,” said Columbus; accordingly the boat was hoisted out, and we proceeded to the shore. When within a few yards of the beach, a party of armed men appeared. Their dress, their arms, bespoke them Spaniards. Our fleet bore the standard of Spain, we could not fear our countrymen as foes. Columbus addressed

addressed them from the boat in terms of amity; they returned a haughty answer. . . . However, they permitted us to land. But Oh! Isabelle, what were our feelings, when we discovered this beautiful continent had been invaded by a party of freebooters; its hospitable inhabitants rifled of all their treasures, many of them massacred, and the remainder driven into the interior parts of the country. The palace of Orrozombo was converted into a den for these robbers, where riot and intemperance reigned without control. The settlers left by Columbus, adhering to the interest of the king and natives, were driven with them to seek an asylum in the woods and mountains.

The chief of these banditti was named Garcias, fierce, cruel and vindictive. He received Columbus with a gloomy haughtiness of demeanor; and when questioned as to his right in these dominions; he scornfully replied, "By the right of conquest; not by a ridiculous family compact with a savage." Orrabella was present when Garcias thus insulted her family. "Insolent Spaniard," said she; her eyes darting lightning, her fine face and person uncommonly animated by the fire of resentment; "insolent Spaniard, the king my father, though you term him a savage, was your superior in every virtue! What though unpolished, he had but nature for his guide? that nature taught him humanity, honour, patience, fortitude, and Orrozombo would have died rather than deceive a friend, or insult a fallen foe. Oh my father! my father!" continued she, bursting into an agony of tears, "where are you now? Where is my revered mother, my poor defenceless sisters? Tell me, barbarian, have you entirely extirpated the race of the children of the sun, or do you hold the lawful king of this territory in bondage, whilst you usurp his rights, and riot in the spoils of his devoted subjects? If so, Oh lead me to the dungeon where you have confined him, that I may weep in his arms, and die with grief to see my king, my father, a slave to the nation he had vainly hoped to have held in eternal bonds of friendship, and gave his child as a
hostage

hostage of his faith towards them. Alas! what hostage did he require to insure their faith to him? None; his noble heart harboured not deceit, nor could suspect it in another."

From these pathetic remonstrances and lamentations of Orrabella, we perceived she suspected Columbus and Ferdinando were knowing to the voyage and consequent invasion of Garcias and his lawless band; but in this she was soon undeceived. For Columbus, irritated by the insolence of Garcias, threatened him with speedy vengeance unless he informed him where Orrozombo and the royal family were. Garcias laughed at his menaces, but on being informed that Columbus was deputed viceroy of all the new-discovered lands on that side the globe, and being requested to do homage to him as the representative of his royal master Ferdinand, or expect the punishment due to a pirate, a traitor and a robber, he became more humble, and many of his followers, understanding the dangerous predicament in which they stood, declared themselves ready to support the new viceroy in the discharge of his duty as the king's delegate, and as such swore allegiance to him.

It was then we learnt that Garcias Du Ponty, a Castilian by birth, young, dissolute and ambitious, having heard of the success of Columbus, and the vast treasures himself and followers had brought from the new world, resolved to make an experiment himself; and having, by promises of large future reward, and some rich presents artfully bestowed, won over an experienced mariner (who had been the last voyage with your grandfather, and returned in the ship with Orrabella) to undertake to navigate his vessel, and give directions to the pilots of the rest of the fleet how to follow him; Garcias prevailed on a number of young Castilian noblemen and gentlemen to embark on the expedition. They applied for no letters of leave from Ferdinand; for had they, it is most probable they would have been prevented pursuing this (in the end) ruinous voyage.

A large fleet collected from the different ports of Spain, met in the Mediterranean sea many other mariners

iners who wished to pursue their good fortune, and, not being content to wait till another fleet should be sent out by the king's orders, were eager to embark with these licentious noblemen, and direct their course to the land where they imagined they were to become petty princes, and revel in all the luxuries which nature could afford, or unbounded wealth supply.

This fleet was on the ocean at the time Columbus returned from Hispaniola. They had a more speedy voyage than their inhuman designs deserved; but Heaven often permits the wicked for a while to prosper, that the success of their lawless plans may become their punishment, and the reverse of fortune coming unexpected, may fall the heavier on them. And thus it proved with Garcias Du Ponty and his followers.

On their arrival on the coast of Peru, they found the king with his family, as was their custom, spending the summer at their palace on the banks of a river that mingles its waters with the ocean. Garcias and his party landed. Orrozombo, and indeed the Spanish settlers, believed them to be a party sent by Columbus to bring supplies to the colony, and received them with open arms and every mark of affection. But alas, they were too fatally undeceived, when these invaders of the rights of nature and the law of nations assumed the authority of masters, exacting enormous sums as tribute from the king, and forcing his subjects to labour in the mines, often rewarding those labours (when the produce of them was not equal to the inordinate avarice of their desires) with death.

Orrozombo, wearied by their repeated insolence, and terrified by their rapacity, entreated them to leave the continent, offering them immense treasures. But they were not thus to be satisfied. They proceeded from one step to another, till neither age nor sex became a safeguard from their cruelties. The chaste wife and the pure virgin were violated in the presence of their parents and protectors, who, confined by these inhuman monsters, had not the power to rescue or avenge them.

Human nature, however patient, could not tamely endure such enormities. The natives and the Spaniards united their forces to endeavour to expel the invaders; but it was too late. They had sent a part of their company to search the interior country for mines. These returned, boasting of the ravages they had committed, and displaying the spoils they had gleaned. They had plundered every village through which they passed, and then set fire to it. Thousands of innocent families, thus deprived of their homes and all means of support, fled into the mountains, where many perished through famine, and the rest dragged on a wretched life, living on wild fruit, and what game their bows and arrows produced, sleeping in caves or recesses of the rocks, and too often their miserable existence was terminated by the fangs of the tyger or the lion. Flushed with success, the Castilians meditated only how to make an entire conquest of the country.

Undisciplined in the arts of war, and though experiencing its effect every hour, still unsuspecting of treachery,—the Peruvians were at this time, by the art of the Spaniards, induced to throw aside their arms, and agree to terms of peace with Garcias, who assumed a graver demeanor, and made some slight concessions to Orrozombo for the misconduct of his companions, who by a few weeks of quiet regular behaviour lulled him into security; then, when in full confidence of the faith of their enemies, the Peruvians, who had been celebrating the annual feast of the sun at which these strangers had been admitted to participate; then, when parting from them in amity they tranquilly sunk to rest; then did the blood-thirsty Garcias and his detested crew rush on the defenceless victims, and massacre them without mercy and without remorse.

Oh thou Power eternal, whose name is a tower of strength, and whose mercy is as infinite as thy wisdom! what shall we say, that these barbarians should call themselves thy servants, and bear the glorious appellation of Christians? Alas, mistaken men, the God you serve delighteth not in blood; his precept and example taught peace, mercy and good will to all mankind.

But

But the Peruvians were idolaters! cries the misguided enthusiast; and so was Garcias and his followers; their idols were avarice, ambition, luxury, and lawless passion; to them they bent the knee, and on their altars did they sacrifice millions of innocent people.—But I digress.

Du Ponty, though the wretch his actions proclaim him, was handsome in his person, gay, lively and gallant; his fair outside attracted the notice of Alzira, the youngest sister of Orrabella. Alzira was equally lovely as her sister, but she possessed not that greatness of soul, that intrepid firmness which characterized your mother. By nature soft, gentle and complying, when the subtle Castilian, who read her passion in her admiring eyes, sued for some token of her favour, she hesitated not to own her love, and confess, could her father be brought to approve it, to be the wife of Du Ponty would constitute her chief felicity.

But Garcias had not an idea of an honourable union; he meant to conquer her father's kingdom; and had it in contemplation to degrade the fair Alzira to the station of a slave, for the amusement of his looser hours. On the night of the horrid massacre, Garcias was purposely in the apartment of the princess, where he was frequently privately admitted after her parents were retired to rest. Alzira, who was listening to the adulating voice of her lover, did not at first attend to the confused murmur that ran through the palace on the entrance of the Spaniards; but a sudden shriek, that seemed to come from the apartment of her mother, roused her dormant senses. She started, and would have run to the assistance of her parents, whom she imagined were suddenly taken ill, but reiterated shrieks which now issued from every room in the palace, made her pause, and she became a motionless statue of horror.

“The palace is beset,” cried Garcias, “let me bear you, lovely Alzira, to a place of safety; I will then return to the assistance of your father.” “Oh no! now, now rescue him, or let me die with him,” was all she could say, before Du Ponty bore her in his arms, out of the chamber, and down the stairs. At the foot of these
stairs

stairs she saw (by the light of torches which were every where flaming round) her father dragged by the hair of his head; whilst an inhuman wretch, regardless of his grey hairs and defenceless state, plunged a poniard in his bosom. Alzira, driven almost to madness at the sight, sprang from the arms of Garcias, and threw herself into those of the dying monarch. He knew his child, pressed her to his bosom, faintly articulated a blessing on her, and expired.

Alzira's senses forsook her. In that state she was borne to the tent of her betrayer. The scene that followed is too horrid for repetition! Morning dawned, and the ill-fated princess awoke to a perfect sense of all the miseries of her situation. She wished for death, but all means of accelerating that period was removed from her. She once conceived the thought of refusing all food, but had not resolution to persist. Garcias was attentive and kind; pretended to mourn with her the fate of her parents: She, not fully acquainted with his treachery, listened to his soothing, was consoled, and endured life for his sake. But uninterrupted possession brought on satiety, and at length indifference and disgust. Du Ponty neglected and treated her harshly. She felt her situation, but she was now a mother, and more than ever attached to the father of her child; she dragged on a wretched existence, without joy, without hope, without even a dawn of comfort.

The natives of Peru who had escaped the swords of the Castilians on that memorable night, failed not to attribute their misfortunes to their unhappy sovereign Orrozombo; he had been slack in the observance of some of the ceremonious devotions directed to be paid to their deity, the Sun; he had even doubted whether their religion was the true religion; he had refused to dedicate one of his daughters to the service of their god; he had married the heiress of his crown and kingdom to a stranger, who absolutely denied the divinity of the power they worshipped, and called their rites and ceremonies, absurdities and superstitions; and had suffered this stranger to carry her with him to a distant land. These, in the eyes of the unenlightened

oned Peruvians, were heinous offences, and had drawn down the wrath of their deity upon them; and thus, for the crimes of an individual, did they foolishly imagine a whole nation was punished.

It was at this period our fleet arrived, but the name of Spaniard and of Christian had become hateful to the ears of the natives; not one therefore appeared to espouse the cause of Columbus, imagining no doubt that they should but expel one tyrant to make room for another. Some few ventured by stealth to come and see their princess; but their spirits were depressed, and their expressions of love and duty consequently cold and languid. When she presented her son to them as their rightful king, they would shake their heads, and cry emphatically, "He is a Christian and a Spaniard."

Whilst Columbus was ardently labouring to reduce the Spaniards to some degree of subjection and order, at the same time striving to draw the natives back to the duty and allegiance they owed the princess, the treacherous Du Ponty, who had for some time worn the mask of friendship in combination with some of the leaders of the banditti, had laid an infernal plot to burn our fleet, and then, having the few that might at the time be on shore entirely in their power, oblige them to submit to whatever terms they pleased to offer.

But this plot was providentially discovered by a young Peruvian maid, who, detained in the palace by Garcias to attend on Alzira, though too young to become a prey to any of his officers or associates, was yet old enough to detest their actions, weep over the ruin of her native country, and pray for some propitious hour to arrive, when its enemies might be punished. She had overheard Du Ponty discoursing with one of his comrades on their intended plan, on the very night before it was to be put in execution; and, waiting till all was wrapt in silence, she stole from her apartment, and came to our tent. Having disclosed what knowledge she had obtained of their designs, Orabella told her she should stay with us, and become one of her attendants; but she laid her hand on her heart and cried, "No! I cannot;" then looking earnestly

nestly in the face of the princess, she cried, "Poor Alzira! she is alive; she is miserable! I will live or die with her." "Alive! my sister alive!" said Orrabella, starting from her seat; lead me to her; I will deliver her, or share her fate."

The impatience of the princess was only to be stayed by the remonstrance of her husband and his father. "Your precipitancy, my love," cried Ferdinando, "may ruin all. Our enemies are now wrapt in sleep; the time is favourable; we must repay treachery with treachery; fall upon them whilst they are unprepared, and make them prisoners."

This resolution taken, Ferdinando took a small boat, and, going to the ships, ordered from them a number of men, who were landed at different times, in several boats. The officers were informed of Garcias's intended treachery; the private soldiers and sailors were not told of it, lest the spirit of revenge might be more powerful than the respect they bore their commander, and tempt them in the first moment of passion to commit outrages at which they would have cause to blush hereafter. Columbus dispatched parties to the dwellings of the principal officers; these parties he took the command of himself. Ferdinando was appointed with a strong guard to invest the palace, which Du Ponty had made his own residence ever since the night, when he put its unoffending inmates to the sword. Ferdinando knew every apartment, every secret room in it; and the private entrance by which the ill-fated Alzira used to admit her lover, was pointed out by the Indian girl.

No persuasions, however urgent, could prevail on Orrabella not to accompany her husband, who, anxious for her safety, and more so on account of her situation, (for the almost daily expected to present him with another pledge of mutual affection) earnestly entreated her not to go, promising to conduct her sister in safety to her—but in vain. Orrabella was not easily to be persuaded from doing what she conceived a duty. As I found her determined to go, I resolved to accompany her.

Through

Through a small gate, at the utmost extent of the garden, we were all admitted, and about twenty yards from the house entered a door that appeared to be fixed in the side of a green sloping bank; this opened into an arched passage, which led to the cellars of the palace, which we traversed with no little perturbation; and, ascending a flight of stairs, found ourselves in a spacious hall; when the young Indian, taking hold of Orrabella's hand, led her to the left, placing her finger on her mouth, in token of silence. I followed; and, entering a room in the midst of which glimmered a pale lamp, perceived by its feeble beams, an elegant female habited in the Peruvian dress, kneeling on the floor beside a bed, on which lay a sleeping infant. Her long hair hung negligently over her neck and shoulders; her arms were crossed on the bed, and her head rested between them. At the moment we entered, her sorrows were lulled into forgetfulness. At the noise we made, (though it would have been scarcely perceptible to another ear, yet misery is wakeful, and starts at every sound) she raised her languid head, gazed earnestly at Orrabella, who sunk on her knees beside her. "Sister! sister!" said she; and, throwing herself into her arms, fainted on her bosom.

Whilst we were busied with Alzira, Ferdinando and his followers made good use of their time. The inhabitants of the castle were in a deep sleep, partly the effects of intemperance; so profound were their slumbers, that many of them felt the chains on their hands and feet, before they could recover sense sufficient to know who had put them on. Some few made a faint resistance; but these were soon intimidated into silence; and in such quiet did every party proceed, that before the dawn of day all the leaders, and a great number of their followers, were in confinement, and at the mercy of Columbus.

In the morning, the incidents of the night spread terror and consternation through all the Castilian party; and those who were still at liberty, readily vowed submission to the viceroy, in hopes by so doing to secure their lives and fortunes, as they imagined Du
Ponty

Ponty and his officers would be immediately executed, and their treasures seized on as public property. But in this they were mistaken; Columbus wished to secure his own and followers lives and properties, but he did not arrogate to himself the right of plunging a multitude of human beings into eternity, because they opposed his plans, or had been blindly led by an unprincipled commander to perpetrate actions their better reason would have shuddered at.

During the remainder of this eventful night, Alzira informed her sister of the circumstances I have already related to you. Orrabella's soul was in a flame at the thought of her sister's dishonour. She finished her melancholy recital in these words; "When I heard of your arrival, my dear sister, a gleam of joy shot through my bosom; but reflection told me I had little reason to rejoice, for I was dishonoured, stained! and could I hope to be pressed to the chaste bosom of Orrabella? Oh no! I knew I had forfeited all right to your affection, and I resolved sedulously to seclude myself from your sight, suffering you to believe I had been sacrificed on the same night with my parents and sisters." "Would to Heaven you had," said Orrabella, fervently; "for it is a thousand times more afflicting to my heart to see you thus, dragging on a miserable life, with public loss of honour, than to see you covered with wounds, and breathing out your soul in agony. Oh! my poor ruined Alzira, where was the spirit that was wont to animate the children of the sun when the wretch first disclosed his impious proposal? Why had not my sister raised her arm, and struck the monster dead?" "Alas!" replied the weeping princess, "I loved him with such enthusiastic fervour, that I would have given my own life to preserve his. And pity me, Orrabella; for cruel as he has been to me and mine, I still do love him almost to madness. I struggle with my passion, I strive to teach my heart obedience to the dictates of reason; but in vain." "Weak, unhappy girl," cried Orrabella, with a stern look, "if your heart is so refractory, enforce its obedience with this;" presenting her with a dagger, which she always wore in her girdle.

"Rash

“Rash woman,” said I, snatching the dagger from her, just as the trembling Alzira had extended her hand to receive it; “rash woman, what is it you do? Have you forgot that the precepts of the Christian religion forbid self-destruction?” “So, (she replied haughtily) does it forbid murder, rapine, fraud, perjury, and oppression. Du Ponty, I think, professes Christianity. Oh! madam! madam! the professors of your religion must practise themselves what they would teach others, before you can hope to make sincere converts.” The argument was unanswerable, and I remained silent.

Tranquillity was now in a great measure restored; it was resolved the leaders of this lawless expedition should be sent immediately home to Spain. Those of their followers, who chose to submit to the laws put in force by the viceroy and governor, were to be permitted to stay; and when all was established with some degree of permanency, your grandfather was to depart for Hispaniola. But whilst we were laying these plans, it pleased Heaven, by an awful and unexpected visitation, to break our measures, and hasten our departure from a coast, where, from our first landing, we had been surrounded only by terror, vexation and disappointment.



C H A P. VIII.

Beatina's Narrative continued.

WHILST preparations were making for two of the fleet to return to Europe, that Garcias and his followers might, from the justice of a regular court of judicature, receive their sentence, your mother presented Ferdinando with a daughter, who (by promise given to the queen of Spain on our leaving that kingdom) was christened Isabelle. It received the baptismal benediction when but four days old; for the distress of mind under which your mother

had laboured, had affected the health of the infant, and its life was very doubtful.

It was nearly a fortnight from the birth of this daughter, when as Alzira, your father, and myself, were sitting in the apartment of Orrabella, an unusual drowsiness seemed to affect us all. The atmosphere had been for some days heavy and oppressive, which at this time had increased to such a degree as to occasion something like a sense of suffocation; the heat too was intense, though in general the climate is temperate and pleasant. A torpor seized our senses, and we sat gazing at each other, without power to speak, and with scarce the faculty of thinking. From this stupor we were aroused by a tremendous noise, like the howling of a mighty wind, the rushing of waters, and the crash of thunder. In a moment the palace shook to its foundation, and in less than ten minutes all was again profound silence. "One shock is past," cried Alzira, in breathless agony; "another, and all is lost. Oh Garcias! beloved Garcias! let me save you whilst I can." She caught up her child, who was playing on the floor, and rushed toward the wing of the palace where Du Ponty was confined. Ferdinand, who had learnt from his wife the nature of these convulsions of the earth, caught her in his arms; and bidding me haste and follow him, bore her with precipitation from the palace. The two children, Christopher and Isabelle, were in an adjoining apartment with their attendants. I ran to the door in hopes to snatch them from impending death, when the house again began to totter. I saw the apartment fall that held the precious babes, and heard their cries as they were crushed beneath the ruins. At that moment, my son, who had borne his wife to an open field, returned, and carried me through the falling fabric, which nodded horror on every side, to the same place of comparative safety.

Two hours of such tremendous threatenings from gleaming meteors, bursts of thunder, and contortions of the earth, as could hardly be supported by human nature, we passed sitting on the ground, expecting every

cry

ery moment it would open and swallow us, when at length nature became more composed; the dark mists which had obscured the face of heaven began to dissipate, and the setting sun darted his watery beams across the harbour. What then were our sensations, when, added to our terror at seeing the whole face of the country a universal wreck, we beheld the harbour empty, not one vessel to be seen? Columbus had gone on board that afternoon, to give some orders preparatory to our departure for Hispaniola, and we imagined that the hurricane, attendant on the earthquake, had buried him and his companions in the waves. We cast our eyes towards the place where lately stood the tents and dwellings of our friends and associates; nor tent nor dwelling appeared; all was silence, all was desolation. A vast cavity was seen where once the dwellings were, through which impetuously rushed a foaming torrent; which, as it roared along, bore on its surface trees, shrubs, ruins, and bodies of wild beasts which had perished in the tempest.

Oh! what a night of agony we past. Yet this rude shock had not affected universal nature. The dews fell as kindly, the zephyrs blowed us refreshing, and the sun arose with as much splendor, as though the night had passed in its usual tranquillity. And why not? The whole world is but an atom floating in infinite space, and we who crawl on its surface but as emmets, thousands of which might be accidentally crushed beneath the foot of the passenger, without deranging, in the least, the beauty, order and symmetry of the universal whole.

When we beheld the desolation which spread far and wide on every side, despair had nearly seized our minds; but as the morning advanced, we descried four of our vessels coming with a gentle breeze into the harbour. Columbus landed, and our meeting was speechless ecstasy.

From the devastation of the night, about forty souls had escaped, and these entreated to be allowed to embark and quit the coast immediately. Columbus having assented to their request, and had us conveyed on board his own ship, put immediately to sea. He then

then informed us, that hearing the hurricane roar before it came upon him, he cut the cables of his ship, and ordering the sails to be loosed, prepared to put before it, whichever way it should drive, as the only hope of saving his vessel. Several others followed his example; and providentially the tempest bore directly out of the harbour. Those who caught the first moment to put to sea, were saved; three ships remained in port, and were swallowed in the general ruin.

Garcias and his whole party were in this dreadful night hurried out of time into eternity. Of all the princess Orrabella's attendants, only Cora and her mother were saved. Poor Alzira, with the virtuous Peruvian maid who saved us from the vile schemes of the Castilians, were buried in the ruins of the palace.

On our arrival in Hispaniola, Columbus shewed his commission and authority to displace Roldan and his officers, and to take upon himself the reins of government. The natives, and indeed the inhabitants in general, received him with acclamations of joy, and followed the degraded Roldan to the water side when he embarked, with curses, shouts and hisses.

Two years from this period passed on in the utmost tranquillity. The only alloy to our happiness at this period, was the ill health of your mother, whose delicate frame had received a shock almost beyond her strength to support. But time by degrees weakened the remembrance of her severe losses; and as her spirits began to regain their wonted tone, health faintly tinged her cheeks, and enlivened her grief-swoln eyes.

It was at the close of the year 1504, that we received the afflicting intelligence of the death of Isabelle of Spain. When Columbus was informed of an event so distressing to us all, but to him in particular, he pressed her portrait (which he ever wore about his neck) to his lips; "Oh! my royal mistress," said he, "in the grave, with thy virtues, lies buried the fame, the honour, the happiness of Columbus." He spoke prophetically; for within six months from the death of the queen, your grandfather was recalled; and Davilla, a crea-
ture

ture of the king's, and an intimate of Roldan's, was appointed to succeed him as viceroy. Your father, offended at the indignity offered his parent, resigned all his offices, and we returned to Spain together. Columbus never visited the court; but immediately on landing retired to an estate he possessed in Valladolid. Ferdinando attended the levee of the king several times, but he was either entirely overlooked, or addressed in such terms of chilling coldness, that his high spirit could not brook it, and he followed his father into retirement.

Perhaps your inexperienced mind will wonder how Roldan, but a few years since poor, and dependent on the friendship and bounty of Columbus, could have interest sufficient to displace that valiant commander, and place a favorite of his own in his office. But, my dear girl, the neglected Roldan was poor, the returning governor was rich. And they who in the former situation treated him with contemptuous neglect, or at best with cold, supercilious civility, now received him with open arms, applauded every word he spoke, and, like summer flies round a vessel which contains honey, swarmed with a fond, officious, greedy hum, in hopes to share the sweets that it contains.

Roldan was a man of the world; he heard them, received their caresses, smiled internally at their duplicity, made them subservient to his purposes, and then retaliated on them the contumely and scorn which he well remembered once to have received. Added to this, Isabelle was dead; and Ferdinand, who never cordially loved Columbus, eagerly caught at any opportunity, however frivolous, to disgrace a man whose unexpected successes were a constant reproach to him.

Possessed of a princely fortune, beloved by his friends, and (even fallen as he was from power) still feared by his enemies, surrounded by a loving and beloved family, Columbus might have been expected to enjoy many years of uninterrupted tranquillity. But, alas! his noble heart was wounded past cure. It was not power he had coveted from the first; wealth he despised; titles were beneath his notice; it was honour, untarnished

nished and unfulfilled fame, he fought. The one had been twice involved in suspicion, and the other was threatened to be wrested from him; for many of the creatures that infested the court of Ferdinand, pretended that the discovery of the vast continent now called America, was nothing extraordinary; and that many had spoken of it as a thing more than possible long before Columbus attempted it. Besides this, a report was spread that the continent had been formerly discovered by some mariners who were shipwrecked on its coast, and providentially returned to their native country; that the chief of these mariners, being entertained at the house of Columbus's father whilst he was yet a boy, he had listened attentively to the descriptions he gave of its situation, latitude, and computed distance from Europe; that he had treasured this in his memory, and the old mariner dying soon after, Columbus had imposed the discovery on the world as his own, the fruit of indefatigable application, and intense study.

These reports, which were maliciously circulated by his enemies, preyed on his spirits. His health daily declined; his appetite forsook him, and rest was a stranger to his pillow. He shunned the society even of his nearest connexions; he would spend whole days in his closet, where he had carefully preserved his chains, and I have often surprised him weeping over them like an infant. Life became a burthen to him, grievous to support, and it pleased Heaven to release him from it on the 20th of May, 1506.

What my sufferings were, thus deprived of my first and dearest friend and companion, it is impossible to give you any idea of. For many months, I shut myself from the sight of all; even the presence of your father and mother were painful to me. Their affliction was scarcely less poignant than mine, and the most luxurious moments any of us knew, were when we were recounting the virtues, and weeping over the memory of our departed hero. But from these tender indulgencies we were aroused by a furious war breaking out between Spain and the Ottoman Empire. Numbers

bers of volunteers, gentlemen of the first rank, prepared to repel these invading Moors.

Ferdinando inherited the spirit of his father; his country required his aid, and unasked, he offered it. During a war of seven years, your mother and myself (who remained retired in Valladolid) saw him but three times. His visits were always short, and our fears for his safety were so great and multiplied, that the pain of parting more than counterbalanced the pleasures of meeting. His last recess from arms was four months, during the winter of 1514. At parting, he tenderly embraced me. On taking leave of his wife, who after so many years again gave him hopes of becoming a father, he entreated her, should he not return before the birth of his child, and it should prove a girl, that she would have it christened *Isabelle*. "It was the wish of our late royal mistress," said he, "that one of our children should bear her name. She is now no more; but the smallest wish of the patroness of my departed father will ever be a command to me." "And to me," said Orrabella; "if my child is a female, *Isabelle* shall be her name." Your father again embraced us, blessed us, and departed.

The war continued with unabated fury on both sides. Ferdinando was in constant and dangerous service. Six months passed, and no hopes of his return; at the expiration of that period, you, my dear child, were born; and in ten days after, you were baptized by the name of *Isabelle*.

Your mother had not left her apartment, when one day as we were sitting by the window, we perceived a courier riding full speed up the avenue that led to the house. I left the room to take the express, my heart foreboding fatal tidings, and wishing to conceal them as long as possible from your mother. But as I went down the front stairs, a servant, who had received the packet from the messenger, ran up the back way, and delivered it into the hands of the unfortunate Orrabella. She opened it, she read. Ferdinando was no more, and I returned to the apartment just time enough to save her from falling to the floor.

floor. Violent convulsions succeeded each other; and before morning, my poor little Isabelle was an orphan. How I supported myself through such accumulated misery, Heaven (who no doubt assisted me) alone can tell.

It was many days before I could summon resolution to examine the fatal packet particularly. When I did, I found my brave son had fallen gloriously in single combat with the heir to the Ottoman sceptre; that he saw his antagonist fall, and died triumphing in the excellency of his own religion, and exhorting all around him to persevere to the end. I wept at the loss of my child, but I gloried in his faith, valour and constancy in the Christian cause.

From that time, my life has been a continued blank. I have seen but little company. My nephew, the marquis Guidova, son to a brother of mine, the offspring of a marriage that my father contracted after my union with your grandfather, with two amiable young women his sisters, and a charming creature whom he had made his wife, were the only society that afforded me any satisfaction. I endure ceremonious visits, it is true; but I always feel them insupportably tedious, and impatiently look for the moment when the departure of my guests would release me, and I might either unbend my mind in observing your innocent sports, or in deep solitude, by reflection and hope, be again united to those departed objects of my affections, Columbus, Ferdinando and Orrabella.

In less than a twelvemonth after the death of your parents, I made my will. For the contents and meaning of that *will*, I refer you to the beginning of this long epistle, which, at hours when my strength and spirits would permit the employment, I have been nearly three months in writing. And now, my dear Isabelle, I bid you adieu. May you possess all the virtues of your father and grandfather, all the beauty and fortitude of your mother, and be ever exempt from the sorrows that have lacerated the heart of

BEATINA.

Your

Your chief attendant was your mother's favourite Indian servant, Cora. Should she live till you reach the years of maturity, be to her a firm friend; her attachment to your parents, and affection for yourself, has been unbounded; let your gratitude be the same.

Columbia had read, and paused, and wept, and read again, till, in her anxiety for the fate of Orrabella, she had forgot what she so earnestly had wished to know, concerning the marriage of her mother. The conclusion of the manuscript, however, brought it fresh to her memory. She turned the paper on all sides; no farther intelligence was to be gleaned from that. But Cora, Cora had been particularly mentioned, as strongly attached to the lady Isabelle. No doubt she could inform her of all she wished to know. She had no sooner conceived the idea, than, folding the papers which she replaced in the escritoire, she locked the drawer, and hastily sought the apartment of her aged servant.



C H A P. IX.

Supplication, Rejection, Compliance.

"I HAVE read all the papers," said Columbia, seating herself beside Cora, who was taking her evening's repast; "I have read them all, but they do not give me any account of my father, or how he became acquainted with the lady Isabelle." "I did not suppose they would," replied Cora, sipping with affected unconcern some milk which stood before her, and then breaking into it the remainder of a slice of brown bread, which lay beside it.

"Well, but dear Cora," said Columbia, laying her right arm over her old servant's shoulder, and looking with smiling earnestness in her face; "but dear Cora, I dare say you could tell me all about it." "Oh!

not I," she replied, putting from her with a rejecting motion the lovely arm that encircled her neck; "not I, indeed. I tell a story so badly, and make so many repetitions, and am so tedious and minute, you would have no patience to listen; so you and Mina may go and walk, and I'll go to bed, and then, you know, we shall both be satisfied."

"Nay but, dear, dear Cora, now don't be angry. Pray forgive me if I was a naughty girl, and impatiently would not give you leave to tell the story your own way. Only inform me how my mother became acquainted with, and afterwards married to, an Englishman, and a Protestant, and I will promise not to interrupt you from the beginning of your story to the end."

"Aye, to be sure," said Cora, "we are mighty condescending now. O my conscience, there is nothing like curiosity to make a young lady gentle and complying. This morning it was, Be quiet, Cora, and pray hold your tongue. Hold my tongue indeed; why I warrant I could have told you every thing that happened, as well as those letters. But you liked reading the letters best then, and so mayhap you may find some more to-morrow that will tell you every thing you wish to know."

"'Tis well," said Columbia, somewhat haughtily, "I will go to my mother. She referred me to you; but since you do not choose to comply with her desires, I will from her mouth request a recital of events, which, however the recollection of them may make her own heart bleed afresh, she will, I am sure, recount, to gratify the laudable curiosity of her child. You, Cora, may go to bed and rest; your lady, the daughter of the princess Orrabella, and her unfortunate offspring, will pass the night in sorrow. She in tears of bitter remembrance, and I in lamenting afflictions I cannot but feel, though I have not the power to alleviate."

This was attacking Cora in the most vulnerable part. "Stay," said she, catching hold of Columbia's robe, "stay, my dear young lady, but a few moments,

ments, and I will tell you all." "That's my good Cora," said she, kissing her cheek with affection; "I will now go and take leave of my mother for the night. You shall go to bed, Mina, and I will come and sit beside you. We will put out the candle. For you know the moon shines full into your chamber, and I always think a story doubly interesting when it is told by moonlight.

This arrangement made, Columbia went to the apartment of her mother, and partook of a slight repast. But little conversation passed between them. Isabelle was buried in reflection, and the mind of her daughter fully occupied by the events she had been so lately made acquainted with, mixed with a restless impatience to repair to the chamber of Cora. Supper finished, she requested leave to retire; and Mina, being dismissed from her attendance on the lady Isabelle, they seated themselves on the side of Cora's bed, who eagerly began the promised recital.

"The old lady Beatina died when your mother was not seven years old, and so the Marquis Guidova thought it best only to leave a few people just to take care of the house and pleasure grounds in Valladolid; and discharging the rest of the servants, take my young lady with him to Madrid, where he for the most part lived. He was a good gentleman, and his lady, Heaven bless her, was as kind a gentlewoman as ever breathed. They were as fond of your mother as though she had been their own child; but who could help loving her? She was so condescending, so benevolent, so good-natured, and more than that, so beautiful. So there was masters hired to teach her every thing, that ladies of quality generally learn, and they used to say they had no trouble in teaching her; for she understood every thing they told her in a minute, and never forgot what she had once learnt.

"Many cavaliers and gentlemen sought her for their bride before she was fifteen. Not a family in the Court of Spain but would have thought it a high honour to have had her for a daughter-in-law. The young King of Spain used to call her a star of the first magnitude;

magnitude; a gem fit for the crown of a prince, and many other such pretty names. But she, sweet lady, was never made proud or conceited by these praises, but was always the same humble, affable creature as ever. Then she was so pious! Ah, when shall I see her equal? Her behaviour was an example, admired by all, but I am afraid followed by very few.

"Well, as I was saying, many noble gentlemen sought to win her love, but she was indifferent to them all; and at the age of eighteen, was still unmarried. At that time, Sir Thomas Arundel arrived at the Spanish Court. He was travelling to finish his education, and came with a design of passing a few months in Madrid. Ah! he was a brave gentleman."

"Yes," said Columbia exultingly, "my father was a brave man, a worthy man, an honour to human nature."

"Aye, but," replied Cora, "he was much handsomer then, so tall and graceful, such fine blue eyes, and such a complexion, so fair and ruddy, and his beautiful dark brown hair fell in such becoming ringlets round his face and shoulders, that he looked like something more than mortal."

"Why, Cora," said Mina, laughing, "you describe his person with such rapture, that I do believe you fell in love with him yourself." "Heaven help me!" cried the old woman, "that would have been a fine story truly! No, no, I knew my station better. Besides, I was old enough to be his mother. I could not shut my eyes, you know, and I hope there was no harm in admiring what I saw."

"No, to be sure," said Columbia, "and I dare say my dear mother admired him as much as you did."

"Indeed she did," replied Cora; "he was introduced to the Marquis by the Duke de Medina, and invited by him to a splendid entertainment which he gave to all the foreigners of distinction at that time resident at the Court of Spain. Oh! how beautiful did my dear lady Isabelle look on that day; her dress was always plain, but it was always becoming, and more than usually so at that time. No wonder the young

young Englishman was captivated at first sight. I could have gazed at her for the whole day without being tired; what then must he feel, who had never before seen a woman so charming? For to excel her, I am sure would be impossible. A ball was given in the evening; Arundel danced with your mother. Every eye was turned upon them as they gracefully and lightly followed the music. Every tongue murmured their praise.

“When the lady Isabelle retired for the night, she asked me if I had seen the accomplished cavalier Arundel, and whether I did not think him very handsome. “I have been deaf to all my lovers as yet,” said she, smiling; “but I believe, Cora, if Arundel should ask my hand, I should not long withhold it.” The next morning, as she was rising, the whole of her discourse was on the gallant Englishman; and she could not help wishing to see him again, and wondering whether he thought of her as much as she did of him. Whilst she was prattling on in her lively innocent manner, the Marchioness Guidova entered the apartment.

“Isabelle, my love,” said she, “I have some papers in my possession, which I blame myself for not having earlier entrusted to your perusal. Here are some confidential letters which passed between your father and his parents; and here is a packet addressed to you, my love. It was written by your grandmother during the last years of her life. It will inform you of some particulars in her will, which it is necessary for you to know. You are there strictly forbid to unite yourself to a man who professes the reformed religion.

“The Marquis and myself could not but observe last night the pointed attentions, and undisguised admiration, with which Sir Thomas Arundel addressed you; and I think it is not unlikely but he may request you in marriage. Now, my dear Isabelle, Arundel is a strict Protestant. This, you are sensible, will place an insurmountable barrier between you. And fearful that my dear girl might let her heart be allured by an agreeable person and insinuating address before she

knew the fatal consequences that must result from such an indulgence, I would no longer delay requesting you to give a few hours serious attention to the papers I here leave with you, particularly that written by your grandmother."

"When the Marchioness had thus spoke, she embraced the lady Isabelle, who had not once attempted an answer; and laying the papers on the table, left the apartment.

"While the Marchioness was speaking, I had retired, out of respect, to a window at the most distant part of the room; but I now approached my young lady, and found her pale, trembling, and her eyes brimfull of tears. "My fate, I fear, is fixed, Cora," said she. "My heart has hitherto been insensible to the admiration and love I heard numbers daily profess for me; but though so lately acquainted with him, I had, almost unknown to myself, suffered a wish to rise, that Arundel might be the man designed to be my husband. It is true, I never saw him till yesterday; but to his character I am no stranger. Fame speaks highly of his honour, integrity and wisdom. But I am told our fates can never be united. If so, a convent shall be my choice, and I will shut myself from a world that will, I greatly fear, contain no charms for me, when deprived of the hope of sharing the fate of Arundel."

"She then hastily finished dressing, and dismissed me; nor did I see the dear lady again, till noon. Oh! how her sweet countenance was altered since the morning. She was bathing her eyes in water, in hopes to take off the redness; but it was in vain. The traces of her tears still remained upon her cheeks, and her eyes were sunk and heavy. The papers lay open on the table before her; she spoke but little to me; and though when she did speak, she forced a smile, I could see her poor heart was almost breaking.

"The Marquis had rightly judged, that Arundel was enamoured of my lady; for on the very next day, he took an opportunity to call, when he knew the Marquis was at the levee, and going into the garden,

den, as he said to amuse himself till the Marquis's return, he sent one of the servants to desire I would grant him a few minutes' conversation. I went, you may be sure; for I guessed his errand, and thought it no harm to pity him, and hear what he had to say on the subject. So as I was saying, I went, and he asked me a thousand questions about the lady Isabelle; as whether she was engaged, whether she had ever mentioned him, and whether it was with dislike or approbation. Oh! Miss Columbia, he was a fine spoken man; it would have done your heart good to have heard him.

"Your lady is an angel, Cora," said he; "and I should think myself but too happy to be permitted to wear out my life in her service. I mean to ask her of her guardian; but as I would first be assured, that by so doing I offer no violence to her heart, I have written to her. Take this letter, then, my good Cora, and deliver it into the hands of your divine mistress. Tomorrow I will expect an answer, and my future conduct shall be regulated by her commands. Be not alarmed, (for I drew back as he offered me the letter) be not alarmed; I swear to you, I have nothing but honour in my thoughts." He then forced the letter into my hand, and with it his purse, containing about twenty ducats; and at that moment hearing the Marquis's voice in the garden inquiring for Arundel, I could neither return his present, nor tell him of how little effect his letter would be; since my lady was restricted from marrying a Protestant. But the exact terms of the restriction I did not then know. So, as I said, hearing the Marquis coming, I was glad to avoid meeting him; so turned into another walk, and made the best of my way to the house.

"When I gave your dear mother the letter, she chid me for bringing it, she hesitated for some time; but when I told her he promised to be guided by her commands, she opened and read it. Then bidding me bring her pen and ink, she wrote an answer, frequently stopping to wipe off the tears that gushed into her eyes.

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“From this time for above a fortnight, letters passed between them every day. My poor lady grew pensive, languid, and avoided company; spent great part of every night in writing; and in the day time, every moment when she thought nobody observed her, she would read over the letters of Arundel.

“At length she told me one evening, that she had promised to give him an interview. “He sups here to-night,” said she, “and after supper will retire to the alcove on the east side of the garden, and thither I have promised to go to meet him; and you, Cora, must go with me.”

“I felt as though it would be right to persuade her not to go, but did not know how to begin; nor could I rightly comprehend how (as they both worshipped the same God) the differing in a few trifling forms and ceremonies could make it such a crime for them to marry. I thought perhaps the Marquis and his lady might be angry at first, but that they loved her so well they would soon be reconciled. After this interview, the whole of which I did not hear, and what I did hear I did not fully understand, only this I know, that Sir Thomas Arundel spoke so finely, that he made me cry more than once; the lady Isabelle told him, that by marrying a Protestant she should forfeit her whole fortune. “And what of that, my lovely Isabelle,” said he, “I have fortune enough for us both, it is your invaluable self I adore; you flatter me; I am not indifferent to your generous heart; why then does my charmer hesitate? Let me call this dear hand mine; and my wealth, which is more than enough for all the comforts, nay, even the elegancies of life, will be happily employed, if it can procure a moment’s satisfaction for the idol of my soul.”

“Take me not thus by surprise,” replied your mother; “give me a few days to reflect seriously, and your generous proposal shall have an ingenuous and candid answer. Believe me, Arundel, I will examine my heart with the minutest scrutiny; and if I find its attachment to you unconquerable, I will not insult the majesty of Heaven by making professions with my lips
which

which my soul would refuse to ratify. I will then openly, in the face of the world, avow my choice; and if I do so, we will not have different interests in so serious a concern as our everlasting peace in futurity. No, Arundel, if I become your wife, I embrace your religion. Your faith shall be my faith, your God my God."

"She then suffered him to kiss her hand, and leaning on my arm, returned to her apartment.

"I say, after this interview, my lady became more composed; in some measure regained her wonted cheerfulness, and the Marquis was pleased to perceive a sadness wearing off, the source of which he had been afraid to inquire into.

"It was about ten days from this time, that my lady asked me if I would go with her to England. "For I am resolved, Cora," said she, "to share the fate of Arundel. This day I mean to avow my designs to my guardian, and relinquish my estates to my cousin. Will you, then, follow the ruined fortunes of your poor mistress?"

"Will I?" said I, throwing my arms round her; "can any thing but death ever separate me from you?"

"It was towards the evening of this day, that the lady Isabelle sent me to request the Marquis, his lady, and their eldest son, would grant her half an hour's conversation. They returned for answer, that they were perfectly at liberty, and awaited her presence in the saloon. She then bade me go into the garden, where she knew Arundel was waiting, and bid him come to her. He obeyed the summons, and they entered the saloon together. It was then your noble mother declared to her guardian and his family the resolution she had taken. "Had you entrusted me," said she, "earlier with the contents of my grandmother's will, I might have been upon my guard; but my heart was irrevocably gone before I knew it was a crime to love a Protestant. Having made my election, I do not scruple to confess, that, deprived of Arundel, I would never unite with any other man. Seclusion from the world would have been my next choice; but reason
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and religion told me, that a heart throbbing with all the anxieties of a disappointed passion, is not a fit sacrifice to be offered to a Being of infinite purity. My fortune I resign to my cousin, and wish him as much happiness in the enjoyment of it as I feel in relinquishing it. My personal ornaments I imagine are my own. To-morrow I shall bestow them and myself on Arundel; and in becoming his wife, I embrace the Protestant persuasion."

"When my lady had finished speaking, she gave her hand to your father, who spoke something very handsome, though I can't remember what. But I know the old Marquis raved, his son looked quite happy, the Marchioness cried. One moment embracing lady Isabelle, and entreating her to remember her grandmother's last injunctions, and not forfeit her eternal peace by quitting the bosom of the holy mother church; then she would entreat her son not to enforce the will to its full extent, but to be content to divide the fortune with his cousin. Oh! deeree me, it was a terrible night; for what with the rage of the one and the tears of the other, my poor lady was almost distracted.

"Well, sure enough the next morning she was married, and in a few days they set off for England. On our arrival in London, she publickly abjured the Romish religion, and would have had me do the same; but I thought changing my religion once in my life was enough. I was taught by the good lady Beatina, to worship one God, and to look for eternal salvation through the merits of a Redeemer; to be humane and charitable to all mankind; and to the extent of my weak power, I have endeavoured to practise what she taught. And I hope I shall, when I die, go to heaven as well as if I had changed my religion twenty times."

"You cannot change for the better, my good Cora," said Columbia; "yet you must not blame my mother."

"Blame," cried Cora, hastily; "no indeed; the lady Isabelle never did any thing that deserved blame.

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She had sense and education to understand what she was doing ; but I was weak and ignorant, and feared by renouncing one error, I might perhaps fall into a greater."

"Well but, Cora, what was the cause of my father's ruin ? He was a man of family and fortune, and though I perfectly remember him, and recollect that I had not seen him for some months before, I lost him forever. I shall never forget the day on which I was told he died. My dear mother, who had been absent some days, was brought home in a state almost bordering on distraction. She embraced me, called me her dear orphan girl, wept, wrung her hands, and then clasping them, cried, Oh ! my Arundel, you are lost to me, but I trust you are reaping the heavenly reward of your faith, constancy and fidelity. She then sent me from her, and a few weeks after we came to this old Castle. I did not half like it, Cora, nor am I quite reconciled to it now. Those old ruins at the west end, the long gallery that leads to it, the great arched gate-way that looks ready to fall down, and the nasty moat full of green water, fill me with terror and disgust ; and if it was not for the little garden that Matthias has done up so cleverly, and the pond where we go to fish, I should be ready to die with melancholy."

"And so should I," said Mina, "and with fear too ; for they people about here."

"Now do be quiet, Mina," said Columbia, "for it grows late, and I want Cora to finish telling about my father."

Mina was silent, and Cora continued. "Ah ! my dear Miss, those were sad times indeed ; it was then your dear mother was plunged into poverty ; for you know your father was a Protestant. Well, he was a favourite with our young King Edward the VIth. and greatly beloved by the Protector Duke of Somerset. They favoured the reformers very much. And there was that wicked Bishop Gardiner, who was for burning and hanging every body that did not say their prayers just as he did. He hated your father ; and so he, and several others as wicked as himself, laid a
plan

plan to take away the life of the good Duke of Somers^{et}. They said he had laid a plan to murder the young King, and accused my worthy master, Sir Thomas Arundel, of being an accomplice; and they threw them into prison, and a great many more good men were confined. And then Gardiner, and the Duke of Northumberland, and others of his enemies, pretended to have a regular trial. But what sort of a trial was that, when the men that accused them were the judges? So they condemned them all to suffer death, and all their substance was forfeit to the crown, as they called it; but I warrant these righteous judges had pretty pickings out of them. So your dear father was beheaded on Tower Hill, and all his estates seized on by these robbers. For I am sure they deserve no better name; for Northumberland only took away the life of the good Duke of Somers^{et}, that he might supply his place about the person of the King, and lay a plan for his own advantage. For he persuaded the King to make a will, and appoint the lady Jane Grey, daughter to the Marchioness of Dorset, his successor; and this he pretended to do out of love to the reformed religion; but it was only because she was married to his son, the Lord Guilford Dudley. But Heaven punished him for his wickedness, in the ruin and death of those beloved and charming children.

“Oh! what a heavenly creature lady Jane was; your mother loved her dearly. She, sweet soul, did not wish to be a queen; and when, on the death of King Edward, they offered her the crown, “I pray you pardon me, my friends,” said she, “and suffer me to decline this honour; it is too much for me, frail mortal that I am. I would seek an eternal, not a temporal crown; and much I fear the cares and anxieties attendant on the one, will prove a hindrance to my doing my duty necessary for the obtaining of the other;” and when urged to comply, she bowed her head in token of assent. She said to those who knelt to do her homage, “Pray rise, my friends, this is mockery. You think I am ascending a throne; but I see clearer, and perceive it is a scaffold. Heaven pardon me this usurpation,

usurpation, for I feel I have no right to these honours, and shall be ready, when called upon, to resign them to my rightful queen."

When Northumberland told her it was for the good of the Protestant cause that she should assume the reins of government, she replied, "The God of the Protestants is all-sufficient for their protection; he will not suffer them to be punished or persecuted, unless it be for his own wise purposes, to prove their faith, and bring home more to the fold. He needs not the assistance of my feeble arm. However, my good lord Duke, if you think you are in the way of your duty in heaping these unrequired honours upon me, I submit; and Heaven forgive us both."

"I have heard Matthias, who was in London at the time, repeat her words so often, that I cannot be mistaken in repeating them again. So the sweet, good lady was proclaimed queen, and nine days after, she was seized, with her husband and her father-in-law, and sent to the tower, and soon after they were all beheaded. And so I have no doubt but the wicked Duke repented, before he died, of his malice to the good lord Protector and your dear father; and when he came to lay his own head upon the block, I dare say he wished he never had been the means of bringing so many innocent people there. The lady Jane left one son by lord Dudley; he was christened Henry; but he bears neither the title, nor inherits the fortune of his father, more shame for them that have wronged him of it."

Here Cora ceased speaking; but Columbia was unable to thank her, or articulate a single word. The unmerited accusation and ignominious death of her father, the untimely fate of the lovely and pious lady Jane, had so oppressed her heart, that it was only by the indulgence of tears she could save herself from fainting. At length she recovered some degree of composure, kissed Cora, bade her good night, and taking Miaa's hand, retired to her own apartment.

C H A P. X.

An Adventure.

IT was now near midnight. The moon, which had shone so bright on the beginning of the evening, was now enveloped in black clouds. The wind whistled hollow through the branches of the half-naked trees, and the turrets of the old Castle echoed its melancholy notes. A cold rain beat against the casements, that shook in their frames from the violence of the rising tempest, and every thing wore a dreary, sombre appearance.

“I declare,” said Columbia, shuddering, “my spirits are so depressed, and the apartment looks so gloomy, almost as if I had not put out the candle.”

“And I’m sure so do I,” said Mina, “for I can’t get those stories out of my head, that the people, who live round about, tell of this old Castle; for I do assure you they wonder how we can live in it, and often ask if we never hear or see any thing.”

“What should we hear or see,” said Columbia, “more than our own family?” But she shuddered involuntarily, and drew nearer to Mina, casting a fearful glance round the room.

“Nay, I don’t know,” replied Mina, “I never give much ear to such stories; but they do say the Castle is haunted; and that a great Baron, who owned it a good many years ago, killed his brother here, that he might win the love of his lady, whom he afterwards seduced, and then sent her beyond sea, where she was never more heard of. And they say the young Baron’s ghost often is seen about the western ruins; and that he walks round the garden, and even sometimes through the long gallery and up the winding staircase that leads to the turret that joins this range of apartments.”

“I dare say it is all fancy,” said Columbia, getting into bed, and covering her face with the bed-clothes.”

“Very

“Very likely,” said Mina; “for you know we never saw or heard any thing.”

“No, nor, I will answer for it, never shall,” replied her young lady, “so good night, Mina, for I’m sleepy.”

Mina began to say, “Good night;” but stopping short, was seized with a universal shivering; her heart beat violently, and she trembled so that the bed shook under her.

“Oh heavens,” said Columbia, “what’s the matter?”

“Hush,” replied Mina, “listen.” In trembling silence they both raised their heads from the pillow, and distinctly heard human steps ascend the stairs, which led to the turret, and which winded on the side of their apartment immediately against the head of the bed.

“Perhaps Matthias is not gone to bed,” said Columbia. “Oh! but I’m sure he is,” replied Mina, “I saw him take the candle and go into his own room. Besides, what should he do up in the old turret at this hour, on such a dismal-stormy night?”

“Well, I do believe,” said Columbia, “it was only imagination.” Just as she spoke, they heard the same noise repeated, but it was the sound of a person descending; and presently a man’s voice was heard, but not loud enough to distinguish what he said.

At the same instant they both sprang out of bed, and rushed into Cora’s apartment; there, as they stood trembling and trying to awake her, they discerned through a window, that looked towards the entrance that led to the long gallery, two figures come from the door; and by the pale glimmer of the moon perceived that one, by his beaver which appeared ornamented with feathers, was a gentleman of rank, the other seemed habited like a servant.

“There, there,” said Mina, “do you see?” “Yes,” said Columbia; “but there are two figures.” “Aye, to be sure,” replied Mina; “I dare say that was his faithful servant, who was killed endeavouring to preserve his master.”

Columbia,

Columbia, terrified as she was, could scarcely help smiling at the readiness of her young attendant in thus explaining every thing according to her own fancy. They followed the two figures with their eyes, till they seemed to vanish amongst the western ruins; and then waking the old servant, and creeping into her bed, one on one side and one on the other, related the wonderful appearance they had seen, and the sounds they had heard.

Cora was strongly tainted with the superstition so prevalent at that period in almost every rank. She fully believed that they had seen supernatural beings, and related, as she lay trembling between them, so many horrible stories, that the terrified girls were afraid to open their eyes, lest some ghastly spectre should meet their view.

At length the clock in the great hall chimed three; and Cora, believing that at that hour spirits of every kind returned to their graves, composed herself to sleep, as did her young companions.

But the spirits of Columbia had been so harassed, that her sleep was disturbed by frightful visions, and she awoke before the sun had cheered the face of day. Glad to behold returning light, she arose, dejected and unrefreshed; and throwing a mantle over her shoulders, walked into the garden, in hopes the morning air would revive her, and take off the appearance of languor which the want of rest had given her, and which she was sure would alarm her mother. There, as she wandered through a walk of filbert trees which had been planted by Matthias near the margin of the pond, she endeavoured to persuade herself, that the terrors they had experienced in the night, were merely the effects of an imagination previously weakened by melancholy recitals, and tainted by the gloominess of the weather. The storm was now past; the sun was above the horizon; the sky was serene; the air just sharp enough to brace the nerves, and give elasticity to the spirits. Columbia, enlivened by its vivifying power, had nearly assumed her usual cheerfulness and serenity, when turning out of the walk towards the house, from an arch-way in the ruins she saw, advancing

ing towards her, the same figures she had faintly perceived cross the court yard in the night. She shrieked, drew her mantle over her face, and fell fainting to the earth.

When she recovered, she found herself supported in her mother's arms, the stranger standing beside her. The alarming mystery was now soon dissolved. This phantom, who had so alarmed Columbia and her attendant, was a material substance, Sir Egbert Gorges by name; who, with his servant, flying from the persecution of Mary (that cruel oppressor and tyrant of her Protestant subjects) to the coast of Wales, in hopes to seek in some foreign land that liberty of conscience denied him in his own, was benighted, and had lost his way.

Sir Egbert, thus weary and disconsolate, wandering over the dreary heath, drenched by the storm, fatigued, cold and hungry, made up to Austenbury Castle, which he perceived at a small distance. The ruinous appearance of the western wing, which, being next the path he had taken, he first entered, gave him little hope to find inhabitants in it. He made his way through the mouldering apartments into the court yard, which he crossed; and in the hope of finding some room more habitable than any through which he had passed, he ascended the stairs which lead to the turret. But disappointed in his wishes, he said to his servant as he came down, "This is certainly a desolated ruin, and we had better return to the most comfortable place we can find on the other side the court yard. For this old turret is more dismal and shattered than any thing we have yet seen." These were the footsteps and voices that had so alarmed Columbia. And according to this resolution, they were returning to the western wing, when the terrified lady and her servant saw them from the window.

Sir Egbert, and his man Rawlins, having led their horses into a place of comparative shelter, sought for a room that might be best calculated to guard themselves from the damp nocturnal air. Finding one less shattered by the hand of time than the rest, they stretched themselves

themselves on the floor, and resting their heads on their saddles, composed themselves to rest. Hard as the bed was, Sir Egbert, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, soon dropped into a profound slumber; nor was Rawlins long in following his master's example. From this state of insensibility they did not awake till day light stared them in the face, and the all-cheering sun darted his beams through the high-arched windows.

Having seen that their horses were safe, they were preparing to explore the whole of the Castle, which they now perceived contained some apartments which wore a face of comfort, and seemed as though lately repaired; when as they came from the ruin, the first object that met their eyes was Columbia. Surprise riveted them to the spot. But her terror on beholding them, her shriek, and consequent fall, made them hurry to her assistance; when just as they had raised her from the ground, Matthias appeared at the farther end of the garden. He hastened towards them, helped to support his dear young lady, and by his loud cries soon alarmed Mina and Cora. The fainting Columbia was borne into the hall, and the lady Isabelle, hurrying to her assistance, had just taken her in her maternal arms, when she recovered sense and recollection. The confusion of this scene had been too great to allow of any explanations on one side, or questions on the other; but Sir Egbert seeing the young lady now free from alarm, related, in as concise a manner as possible, the foregoing circumstances, entreating leave to rest for a few days in the Castle, whilst he sent Rawlins to the nearest sea-port to inquire for a vessel bound for Holland or Germany.

To this Isabelle assented; and in the course of the day Columbia, half ashamed of her terrors, related to her mother and her guest the adventures of the night. Cheerful and unrestrained conversation begets confidence; and before the hour of rest arrived, Sir Egbert had informed his fair hostess of the real cause of his hasty flight from London, and his resolution to quit the kingdom. Isabelle was astonished at the account he gave

gave of the dreadful persecutions under which the Protestants suffered, from the bigotry and cruelty of Mary, and those tools of her power, Gardiner and Bonner. Secluded as she was from the world, though she knew they had great difficulties to struggle with, yet she had no idea to what height they carried their barbarity, and that burning, starving, hanging, and sometimes drawing the victims of their misguided zeal in quarters, was the method taken to bring back the heretics (as they were called) to the ceremonies and superstitions of the church of Rome.

“Ah! my dear child,” said she to Columbia, “how much gratitude ought we to feel toward the divine Disposer of all events, that it has pleased him, with a correcting hand, to lead us into this happy obscurity, where we can enjoy that liberty of conscience which calms and fortifies the soul, and fits it for all events. Alas! Columbia, had your dear father lived to this day, we might all have suffered at the stake together. Then let us be humble and submissive to the judgments of our Creator, since followed by the invaluable blessings of peace, life, and the liberty of worshipping him in security, according to the dictates of our consciences.”

Sir Egbert was charmed with the polished manners and unaffected piety of the lady Isabelle. But the youth, beauty, innocence and vivacity of Columbia had fascinated his senses. The harmonious trio parted for the night, mutually pleased with each other; Isabelle reflecting, in pious gratitude, on her present happy seclusion from a court which seemed a scene of murder, and where, perhaps, the morals and principles of her darling child might have been tainted by the bigotry and superstition of the times, Sir Egbert to ruminate on the interesting figure, and sweet simplicity of manner that characterized Columbia, and Columbia herself to chat with Mina about the handsome Sir Egbert Gorges.

C H A P. XI.

Girl's Chat, Maternal Advice, Departure of a Lover.

“**D**O you not think our visitor very handsome?” said Columbia. “Yes, indeed I do,” said Mina; “and his man is a clever kind of body.” “And you think him very handsome too, Mina?” “No, not very handsome; but he has a great deal to say; and Cora says he must have travelled, for he knows all about her country, as well as if he had been there.” “But that may be from reading, Mina; for my mother told me to-day, that her father, Ferdinando Columbus, wrote a full account of her grandfather’s voyages, during the two years they lived retired at Valladolid. And that at the time my father’s papers were seized by his enemies, the manuscript was found, and it has since been printed.”

“And so, madam, this fine stranger, this Sir Egbert, is going away to live amongst the Dutch people, Rawlins tells me. I’m sure, if I was as him, I would stay where I was.” “But that would be improper, Mina; my mother could not possibly entertain a strange knight here above a day or two, as she has neither husband or son to bear him company.”

“Well, if she has no son or husband, she has a daughter; and I warrant Sir Egbert would excuse the deficiency of the one for the sake of the other.” “How wildly you talk, Mina; I shall be angry with you presently.” “What, madam, for supposing the handsome young knight is pleased with you; nay, now, I don’t think you would be very much out of humour if a storm was to detain him at the Castle a week or so; for then you know there would be some excuse for his staying.” “Pho! you talk like a simpleton, Mina; I wish you would go to sleep.”

“Well, I wonder how some folks can be so insensible; for my part, as soon as I saw him this morning, and found he was real flesh and blood, I said to myself, Well, he is a charming cavalier, and if he would but fall

fall in love with my lady Columbia, and she with him, we should have a wedding, and there is always rare doings at a wedding; and then we should go away from this old Castle. And now, if you won't be angry, I'll tell you the truth. I never do say my prayers, but what I pray that we may soon go away from this shocking old place. Why the arch, at the entrance of the great gate, looks as if it would fall whenever the gate is opened; but to be sure that a'nt very often, we are not much troubled with horsemen, except when Matthias comes from market, with the old blind crippled creature that brings home our provisions. And then one never sees a young man. I declare, I blessed my eye-sight when I saw Mr. Rawlins: for what with Matthias's stories about the wars, and Cora's earthquakes, and shipwrecks, and storms, and so forth, I am heart sick."

"And I'm sure, so am I, Mina, to hear you talk such a parcel of nonsense. However, if you are tired of staying in the Castle, you are at liberty to leave it whenever you please."

"Me leave it, madam? No indeed, madam; if it was ten times more frightful than it is, I would not leave it without you, and my dear lady your mother, for the whole world. No; I meant that if you were married to this handsome Sir Egbert, we should go to London again, and have fine dressing and balls and feasting."

"You don't know what you wish for, Mina. London is no place for Protestants. London is now the seat of every enormity which is practised under the mask of religion. Queen Mary is determined that every one of her subjects shall think as she thinks, and those who hesitate to obey her, are burnt at the stake."

"And pray, madam, why don't the people burn her? She is but one, and she has multitudes of subjects."

"She is their queen, Mina, and they dare not lift the hand against her."

"Queen indeed! Well, I am but an ignorant girl, to be sure; but I can't see why a queen should com-
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mit murder without being punished for it, any more than other people."

"But it is not called murder, when a person is executed for acting contrary to a queen's commands."

"They may call it what they please; but if a person is innocent of any real crime, and is only accused of not thinking as the queen does, or perhaps they don't preach and pray just as she would have them; I do say, and will stand to it, if she orders them to be hanged or burnt, it is murder. Aye, and I fancy her cruel queenship will find that out, when she dies."

"You are a strange girl, Mina, and are now talking on a subject we neither of us are competent to speak upon; therefore let me beg you to say no more. Let us say our prayers, and be thankful we are, by our seclusion from society, and our distance from the metropolis, secure from any fear of her power. And so, Mina, good night."

Columbia spoke this in so reserved a tone, that Mina did not dare to proceed, though she never felt less inclined to sleep. Yet she endeavoured to obey her young lady, said her prayers, and addressed herself to sleep.

The next morning, Rawlins was dispatched to the nearest sea-port, to inquire for a vessel, and from some unforeseen accidents, he was detained nearly a week.

During this interval, the daily, nay, almost hourly opportunities Sir Egbert had of conversing with Columbia, and observing her mildness, modesty, and understanding, which had been highly cultivated by the tender and careful hand of maternal affection, inspired him with a passion ardent as it was sincere; and he could not repel the rising wishes of his heart, that this lovely creature might be ordained his partner, to smooth the rugged path of life.

Columbia had not been insensible to the many virtues and graces of Sir Egbert; but she had not learnt to disguise her thoughts from her best and only friend. She considered it no crime to love a worthy and accomplished man, and her mother became the confident

dant of her passion almost as soon as she discovered it herself.

“I cannot blame you, my child,” said this indulgent parent, “for the admiration and esteem you feel for Sir Egbert Gorges; but I would wish my dear Columbia had seen a little more of the world, before she selected a partner for life. You are yet scarcely eighteen, and Sir Egbert is almost the first man you have seen above the rank of a clown. It is to be hoped, my love, we shall not always be secluded in this solitary Castle. I understand from Sir Egbert, that queen Mary’s health is in a declining state. Should she die without issue, her sister Elizabeth is next heir to the throne. Elizabeth is herself a Protestant, and will no doubt encourage all the professors of that religion. I shall in that case, for your sake, my child, repair to court, and petition for a restitution of your father’s lands. I have also another duty to fulfil. A dear friend of mine, who suffered death a few years after your father, in her last moments recommended her infant son to my care. Should so fortunate an event take place as the princess Elizabeth’s accession to the throne, I shall to her protecting care recommend this last branch of an unfortunate family, the innocent part of which have been the sufferers for the guilty ambition of the rest.”

“I apprehend madam,” said Columbia, “that you mean the offspring of the Lord Guilford Dudley and lady Jane. Cora informed me of their unfortunate exaltation and consequent death; and I have no doubt but the royal Elizabeth will, should she ever have the power, restore to him his rank and the fortunes of his ancestors.”

“Heaven grant that I may see the day,” said Isabelle. “And now, my dear child, though I would not put any restraint on your inclinations, I could wish you to decline a union with Sir Egbert Gorges, till quieter and more prosperous times. Enter into no serious engagements with him, which hereafter may cause you much uneasiness. Mix first with the world. The heart is apt to be deceived in its first emotions, when little knowledge of the world, and seclusion from society,

society, prevents a free election; and the object who, when the only one, appeared to have every attraction, to possess every virtue, when compared with others of more shining talents, loses the charm that had at first engaged the affections. The disappointment then becomes intolerable, and the unfortunate victim of inexperience passes a life of unceasing regret and fruitless repining. I will confess to you, that Sir Egbert has spoken to me on this subject, and I then advised him, as I now advise you; and I hope my dear child will not find a difficulty in following advice, that can have no other end in view than her happiness."

"I cannot hesitate a moment, my dear mother," said Columbia, "to promise that your wishes, which to me are commands, will ever be observed as laws. Think not, beloved parent, that your child was so weary of your society, as to renounce it for that of a stranger, whom she had scarcely known a week. Oh no! however partial my heart may be, I could wish to be better assured of the merits of the object, before I gave my future happiness into his keeping. Let Sir Egbert pursue his intended voyage; if at some future period he should return still constant to me, I think I can answer for the stability of my affections."

"Make no rash promises, my dear child," said Isabelle. Columbia bowed her head assentingly, and remained silent.

Rawlins now returned, with intelligence that a vessel for Amsterdam would be ready to sail in the course of three days. On the morning of the second day, therefore, Sir Egbert, and his faithful Rawlins, departed; the former having, with many thanks for her hospitality, taken leave of his fair hostess, and entreated her permission for Columbia to accept a small diamond ring in remembrance of him; which, as it was of trifling value, she allowed, at the same time presenting him with a plain gold one from her own finger, saying, "I know you will condescend to accept this in token of amity, for trifles become valuable when we esteem the giver."

Mina had, at parting from Rawlins, received from him a small silver coin, on which with his knife he had marked the initials of his name, and over the letters were two hearts. A puncture was made near the extremity, and a string being passed through it; Mina suspended this pledge of affection round her neck.

But Mina, though she fancied herself in love past cure, and that she should be constant through long absence and trials of every kind, was a stranger to her own heart. She was by nature a coquette, fond of admiration, and pleased with those who gave it. She loved Rawlins, because he had professed to love her. But, alas! poor Mina, when she used daily pathetically to lament the absence of her lover, had she but searched her heart thoroughly, she would have discovered that it was the flattery she missed; and that food of female vanity, artfully administered by any other person, would soon have effectually banished the remembrance of Rawlins, and dried up her tears for his departure.

Far differently affected was the heart of Columbia. Her partiality to Sir Egbert was sanctioned by the voice of reason. She felt that, was she his wife, she could brave every hardship with him without repining. For his sake she would then have faced persecution, poverty, famine, nay, death itself. But at the same time she forcibly felt, that to descend in the smallest degree from the respect she owed herself, from that necessary pride and dignity of manner which is the safeguard of female honour, would be no longer to deserve him. When engaged in studies that enriched her mind and expanded her understanding, she thought such employment would render her a more pleasing companion to Sir Egbert. He was seldom from her thoughts in her waking hours, and frequently visited her dreams; and in her daily devotions were mingled constant prayers for his safety.

Yet Columbia was not totally divested of that vanity, which in her childish years had formed so striking a trait in her character; but it had been so judiciously repelled and corrected by her mother, that no

more of it remained than served as a foil to her virtues. She knew she was handsome, and she studied to set off that beauty by humility, benevolence, simplicity and candour.



C H A P. XII.

Confusion, Distress, unexpected Journey.

ABOVE eighteen months after the departure of Sir Egbert passed in the usual way, in which time Rawlins had twice been to Austenbury Castle with letters from his master. But the enemies of Gorges, encouraged by Mary, pursued him with such unrelenting fury, that he dared not himself venture to England.

It was in the summer of 1558, that an event took place which had nearly put a period to the life of lady Isabelle, and involved her daughter in accumulated misery. A report had been circulated, that the child of lady Jane and lord Guilford Dudley was in existence, and in the protection of a Protestant family.

The furious zeal of Mary inspired her with the idea, that by getting this infant into her power, and having him educated in the Catholic religion, she should render Heaven an acceptable piece of service, and entirely atone to the child for the death of his parents, the signing of whose death-warrant sometimes lay heavy on her conscience; and in those fits of gloomy remorse, she always had recourse to her ghostly confessor for spiritual advice and comfort, who upon these occasions did not fail to inflame her mind, and render her bigotry more obstinate.

This man, who was in the confidence of Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, encouraged the queen in her desire to get young Dudley into her power; and accordingly, diligent inquiry was made after the place of his seclusion. At length, accident discovered what they had begun to despair of. Sir James Howard, a younger

younger branch of the house of Norfolk, (a family renowned for their attachment to the Catholic persuasion,) a man in high favour with the queen, and in habits of strict intimacy with Gardiner, Bonner, and the rest of the persecuting party, having received an invitation to spend the decline of the summer in Wales, at the seat of Sir Owen Langwylling, and partake of the diversions of hunting and shooting, in the beginning of August, repaired to the antique mansion of his friend.

Sir Owen was young, gay, and fond of dissipation and expensive pleasures, which the smallness of his paternal inheritance would not permit him to enjoy to the extent he wished. Howard was rich in money, as well as in court favour; and Sir Owen invited him into Wales, in hopes the youth and beauty of his only sister, Winifreda, might catch his affections, and at once secure an honourable alliance for herself, and a powerful friend for him.

It was during this visit, that Howard, tired one evening with the rude and turbulent mirth of his host and his Welsh associates, left them to finish their usual libations to Bacchus; and mounting his horse, on whose neck he suffered the reins to rest, giving a loose to reflection, and intending only to escape from disgusting society, and enjoy the pleasures of retirement and contemplation, he permitted the animal to take what course he pleased. Nor was his attention aroused as to the time he had been absent, till, coming suddenly out of a wood into a wide-extended heath, he perceived the sun was drawing near the western horizon; and turning his horse with a design to measure back the path he had trod, on the summit of a hill, he saw Austenbury Castle. The parting beams of the sun shone full on the venerable ruin, and his rays gave an uncommon richness to the surrounding prospect. Curiosity urged him on, and once more turning his steed, he proceeded at a good pace up the hill.

It has been observed, that the most ruinous part of this Castle was that which fronted the heath; and Howard, having led his horse over a broken draw-bridge,

bridge, which appeared as though it had not been raised for more than a century past, fastened his bridle to a ring which had formerly supported a swing gate, or private entrance to the fortified part of the Castle, and proceeded through an aperture in the wall immediately into the garden, the neatness and cultivation of which convinced him there were inhabitants in the Castle. He went forward, and at the extremity of the garden, in the arbour before mentioned as the scene of Columbia's childish sports and festivity, he saw a female, tying up a bunch of reeds in the form of a wheat sheaf, and a boy standing beside her, apparently about five years of age. As he approached nearer, the beauty of Mina struck him with surprise. For it was she who had been walking with young Dudley, who was now become an inmate at the Castle, and who wanted to go into the water after the reeds, that he might play at reaping. She had gathered a few to divert him, and was employed in binding them up, when Howard approached them. He spoke before she saw him. She started from her seat, and the blood mounted to her cheeks. But Howard was young, handsome, and addressed her with such an air of gallantry, that she soon recovered herself, and felt more inclined to be pleased than alarmed at his intrusion.

Night was now rapidly approaching, and our knight was chagrined at it. He wished to have entertained the pretty, blushing Mina with expressions of his admiration and wonder, to see so much loveliness thus buried in solitude; but time would not permit. He asked, however, a few trifling questions, ventured to take her hand and kiss it, caressed the child, and presenting Mina with a jewel which he took from his beaver, and which he had observed the eyed with attention, requested her to meet him there again early the next morning.

“But be sure, pretty creature,” said he, “you do not mention having seen me to your father and mother.” “I have no father and mother, Sir,” said Mina.

“Well, then, to your uncle, or aunt, or grandmother.” “La! Sir,” said Mina, with simple earnestness,

“I have

"I have no relations; I am only poor Mina, and live here in the old Castle with my lady." "And who is your lady?" "The lady Isabelle Arundel."

"Well, you need not tell her, or any body, that you have seen me; I have a particular reason for it. I will be here by six o'clock to-morrow morning."

Mina promised silence, and dropping a curtesy, wished him a good night.

The thoughts of this simple girl were agitated and confused, as she proceeded towards the house. She was resolved not to mention the stranger; but then Henry, he might tell the lady Isabelle. But to prevent this, immediately on her entering the Castle, she put the child to bed, and then repairing to her lady, gave as a reason for having done so, that he was tired with his walk.

The usual avocations of the evening so entirely occupied Mina, that she had no time to think, till the hour of retirement. No sooner was she in her own apartment, than, drawing the jewel from her pocket, she compared it with the silver token of Rawlins' honest love. "It is much finer," said she, delighted with its lustre; "but then what will poor Rawlins say, if I should prove false-hearted?" A deep sigh, as this reflection passed through her mind, seemed to tell her, the assignation she had made with the gallant stranger was improper. But Mina possessed that unfortunate flexibility of disposition, that unfits its possessor for opposition of any kind. Her inclination to keep her appointment was strong, and the courtly manner, handsome person, and rich present of Howard, had such an effect upon her deluded senses, as to lead her to imagine she had never loved Rawlins half so well, as she found she was inclined to love him.

Had the lady Columbia been present, she would no doubt, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, have confided to her the intrusion of the stranger, and her promise to see him again in the morning. Indeed, full of her own praises which she had heard from his lips, and occupied entirely in reflecting on his fine person and rich dress, she wished for nothing more ar-

dently than an opportunity to repeat it all to her young lady. But Columbia now slept in an apartment by herself, and the young Dudley partook of Mina's bed; so the secret was of necessity confined to her own bosom. Its importance in her ideas, was sufficient to banish sleep from her eyes; and she impatiently counted the clock till it struck four. "Well, two hours will be soon past," said she, and immediately began to dress herself. But quick as her impatient wishes led her to imagine they might pass, when she was anxiously counting every minute, she thought the period an eternity.

Having dressed herself, she descended to the great hall, and thought to be sure it must be near five; but poor Mina was deceived in her calculation, and found it but a quarter past four. She listened, she watched the hand, she could scarcely perceive it move; it had certainly stopped; her lady would be up, she should be prevented meeting the stranger. Impelled by this idea, she had walked more than a dozen times from the hall to the arbour and back again, and still it was scarcely half-past five.

At length the long expected stranger was seen approaching; for he had been impelled by a curiosity, as restless as the new born passion of Mina, to repair early to the place of assignation.

As he had leisurely walked his horse homeward the evening before, he had reflected on the name of Mina's lady. Arundel! It was surely the widow of Sir Thomas Arundel; if so, the intimate friend of lady Jane Grey. Might not that boy be the long-sought offspring of Dudley? If so, how would it elevate him in the queen's favour, to inform her where the boy might be found! Let no one blame Howard; he thought it right to endeavour to snatch the child from the dangers of what he termed an heretical education; he acted from principle; and it were well for every one, who courts the favour of the great, if they could lay their hands on their hearts, and with truth assert the same.

In his conversation with the artless and infatuated Mina, he drew from her every circumstance he wished to know. Her inexperienced heart, fascinated with his flattery, and thinking him all that was amiable on earth, could not imagine him a Catholic. She thought he professed the same religion with her lady and herself. He perceived her error, and suffered it to continue, till he made himself acquainted with every particular within the knowledge of Mina; and in the end triumphed in the spoils of her innocence.

For three weeks, an illicit intercourse was carried on between them; during which period Howard had sent intelligence to his friend Gardiner, that the object of their hitherto fruitless search was now within their reach. At the name of Arundel, Gardiner felt all his hatred revive towards the widow and child of his departed enemy; and, glad of an opportunity to wreak on them the vengeance which the blood of the husband and father had not fated, eagerly flew to the queen, and obtained from her an order to oblige the lady Isabelle, and her daughter Columbia, with their young charge Henry Dudley, to repair immediately to London; and in case of hesitation and reluctance, to bring them away by force.

It was morning; breakfast had been removed; Isabelle and Columbia were employed at their needles. Mina was reading (as was the custom of that lady to make either her daughter or her attendant do every morning) some extracts from a book of devotion. A violent knocking at the gate alarmed them. Matthias, with all the haste his advanced age would permit, went to open it. In a moment the court was filled with horsemen, soldiers and friars, and at their head was Sir James Howard, who was appointed to command the party, and conduct the prisoners to London. Mina's heart leaped within her. She thought her lover was come with this noble train, to claim her as his bride, (as he had frequently promised he would) and take her with him to London. Lady Isabelle turned pale. Lost! ruined! undone! were all the words she
could

could articulate, and she sunk almost lifeless on the nearest seat.

The little Dudley was playing in the hall, when Howard and Sir Owen entered. Unused to danger, unacquainted with fear, he ran to the brave gentlemen, as he called them, admired their waving plumes and laced doublets; and hanging on the hilt of Howard's sword, told him he remembered when he came through the broken wall into the garden. This circumstance, which a variety of other childish amusements had contributed to efface, had lain dormant in his youthful mind, till the appearance of Howard, who happening to wear the same dress then, as when the child first saw him, brought it fresh to his memory.

Howard took the child in his arms; and, followed by Sir Owen and a number of other gentlemen, entered the apartment of lady Isabelle. Though nearly overcome by her fears, the widow of Arundel had still a dignity of manner, a chaste severity of countenance, that awed even the most ferocious. Sir Owen Langwylling, a man neither celebrated for his politeness or sensibility, was a proof of this. He met the glances of her penetrating eyes, and sunk abashed behind Howard, mingling in the thickest of the crowd, his beaver off, and his eyes bent to the earth.

Isabelle arose from her seat at their entrance, and bowing gracefully, requested to be informed of the cause of their visit. Howard was confused; he hesitated as he attempted to speak, and at that moment catching the eye of Mina, who stood trembling behind Columbia, he bowed low, to conceal the agitation that prevented his articulating a single sentence. At length recovering; and obstinately fixing his eyes in such a manner as not to be able to catch a glimpse of Mina, he thus addressed the lady Isabelle.

“Our august sovereign Mary, queen of England, hearing that Henry Dudley, son and heir to the lord Guilford Dudley, (who suffered with his unfortunate lady for their attempt upon the British crown) is under your ladyship's protection, and wishing to compensate to the child for the enforced rigour with which she

was obliged to treat his parents, has commissioned me, James Howard, in conjunction with these noblemen and ecclesiastics, to bring the boy to her court, that she may restore to him the title and estates of his father, and have him educated in the principles of that holy religion, which alone leads to salvation."

The full conviction of the imprudence she had been guilty of, and the duplicity Howard had practised, now flashed on the mind of Mina. She gave a faint scream, and sunk lifeless to the floor.

Cora, whom the general confusion had brought to the apartment, assisted to raise her, and she was borne into the open air. It was not till she was quite out of the room, that the lovely form of Columbia attracted the notice of Howard. He beheld her following, with looks of the tenderest sensibility, the apparently lifeless form of her servant, and in a moment every other object was obliterated from his mind. He seemed attentive to the lady Isabelle as she spoke, but his ears drank not one word of what she uttered; nor was he awakened from his trance of admiration, till she ceased speaking, and prepared to lead her daughter from the room. He then endeavoured to recollect himself, and asked, "If she would not accompany her young charge to London?"

"I thought I had expressed my intention so to do," replied Isabelle, with a look of surprise; "if you, Sir James, did not understand me, I here repeat that I will go with him. Not to resign my precious charge to the queen, but to assert my prior right, the right of friendship, sealed by a most solemn vow, that Henry Dudley should be educated in the religion of his parents. I know you will tell me there are tortures to enforce obedience to the queen's will; but I have learnt to despise them. Happiness and I have long been separated, nor do I hope ever to taste it more, till, in the realms of bliss, I am again united to my martyred friends and husband. Think not, then, the threats of death can terrify me. Death is the only period I can look forward to with calmness, hope and comfort."

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She then slightly bowed her head, and taking young Dudley in her right hand, and leaning on her daughter with her left, she passed into an inner apartment.

In half an hour's time, she sent a message, intimating that she would be ready to attend their orders by four o'clock the ensuing morning. In the mean time, she requested they would make themselves welcome to whatever her poor habitation afforded.

It was late in the day before Mina was sufficiently recovered to be able to quit her apartment. The weather had been sultry, the anxiety of her mind had contributed to enervate her frame; and as she attempted to walk, the universal debility and weakness which she experienced alarmed her. She thought the air might refresh her. Passing from her chamber through the hall into the garden, the first object that met her view as she descended the steps, was Rawlins. She trembled, she gasped for breath; but she recalled her fleeting senses, and hastily gliding down the steps, catching his hand, in silence hurried him to an obscure part of the garden. There, as soon as the tumultuous throbbings of her heart would permit her to speak, in a few words she unfolded to him the unhappy situation of her lady and family; but shame prevented her revealing the unfortunate part she had unintentionally had in their ruin.

"If you have any letters," said she, "give them me quick, and then fly and conceal yourself in the western ruins till I can bring you answers, which you must with all speed convey to your master."

Rawlins gave her the letters, and would have embraced her; but conscious guilt made her shrink from him, and covering her face with her hand, she waved him toward the place of concealment, and returned to the house. She passed unobserved to the apartment of her lady, and delivered the packet to the hands of Columbia.

Fortunately Rawlins had not been seen by any of Howard's party; and Isabelle, having assured herself of this, determined by his means to send Henry Dudley

ley into Holland, to Sir Egbert Gorges. She even urged Columbia to fly with the child from the persecution that awaited them. But that heroic girl refused to desert her mother in the hour of distress. "Besides," said she, "the safety of Henry will be more certain, when Rawlins has no woman with him, with her fears and her weakness, to impede his journey."

Isabelle, anxious to put her plan in execution, at night-fall sent a message to Howard and his followers, craving their excuse, that the preparations for the morning's journey would not permit her to see them again that night; but that she hoped they would not spare her poor provisions, and as early in the morning as they pleased, she would commence her journey.

Mina, who delivered this message to them as they were taking their repast in the great hall, led young Dudley by the hand round to bid them all good-night; then through an apartment, which by a private door communicated with the western wing, she conveyed him immediately to Rawlins, who waited till midnight; and then mounting his horse, with the child before him, proceeded with all possible speed to the nearest sea-port, where the bark he had come over in laying ready, he went immediately on board, and prevailed on the master, by promises of a large reward, to put directly to sea.

The fortitude Mina had been obliged to exert in the execution of this plan was almost too much for her frame to support. The facing the perjured Howard, and delivering to him a message from her lady, the taking what she firmly believed to be a last farewell of Rawlins, were excruciating trials. But she thought the severest sufferings were too little to atone for the mischief she had brought on the house of Arundel; and the consolatory reflection that she had been the means of saving one innocent victim from the power of Mary, having shed a temporary calm over her soul, she enjoyed a few hours repose, which in some degree enabled her to support the confusion of the ensuing day.

By three o'clock, Howard and his followers were in motion. Isabelle heard them, and awaking Columbia and Mina, who that night both slept in her chamber, they equipped themselves for their journey. Their clothes had been previously packed the night before, and sent down stairs.

As the clock struck four, the widow of Arundel, with her daughter and attendant, descended the great stair-case into the hall. Howard received them at the foot of the stairs; but not perceiving the child, eagerly inquired for him. "He is gone," said Isabelle, with a dignified composure; "but that he has escaped is not your fault. - I have sent him out of the reach of bigotry and cruelty, and am now ready to go and answer to the queen for my crime. It is I, I only, that am guilty, if guilt it can be termed. And I do entreat you, Sir James Howard, and you, holy fathers, whose profession is peace and mercy, suffer not these children to be insulted or punished for my faults. To you, Sir James, I solemnly commit the safety of my daughter; that young woman is her attendant. Attached to her from almost infancy, I do beseech you let them not be separated. Your family is noble, you wear the badge of a soldier; I should hope you would neither disgrace the one or the other by injuring unprotected women, whom ill fortune only has thrown into your power. Now I am ready to set forward, and Heaven be my support."

The majesty of her manner as she spoke, awed them into silence. Sir James Howard, confounded by the pointed rebuke she had innocently given him, when she recommended her daughter to his protection, had not power to answer; nor was it till they had proceeded a considerable way on their journey, that they began to consider the very foolish appearance they should make at the court of Mary without Henry Dudley, who had been the chief object of their excursion.

During the journey, which the badness of the roads and the heat of the weather rendered fatiguing and tedious in the extreme, Howard let no opportunity pass

pass in which he thought he could effectually pay his court to Columbia. But the confession of Mina (who on the first night after their departure from Austenbury Castle, had on her knees to her astonished ladies revealed the whole of her imprudence, and Howard's seductive arts) would have effectually steeled her heart against him, had there been no other motive for her rejection. But with such a woman as Columbia, the levity and unmeaning gallantry of Sir James Howard could make no impression on her heart; especially when it is remembered she had been previously awakened to sensibility by the intrinsic merit of Sir Egbert Gorges.

Isabelle and her daughter bore the journey better than could have been expected, and on the tenth day from the commencement of it, they arrived in London. Mina had drooped from the beginning, and was on their arrival so ill, from fatigue and grief, that there seemed but little hopes of her recovery.

The old servants, Cora and Matthias, were left in the Castle, heart-broken for the departure of their kind and beloved mistress. Their solitary days were passed in enumerating her virtues, and in offering up prayers for her safe and speedy return.



C H A P. XIII.

Resolution—Tranquillity restored.

ON the arrival of Isabelle and her daughter in London, they were committed to close confinement; though by the care of Howard, whose power kept the ecclesiastics at a distance, they were treated with respect.

The ensuing morning Isabelle was ordered to attend the queen. With a most threatening aspect did Mary interrogate her on the subject of Henry Dudley's escape, and demanded to know where she had sent him. The widow of Arundel was inflexible. She only re-
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plied, that she had sent him to a place of safety; that in so doing she only conceived she had performed her duty, since, being herself convinced of the errors of the Catholic persuasion, she had given by letter a solemn promise to his dying mother, that whilst she lived, Henry should be carefully instructed in the tenets of the reformed religion.

Irritated beyond expression by the noble firmness, which she termed obstinacy, of the lady Isabelle, Mary commanded her from her presence; at the same time giving orders for her to be put to the torture, to force a confession from her. But Gardiner, who was present, and conceived this would be an impolitic measure of the queen's, humbly entreated a few days might be allowed for reflection. "Perhaps, most gracious sovereign," said the designing prelate, "your royal clemency may have a more powerful effect on the generous mind of lady Arundel, than rigour; and the power of gratitude may draw from her a secret, which the most cruel tortures might not effect.

Isabelle was preparing to speak again, but Howard, who feared she might too far irritate the queen, and trembling for the fate of Columbia, hurried her out of the presence. Having committed her to the guards, who waited to reconduct her to prison, he returned to the queen, and informed her of his passion for the daughter of the haughty Isabelle. "She is young, royal madam," said he, "and if I can judge of her disposition by her countenance, might be easily converted to the true religion; for she appears all compliance, affability and gentleness. Permit me to try to bring her over to our party. When once convinced of the errors of the faith she now professes, it will become a point of conscience with her to retrieve young Dudley from his present lost state."

"I suppose this girl is handsome?" said Mary, "I should call her superlatively so, had I never seen your majesty," replied Howard, bowing profoundly.

Mary, though at this period past her fortieth year, naturally plain in her person, and now more than ever so from the ravages of a disease which daily gained ground

ground and began to give some very alarming symptoms, was still open to the voice of flattery. The compliment of Howard had an instantaneous effect on her temper. She smiled, and told him she would see this paragon. "I will converse with her myself," said she, "and endeavour to draw her by persuasive arguments to the true faith. But if I fail, let her and her proud mother beware. Her beauty shall not save them; they shall submit to the punishment appointed for obstinate heretics."

Columbia had suffered almost a martyrdom in the absence of her mother; a thousand fears had distracted her. Sometimes she imagined she should never see her again; that the furious queen, provoked by her refusal to discover the retreat of Henry Dudley, would doom her immediately to the stake; then would she wring her hands, and utter the most piercing lamentation, in which she was joined by Mina, whose distress was the more poignant, as it was mingled with self-accusation. At length she beheld her return, and her joy was for a few moments as wild as had been her sorrow.

Isabelle was convinced within her own mind, that the hour drew near in which she would be called upon to seal her faith with her blood, and endeavoured to arm herself with patience and fortitude for the expected trial. Every hasty step she heard, every unusual noise that issued from the street, she imagined was the messenger of her fate. But she carefully concealed these thoughts from her daughter, thinking to save her the misery of hourly expecting an event that would leave her an unprotected orphan, and which, however she might lament, she had no power either to prevent or retard.

They partook but sparingly of a repast that was brought them, when Isabelle endeavoured to divert her own and Columbia's melancholy by conversation; at the same time selecting those subjects which might tend to strengthen and fortify their minds against impending misfortune.

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The afternoon was not more than half worn, when Howard arrived with the queen's mandate for Columbia to repair forthwith to the palace. It was then the tender mother had need of all her fortitude. In vain she pleaded to be permitted to go with her child; it was contrary to the commands of Mary.

Finding entreaty fruitless, she embraced her with tenderness, and said, "Remember, my child, thy mother's happiness depends on thee. Oh beware! Suffer no temptation, however great, to draw thee from thy duty to thy Creator. No, Columbia, not even to save the life of thy mother, let thy faith be shaken. If I must suffer, let me at least have the consolation of reflecting, in my last hours, that my child preferred misery to apostacy."

"Fear me not, beloved parent," replied Columbia, returning her embrace, "I can never forget the noble examples of firmness and resolution set me by my ancestors; and if the remembrance of those should fail to animate me, I will think that my failure in so important a point would call a blush into the face of my mother; and that would give me strength to withstand all temptation, however alluring, and defy all threats, all tortures, however terrible to human nature. Pray for me, my mother, pray for your poor child." She fell on her mother's neck, and sobbed aloud. Howard re-assured them, by pledging his solemn word, that no evil was intended; and taking her reluctant hand, led her from her mother into the presence of the queen.

Columbia, though endowed with all the rigid virtues that so eminently adorned her mother, yet had an appearance of more softness; and the awe a young person, totally unacquainted with the forms of courts, as well as of the world in general, might be supposed to feel on finding herself in the presence of her sovereign, and that sovereign incensed against her, gave her an air of timidity and humility highly gratifying to the pride of Mary.

The queen questioned her concerning the departure of young Dudley. "He went away with a servant belonging.

belonging to a particular friend of my mother's," said she, "who wished me to have gone too, but my love for the best of parents, and my conscience, which told me I should be wanting in filial duty, prevented my embracing the proposal."

"Conscience?" said Mary, fiercely, "the conscience of a heretic cannot be supposed very tender; tell me, are you not a heretic?"

"I do not understand the meaning of the appellation," replied Columbia mildly.

"I will endeavour to explain it to you," said the queen; "come, child, be not alarmed. I will talk with you a little on religious matters. Your ignorance is really pitiable, but it is more your misfortune than your fault."

"I humbly pray your majesty to pardon me," replied Columbia; "I am a weak girl, and totally inadequate to the task of speaking on so reverend a subject, especially before a person of your majesty's superior understanding and extensive erudition. I have hitherto lived a peaceful, happy life, unknowing and unknown; where, to the extent of my abilities, I have endeavoured, strengthened as I was by the example of a respectable mother, to discharge my duty both to my Creator and my fellow creatures. I beseech your majesty, suffer me to return to that calm retirement, where the remainder of my days may glide on in obscurity, and my name pass quietly into oblivion."

"I fear," said Mary, "you entertain erroneous ideas of your duties, both moral and religious. Your faith and mine are different." Columbia was silent. "I will appoint some holy men to visit your mother in her retirement," continued the queen, "and they shall also instruct you in the tenets of our holy church. Are you willing to be instructed and converted?"

"I am willing to be instructed by wise and good persons," replied Columbia; "I will listen to them with patience; and if my reason is convinced——"

"It must, it will be convinced," said the queen, eagerly, "unless you wilfully shut your eyes and ears."

“And that I hope I never shall do,” said Columbia, fervently, “against the light of truth.”

Mary was satisfied, and dismissed her, and she was conveyed by the guards to the arms of her impatient and anxious mother.

Both Howard and the queen from this interview entertained sanguine hopes of converting Columbia. They did not perceive that all her answers were ambiguous, and might have been explained in a very different sense than the one they took them in.

Howard seized the favourable moment of the queen's good humour, to request the charge of the prisoners might devolve on him. “I have a house, most gracious sovereign,” said he, “not far from London; some of the apartments have heretofore been used as a state prison. Suffer me to convey the widow of Arundel and her daughter thither; I will answer for their being kept in safe custody, with my life. In the mean time, my confessor, with whatever other ecclesiastic your majesty may please to appoint, can visit them every day.”

“I see,” said the queen with a half smile, “you wish to have an opportunity of prosecuting your suit to the fair daughter of Arundel without interruption. Well, be it as you desire; into your charge I commit them, and at the hazard of your head,” continued she, sternly, “be they forth coming whenever I demand them. For by the crown of my ancestors I swear, they shall not escape my vengeance, unless they renounce their heretical opinions, and give up young Dudley to my power.”

Howard, pleased that by this manœuvre he had got the person of Columbia entirely in his power, thanked the queen for her condescension, reiterated promises of not permitting them to escape, and hastened to the place of their confinement, where he informed the lady Isabelle and her daughter, that he had prevailed on the queen to let him remove them to a mansion of his own, not far from London. “You will there,” said he, “have the benefit of the air, and the indulgence of sometimes exercising yourself in the garden. But I have

have obtained this favour at the hazard of your displeasure; for I have promised the queen that you will daily converse with ecclesiastics of the Catholic persuasion. Your patience one moment, dear lady," seeing Isabelle was about to reply, "it is what you must submit to if you remain here. Let me on my knees entreat you, then, to suffer me to convey you, and this angel your daughter, out of the reach of the tyranny of Mary. Whilst you remain secluded in her palace, the instruments of her power may, in the dead of night, rush in and sacrifice you to her vengeance; but under my roof you will at least be secure from sudden insult and surprise, and should she menace your precious lives, I will preserve them at the hazard of my own."

"Howard," said Isabelle, "I would fain believe your professions are sincere; but when I remember who betrayed us into the power of the queen, how can I?"

This was the first moment Howard had suspected that Mina had discovered his frequent visits at Austenbury Castle. He had strove several times, during their journey, to draw her apart from her ladies, but in vain. She had always carefully avoided him. But this he thought proceeded from her fears of awakening suspicion; nor did he once imagine she would confide an intercourse, that would appear so much to her disadvantage, to the ear of a woman so rigidly virtuous as Isabelle. It is true, Isabelle was rigid in her own practice; but she always made a just distinction between the errors incident to human nature, and premeditated guilt. For the folly of Mina, she found an excuse in her simplicity, and ignorance of the world; but for the art and seduction practised by Howard, she felt only contempt and horror.

"What reliance," continued she, stedfastly fixing her eyes on his face, "what reliance can I place on the word of a man, who by flattering promises drew an artless, innocent girl to her ruin, whilst from the openness of her unsuspecting nature, he learnt secrets, the divulging of which has plunged her only friends and benefactors in unavoidable destruction?"

The

The cheek of Howard glowed with the crimson tint of shame. The penetrating eye, the forcible voice of Isabelle, sunk to his heart.

“I have been to blame,” said he, in accents scarcely audible, “but do not too hastily condemn me. Allow something to the impetuosity of youthful passion; and if, betrayed by an enthusiastic partiality to the religion in which I was educated, I hastened to inform my sovereign where she might find the offspring of Dudley and lady Jane, let it be some expiation of my error, that I am severely punished in having unintentionally involved two ladies in misfortune, who, to every grace that can excite admiration, unite every virtue that should command esteem. Let not, I beseech you, the discovery of my errors blind you to what is absolutely necessary to your own interest and safety, nor, by obstinately refusing the asylum I offer, heap fresh guilt upon me, by making me in a manner accessory to your death, and that of your lovely daughter. The beauty and innocence of the fair Columbia have already awakened in the breast of Mary a malignant spirit, which she will be glad to gratify by sacrificing her to her pretended zeal; for your daughter has already expressed her attachment to the reformed religion, in terms too pointed to be overlooked. Another interview with the queen, and she will be lost beyond recovery.”

Howard paused for an answer. The mind of Isabelle was in a state of agony. Her own life would have been nothing; she would have despised the protection of Howard, and undauntedly braved the power of the queen; but her child, her darling Columbia, her fate, perhaps, hung on her answer. She was within the reach of the bigotted queen, Howard might protect, might save her. What mother, in such a case, could hesitate?

Isabelle bowed her head, and, in a voice tremulous through fear and stifled indignation, assented to his proposal. A short time sufficed for preparation, and that very night they slept in the house of Howard, at Hamstead, if sleep it could be called, when to their
other

other anxiety was added the disappearance of Mina. She came with them to the house, retired after they had taken some refreshment, and when the hour of rest arrived, was not to be found. Howard was suspected by Isabelle, but Howard had departed with the setting sun, and could not be questioned.

At the first appearance of day, Columbia arose; and for the first time, eagerly counted the hours that would most probably intervene before she could hope to see Howard. The morning wore heavily away; Isabelle was dejected and uneasy; her daughter endeavoured to hide her own painful sensations, that she might divert the anxiety of her mother.

About noon, their attention was aroused by the entrance of two ecclesiastics, who were appointed by the queen to visit, exhort, and endeavour to convert the two prisoners. Isabelle heard them in silence. Columbia was several times on the point of replying; but a reproving look from her mother repressed her thoughts before her lips could give them utterance.

At the conclusion of the conference, the widow of Arundel ventured to inquire of these religious men if they had any knowledge of the fate of Mina; but she received from them a stern reproof, and was bid to think more of eternal and less of temporal things, as her destiny was as yet undetermined, and it remained solely with herself whether a few days would reinstate her in her late husband's forfeited estates and property, or sign the mandate for her death.

When the priests left her, the fortitude of Isabelle seemed entirely to forsake her. She threw her arms round the neck of her daughter, and gave way to an involuntary gush of tears. Columbia, unprotected, dependent on the bounty, and liable to be enticed by the artifice of Howard, was pictured to her imagination in colours so strong, that she could not support the idea.

Thus miserably did day after day wear on, diversified only by the tedious exhortations of the monks, and the agonizing feelings of suspense and apprehension. A fortnight was now past, and they had not
once

once seen Howard. They were attended with respectful assiduity; they had but to name a wish, and it was instantly complied with. And only that they were not permitted to pass the boundaries of the garden wall, their situation might have been thought enviable.

The charms of autumn were now beginning to fade, and winter was rapidly approaching, when one evening, after a chilly walk to the extremity of the avenue of ancient elms that fronted the house, as Isabelle and her daughter were sitting down to their repast, experiencing some small degree of comfort, in the neatness of their apartment, and the cheerful blaze of a wood fire that glowed on the hearth, they were startled by a loud knocking at the gate, and in less than two minutes Howard stood before them. Spite of the reasons they had for disliking him, yet their long seclusion from all society, (except the persecuting zealots who daily visited and tormented them) the many comforts they had through his means enjoyed, and the earnest wish they had to inquire after the fate of Mina, gave to their countenances an air of pleasure that was not altogether foreign to their hearts. Isabelle arose from her seat as he entered; Columbia advanced two or three steps towards him, and half extended her hand to welcome him. These tokens of joy at his appearance, thrilled to the enraptured heart of Howard. He eagerly sprang forward, caught the half-reluctant hand, and, dropping on one knee, imprinted on it a fervent kiss. The action recalled their momentarily forgotten dignity; the features of Isabelle assumed their usual frigidity. Columbia blushed scarlet deep, and putting him from her with a rejecting motion, "Rise, Sir," said she, "nor, by affected humility, insult your prisoners."

Howard now hastened to inform them, that, anxious only for their safety, he had been assiduous in his court to the queen, and, bribing the priests to conceal the ill success of their endeavours, he had persuaded Mary that there was more than probable hopes of their conversion. "But I fear," continued he, "I shall

shall not long be able to elude her suspicious vigilance. She this afternoon hinted something of recalling you to London, examining you herself, and accordingly as she found you inclined, either receive you into the bosom of the church, or give orders for your immediate execution."

"Then our fate is inevitable," said Isabelle, with as much firmness as she could assume. Columbia cast a look of unutterable tenderness at her mother, and, gasping to suppress the anguish of her heart, cried, "Yes, my mother, we will die together."

"Not so," said Howard, struck with the magnanimity of the two charming women; "not so. My employment at court, which places me almost immediately about the person of the queen, gives me an opportunity of knowing her designs almost as soon as she conceives them. I will attentively watch her; not a command shall be issued forth of which I will not learn the motive and intent; and should I find her aim at the lives of my lovely, my esteemed prisoners, I will deliver them from her power, or die in their defence."

Isabelle ejaculated an expression of gratitude, and Columbia, in tremulous accents, ventured to inquire after Mina. But Howard, with a look of surprise, protested his entire ignorance of her absence in terms so positive, that it appeared impossible any longer to doubt his veracity.

The remainder of the evening was spent in social converse. He inquired if they had all the accommodations they wished, and if their commands had been readily obeyed by their attendants? On taking leave, he requested them to be constantly ready for a removal, as he should take care to give them early notice of impending danger, and provide them with horses and attendants to facilitate their escape.

After this visit, their time was passed in the usual way, till the morning of the seventh of November; when, just before day, Howard arrived, attended by a numerous retinue, and, hurrying Isabelle and Columbia from their beds, told them the moment so long dreaded

dreaded was at hand, and nothing but immediate flight could save them. They arose with precipitation, and mounting the horses that stood ready for them, proceeded, with all the expedition their strength would permit, to the borders of the kingdom next the sea on the coast of Suffolk, where, in a mutilated fortress, (a very small part of which was habitable) Howard requested them to repose, till, as he said, a vessel should arrive, the master of which had orders to meet them there, to convey them in safety to Holland, Germany, or some place of security.

Fatigued, dispirited, and ill, Isabelle attended but little to the desolate appearance of their habitation, or the few accommodations they were likely to meet with in this solitary place. A numerous assemblage of male domestics had attended them on their journey; but they saw only one female throughout the whole dreary mansion, and she was almost insensible through age and infirmity, being quite deaf and nearly blind. However, she performed the most menial offices, and Isabelle was too intent on the miseries of her situation, and the danger to which Columbia would be exposed, should they be discovered and forced back to the court of Mary, to feel any of those inconveniencies, which in her more prosperous days would have appeared intolerable.

All hope of a departure from England during the winter season soon vanished; the weather became uncommonly tempestuous, the snow fell in great quantities, and the frost was intense. Howard was the constant inmate of their gloomy mansion; for, under pretence that his life was in danger on account of his having aided their escape, he secluded himself with them, and declared his intention to accompany them, whenever the weather would permit them to depart.

During the dreary months of December and January, he endeavoured, by amusing conversation, and a display of the various accomplishments of which he was master, at once to divert the melancholy of the lady Isabelle, and awaken the attention of Columbia. But he presently perceived his endeavours were ineffectual;

effectual; the despondency of the mother daily increased, till it almost bordered on despair, and every tender emotion of the daughter's heart was excited by hope, fear, and constant anxiety for the fate of the absent Sir Egbert Gorges.

This discovery once made, it became the business of Howard to undermine a passion which militated so powerfully against his success. To this end, he frequently pretended to receive private news from London, and amongst other incidents, related one day, in a seemingly careless manner, that a number of heretics had been executed, naming several, and at last Sir Egbert.

Columbia was present; he eyed her attentively. She did not shriek, she did not faint; but the blood forsook her lips and cheeks, her heart beat violently, she raised her sweet eyes mournfully to his face, and attempted to ask a confirmation of the fatal tidings. But the words died upon her tongue; she struggled in vain to give them utterance; her voice was inarticulate. She clasped her hands, leaned her head on her mother's shoulder, and large tears rolled in slow and silent succession down her cold cheeks. Such mute grief, such signs of real anguish, moved the heart of Howard. He attempted to comfort her; but Isabelle waved him from the apartment; when taking her daughter tenderly in her arms, she soothed, consoled, and sympathized with her, till her tears flowed more freely; and by degrees she became composed.

Howard had always been open in his declaration of love for Columbia; it was therefore not surprising that he continued his suit, or that, being thus constantly in her society, he should plead his passion with more than common fervour. She in general heard him in silence; but if pressed to answer, her reply was always that her heart was dead to affection.

He applied to Isabelle; she urged the difference of their religions, even was Columbia inclined to favour him. He promised she should never be disturbed in the free exercise of her religious duties, according to what she thought right; and Isabelle, worn out by

constant anxiety, feeling her health daily decline, firmly believing Sir Egbert Gorges dead, and wishing to secure for her child a noble and powerful protector, at length seemed inclined to listen to him, and to plead his cause with Columbia.

The advice and reasonings of her mother ever had due weight with this amiable girl; and though whenever her parent mentioned, that in all human probability, a few months would put a period to her existence, she would mentally offer up a prayer, that her own life might terminate in the very same moment with that of her maternal friend. Yet as she saw her mother secretly wished to see her united to Howard, she endeavoured to dispose her mind for such a union, tacitly consented to listen to his suit, and at the commencement of the ensuing summer, to give him her hand.

With slow and tardy steps winter receded; and spring began to show her smiling face, and wreath her modest brows with snow-drops, crocuses, and primroses. All nature seemed to wear a cheerful aspect; but the heart of Columbia partook not of the hilarity the vernal season was ever wont to inspire. If at any time she seemed to enjoy a gleam of satisfaction, it was when she was wandering through the woods, remarking the daily increase of the foliage, or seated on a rock by the sea-shore, listening to the sullen murmur of the waves, or watching them as they constantly succeeded each other, dashing against the rude crags that hung frowning over their source.

It was about the middle of May; the lady Isabelle had declined walking, though the evening was remarkably fine. Howard had been absent from the Castle two days; his absence was a relief to the dejected spirits of Columbia. She took her solitary ramble through the wood. The fragrance of the evening air, the serenity of the sky, the melody of the feathered race who were chanting their vesper song of thankfulness, awakened in her bosom something like cheerfulness. She strayed to her usual seat by the sea side, and indulged in the pleasurable sensations the sur-
rounding

rounding prospect inspired. Pleasure had long been a stranger to her heart, and she welcomed her return, though in so slight a degree, with an emanation of gratitude to the benignant Power, who had ordained that time should weaken and meliorate the severest affliction.

Entirely occupied by her own reflections, she did not observe any person near her till a young woman addressed her, and inquired the way to the Castle. "I want to see our master," said she, "for the young lady he put to live with mother be very sick, and mother says she do think she will die."

"I am going to the Castle," said Columbia, rising, "and will shew you the way."

"Where does your mother live?" continued she; "and how does it happen, that as you call Sir James Howard your master, you do not know the way to his dwelling?"

"Why daisy me," replied the young woman, "nobody never lived in that there old place since I can remember, till master cum'd here last winter; and to be sure, mother said, seeing as how Sir James was a single man, and wildish or so, it was best for brother to go when the lady wanted to send for him; but brother never went only into the kitching, and so never knowed whether there was any ladies there; but mayhap you be cum'd here lately."

"How far from the Castle do you live, my dear?" said Columbia, planning in her mind a visit to the sick lady.

"About two miles," replied her companion, "down in a valley near the sea; it be but a poor place, full of rocks, and nobody lives there but fishermen. But father was afraid to stay in town, cause as how queen Mary had ordered all the heretics to be burnt; and father and mother be both heretics, and so we cum'd and lived here; and we had like to a gotten into trouble there. For Sir James be one of Mary's folks; but that's no matter now, seeing that she be dead, and I hope she repented of all her cruelty before she died."

"Before

“Before who died?” said Columbia; “who are you talking about, my good girl?”

“Why about queen Mary, madam.”

“Is queen Mary dead?”

“Laws daisy, yes; she died last November; and then we should have gone home, only father was took sick and died, an so mother——”

The girl might have run on for an hour. Columbia would not have interrupted her. Mary dead—dead so long, and Howard still detaining her mother and self in that solitary place, gave her an idea that his designs were not laudable or honourable; and then a ray of hope darted into her mind, that he had deceived her in reporting the death of Gorges. She quickened her steps; she longed to cheer her mother with this new-born hope. Besides, if Mary was dead, no doubt her sister Elizabeth filled the throne. She asked the question, and was answered in the affirmative. Her heart bounded at the tidings; she scarcely touched the ground, so light and swiftly did she pass over it. She left her young companion below with the old servant, and flying to her mother, imparted to her all she had heard, all she suspected, and all she fondly hoped.



C H A P. XIV.

Change of Scene, Weddings, Burials, and Christenings.

ISABELLE joined her daughter in severely censuring the conduct of Howard, by comparing the time of their departure from Hamstead with that of the late queen's death. They found they were removed on the morning following the night she died.

“We are, I fear, in the power of a villain,” said Isabelle, “but we must exert ourselves to shake off this bondage in which he, contrary to the laws of his country, detains us. I will seek the protection of my sovereign, nor longer persuade my child to give her
hand

hand opposed against her heart. Howard is still absent, nor do I think he will return to-night. We will leave his dreary prison, and, conducted by the young woman you mention, seek an asylum amongst the poor fishermen; they may perhaps procure us a conveyance to some neighbouring town from whence we may get to London."

"Alas! my dear mother," said Columbia, "you forget that we have no money."

"I have a trifle, my child," she replied, "and we must summon all our fortitude to brave even hardship and danger without shrinking. We are women, it is true, and ought never to forget the delicacy of our sex; but real delicacy consists in purity of thought, and chastity of words and actions; not in shuddering at an accidental blast of wind, or increasing the unavoidable evils of life by affected weakness and timidity. How many of our sex are obliged by hard and daily labour, to procure for themselves and children the bare means of existence! How many brave the severities of the most inclement seasons, with hardly covering sufficient to keep them from perishing! I allow that you and I, my beloved child, have been accustomed to tenderer usage; but we are particularly called upon at this time, to exert the strength and faculties of both mind and body, with which nature has bountifully endowed us."

"Oh! my adored mother," said Columbia, "taught by your bright precept and example, I feel myself equal to almost any trial. But ill as you are, to undertake so long, so fatiguing a journey, without the means of procuring either comforts or conveniencies, if you should sink under it, who then would advise, console and direct your orphan Columbia?"

"Courage, my love," replied Isabelle; "I am not so ill as your tender anxiety leads you to think I am. Believe me, the agitation of the mind weakens and enervates the whole system. The heart, eased of a load of anguish, beats lighter, gives a freer play to the lungs, and a swifter circulation to the blood. What is more conducive to health than change of air

and exercise? Besides, I have now some object in view, which will give constant employment to my thoughts. Employment naturally begets cheerfulness. Nothing is more pernicious to the health of mind or body, than indolence and inaction. The faculties become torpid; even the chords of sensibility lose their fine tone, and the heart itself grows cold and inanimate as marble. Keep the hands employed, and the mind occupied in some laudable pursuit, and a sweet serenity will diffuse itself over the soul. The day passes without our noticing the hours, the night brings peaceful and refreshing slumbers, and by throwing the golden chain of industry over the wings of pleasure, we take the little fleeting phantom prisoner, and make it our own forever."

Columbia felt the full force of her mother's argument; for, being busied in putting a few necessaries together for their journey, she was so wholly occupied by the pleasures of anticipation, that every obstacle seemed to vanish. "Heaven in its mercy guard and support my dear mother," said she mentally, "and for myself I have no fears."

The young woman, whose name was Cicely, undertook to conduct them to the cottage of her mother. For the lady Isabelle said, as Sir James was not at home, she would herself visit the sick lady, and administer such consolation as she might find needful. The last tints of day were fading in the western sky, and the moon, in full majestic splendour, tipped with her silver beams the lofty and antique trees that surrounded the mansion of Howard, when these two interesting women, accompanied by Cicely, entered the wood through which they were obliged to pass in their way to her mother's habitation.

In silence they pursued their way. Columbia and her mother could converse but on one subject, and on that one, prudence forbade them to speak in the presence of a third person; and Cicely, though so communicative to the daughter, was awed by the presence of the mother.

At length they reached the cottage; it was small and meanly furnished, but withal so clean and neat, that it seemed the habitation of comfort and content. A middle aged woman, decently clad in home-spun stuff, met them at the door, and looking at the strangers with an air of surprise, eagerly asked for Sir James. Isabelle did not give her little guide time to reply, but answered for her, that Sir James being from home, and she being his particular friend and guest, had come to visit the sick lady, and see if any thing could be done to help her.

“Alack a day, my lady,” said the woman, “I believe she be past help; I did not think she would have lived till now; but walk into the next room, I believe she is quite sensible yet, and seems to have something heavy on her mind. I do think the poor soul would die easier, if she could tell somebody her troubles.”

As the loquacious landlady finished speaking, she opened the door of the adjoining apartment, and Columbia, with trembling impatience, approached the bed, and softly put back the curtain. The light, which stood on the table by the bedside, shed its rays full on the face of the invalid, and discovered the features of Mina. A momentary slumber had lulled her in forgetfulness. Beside her lay an infant, to all appearance but a few hours old.

“My heart foreboded this,” said Isabelle. Columbia’s eyes streamed as she hung over the pale form of her beloved Mina; she sobbed aloud, but was unable to speak. The dying sufferer unclosed her eyes, she saw, and instantly recollected her lady and dear benefactress.

“Then my prayers are heard,” said she, faintly; “I shall leave my child, the wretched offspring of shame and folly, to the care of an angel.”

“Oh! my poor Mina,” cried Columbia, sinking on her knees by the bedside, and endeavouring to stifle her grief. “Unfortunate creature,” said the lady Isabelle, taking the cold, damp hand of her servant; “severely hast thou suffered for thy deviation from the path of rectitude; but do not despond, my child.
Your

Your present weak state, and the depression naturally attendant on your situation, makes you think yourself near your end; but we will hope——”

“Hope!” said Mina, raising her languid eyes; “yes, I do hope that my sufferings are nearly at an end, and that they have in part made atonement for my errors. I did not, believe me, I did not leave your protection voluntarily. I was forced away and brought to this place; I was taught to believe that you had left England. I have sometimes, since my seclusion here, seen the author of my ruin; but could not learn from him, that he knew aught concerning you. I was particularly anxious to see him to-night; for sure I am, my dear lady, I shall never again view the light of day. And I wished to have with my own hands committed his child to his care; but I can with more confidence leave it to your protection.”

Here a sudden faintness made her pause. A few drops administered, some what revived her, and she proceeded:—“A few struggles more, and I shall be at peace. My heart, my heart is broken. Yet trust me, it is not my own sufferings, the slights of the man for whom I sacrificed all, or the scorn of a contemning world under which I have sunk. No! it was the consciousness of lost innocence; it was the reflection that my lapse from virtue had involved my kindest, best friends in ruin, which penetrated deep into my soul. Sleeping or waking, you were present to my thoughts, and I have died a thousand deaths, in daily anticipating yours.”

The lady Isabelle endeavoured to soothe and compose the affectionate, penitent Mina; assured her that what was in her power she would cheerfully promise to perform; that she would look on her child as an infant given to her protection by the immediate agency of Heaven; and though she should think it a duty to endeavour to awaken in the breast of Howard the feelings of a father towards the helpless innocent, yet it would be her care to see that his health and morals were in no ways neglected.

“Yes,

“Yes, my dear Mina,” said Columbia, “he shall be my charge. Come, compose yourself; endeavour to rest. When you are better, we will nurse the little rogue together, and I warrant I shall prove the better nurse.”

“Blessed—blessed—” said Mina, grasping the hand of Columbia (which from her first awaking, she had held in her’s). Her eyes were ardently turned upward; they gradually closed; her fingers relaxed their hold, and her head sunk upon the pillow.

“She is dropped asleep,” said Columbia, “I hope it will refresh her.” “It will,” replied her mother, drawing her from the bed-side; she will awake relieved from all her pain.”

“Do you think so indeed! my dear mother.”

“Yes, my child, most assuredly; for in this world she will awake no more.”

The feelings of such a heart as Columbia’s, on such an occasion, cannot be described. The soul alive to sensibility, can easily conceive them; and to the unfeeling, a repetition of her complaints and sorrows would be tedious and uninteresting. She took the poor motherless infant in her arms, and sitting down in one corner of the room, baptized it with her tears.

The scene became too painful for the lady Isabelle; and whilst the landlady and her daughter, assisted by a servant, prepared the body of the departed Mina for her last resting place, she walked in a little garden before the door, seeking, from the cool evening air, a relief from that oppression on the heart, which the recent scene had occasioned.

The air in a slight degree had the desired effect. She returned to the house, and approached the door that led to the apartment of death. The lifeless body was now stretched upon the bed, on the side of which sat Columbia still weeping, and clasping the infant to her bosom. Her sorrow was too sacred, the lesson was too important, for her mother to interrupt her. The sound of footsteps called the attention of Isabelle from her daughter. She turned to see from whence the

the found' proceeded, and beheld just entering the house, Howard.

"The lady Isabelle," said he, with a look of astonishment, "by what miracle do I see you here? and where is my charming Columbia?"

"She is here also," replied Isabelle, with a solemn voice. "Follow me; I will lead you to her."

They entered the apartment together. Columbia raised not her eyes. The heart of Howard beat quick, as, leading him toward the bed, Isabelle drew the covering from the death-stamped face of Mina, and pointing to her, said emphatically, "Behold the works of thy hands, Howard! Here contemplate the fruits of seduction!"

At the name of Howard, Columbia started; she read the emotions of his soul in his expressive countenance. Rising from her seat, she presented the infant to him, and laying her right hand on his arm, called his attention from the pale corpse of her lamented servant. "Gaze not there, Howard," said she; "the injuries of the mother are past redress; but behold your child, make reparation here!"

Howard, the gay, the thoughtless, dissipated Howard was struck to the heart. He saw the once lovely, blooming, cheerful Mina, an inanimate mass. Those sparkling eyes, that first awakened the licentious passion, were closed in death; that heart, that had but too much sensibility, too much sincerity for its own peace, was cold and still. His seductive powers had hurried an amiable creature out of the world, and introduced into it a helpless being, who, should he live, through life would blush for the frailty of his mother, and execrate the licentiousness of his father. He took the infant from the arms of Columbia, pressed the hand which she had laid on his arm, attempted to speak, but his voice died away in inarticulate sounds. The bitter tears of self-accusation rushed down his cheeks; he returned the child to her; and throwing himself beside the lifeless Mina, gave a loose to the anguish of his heart.

Isabelle

Habelle led her daughter from the room; but during the whole night Howard never left it for a moment, and small was the portion of repose which any of the inhabitants of the cottage tasted.

By the dawn of day, Habelle wished to begin her journey towards London. She sent in a request to Howard, that he would grant her a few moments audience. He complied. When he entered the apartment, she thus addressed him. "I sent for you not, Sir James, to irritate your sensibility by unseasonable reproaches, nor to inquire what injury I had ever done you, that you have thus wantonly heaped misery on me and mine. I wish but to tell you, that I am fully sensible how unjustly and on what false pretences you have detained me here; and that, knowing myself perfectly free, and safe in the protection of my queen, and the laws of my country, I may travel without molestation whithersoever I please. I shall immediately proceed towards London. I also wish to inform you, that the poor departed victim, in her dying moments, recommended her infant to my care, and died in the full confidence of my protection and tenderness being extended towards it during its years of helpless infancy. I am sensible of your prior right; the right of nature is incontrovertible; and I have still so good an opinion of your heart (when left to the dictates of reason and religion) as to think you will discharge the duty of a parent with conscientious strictness. But I have to request, you will suffer me to be informed where the child may be placed, that in case of indisposition, I may have it in my power to visit and see that he is properly nursed and attended."

Howard was for a moment silent. His proud spirit was humbled to the dust. But Howard, when convinced of an error, knew how to make atonement without descending from the dignity of man.

"Noble lady," said he, "I have been highly culpable. My heart tells me at this moment, I have forfeited all right to the protecting power of an Omnipotent, by abusing his good gifts, and debasing the noblest work of his hands. But I am not so far lost to virtue,

virtue, as to persist in error against the conviction of reason. I have injured you, lady Arundel, I have wounded the heart of your lovely daughter, by a false tale of the death of her lover; but, thank Heaven, reparation here is not beyond my power. My servants shall attend you; my horses are at your command; depart when you please. You shall have safe conduct to the court of the royal Elizabeth, where you will meet Sir Egbert Gorges, rich in every virtue as well as in the favour of his sovereign. Your request in regard to the hapless offspring of indiscretion, shall gladly be complied with; his infant wants I will take care shall be amply supplied; I will endeavour, by tenderness toward him, to atone for the injuries I have done his mother. But your friendship and attention, in directing my cares to a proper channel, will be a valuable acquisition to him, and an act of condescension toward me. I will see the lost Mina repose on her last bed, and then conduct my child and his nurse to London, where, making ample provision for his support through life, I will leave him to your protection, and seek, in the clash of arms and the pursuit of glory, to lose the remembrance of circumstances which tend at once to my dishonour and disquiet."

Early in the day, Isabelle and her daughter commenced their journey toward the metropolis. Though the spirits of Columbia had received a severe shock from the death of her favourite Mina, yet the bright prospects that opened to her, in her recovered liberty and the certainty of Sir Egbert's life and safety, contributed in a great degree to dissipate her melancholy; and as they drew near the conclusion of their journey, her heart vibrated with the most pleasurable sensations.

A sudden thunder shower, which obliged them to stop when within a few hours ride of London, impeded their journey, and they were necessitated unwillingly to sleep another night on the road. After an early repast, they retired to their apartment, when just as Columbia was going into bed, she missed her ring from off her finger. "Oh! madam," said she, "I have lost my ring; and yet I am sure I saw it on my finger

ger just before we went to supper." Every part of the bed-chamber was now searched, every article of her attire carefully shaken, her pockets turned inside out, but all in vain.

"Perhaps," said Isabelle, "you may have dropped it in the room below." The hostess was summoned, and requested to look for it, whilst Columbia, too anxious to think of resting, had (almost unknown to herself) again put on her clothes. The hostess returned. "I have been very fortunate," said she; "a gentleman who has been seeking game in the neighbouring forest, being overtaken by night sooner than he expected, entered the house just as you came up stairs, and being shewn into the apartment you had left, has found the ring, and here it is."

Columbia eagerly extended her hand to receive it; but overcome with joy and astonishment, she gave a sudden exclamation of pleasure, and springing toward the door, was instantly folded in the arms of Sir Egbert Gorges.

It was he, who with Rawlins had been in pursuit of game in the adjacent woods. Entering the apartment Columbia had just left, he saw something glitter on the floor, and stooping, picked up the identical ring which he had placed on her finger at parting. His surprise was excessive; he had heard that the lady Isabelle and her daughter had been in the power of Mary, and it was universally believed they had, through Howard's means, escaped; that they were at that moment under the same roof with him, he had not the most distant idea; but the person who dropped the ring might probably give him some information concerning her. He was gazing at it, lost in conjecture, his bosom throbbing with anxiety to learn her fate, when the hostess entered the room.

"I beg pardon," said she, "but I come to look for a ring which a lady thinks she has dropped here; I hope if you have seen it, gentlemen, you will restore it; for indeed the poor young lady seems in a sad talking about it."

"A young lady?" said Sir Egbert.

M

"Aye,

“Aye, a young lady,” replied our loquacious host-ess; “and as sweet a young lady as eye ever looked on. I warrant it is some love token. Oh! if you had but seen her earnestness, when she entreated me to come and look for it.”

“I have found the ring,” said Sir Egbert, his heart throbbing so violently as to render respiration difficult; “here, take it to the young lady, and as you give it her, suffer me to see her; leave the door partly open as you go in.” A golden argument, with which Sir Egbert enforced his request, prevented objections, and taking the plain gold ring from his own finger, he sent it to Columbia.

It may easily be supposed, that so happy, so unexpected a meeting, banished sleep effectually from the eyes of all. Isabelle and her daughter returned to the parlour, where inquiry, recital, and unreserved confidence on both sides, occupied the remainder of the night. They learnt that young Dudley was safe in the protection of Elizabeth, who had restored to him the title and estates of his father, and promised to be his friend and patroness.

Nor was Mina forgot; Rawlins seized the first pause in their interesting conversation to inquire after the object of his sincere affection.

Isabelle hesitated; she read his tenderness in the emotions of his countenance. At length the fatal truth was disclosed, and the piece of silver which Columbia had taken from around her neck after her decease, was restored to him.

He took it; he gazed on it in silence. His manly features were tinged with the pale hue of death. He raised his eyes to the face of Columbia. The look was expressive; it seemed to say, “You loved her lady; do you not lament her?” Columbia breathed a sigh of commiseration. His heartstrings, which were drawn almost to breaking, were softened by its balmy influence. He passed his hand across his eyes to dissipate the tear, the mournful catastrophe of his beloved Mina had extorted, and putting the piece of silver into his bosom, hastily left the apartment.

The ruddy morn' peeped through the eastern gates, before this happy trio thought of separating. Isabelle and Columbia at length retired to their chamber; but Morpheus was flown beyond recall. Unfeeling deity! he makes his longest visits to the ignorant and insensible. The peasant, whilst he labours amongst the corn he sows, strews the somnific poppy; and in return, the leaden-winged power collects its sweets, and sheds them on his pillow. From the couch bedewed with tears he takes his flight, and when ecstatic joy has strung each nerve, and the exhilarated spirits mount toward heaven, he stands aloof and shakes his heavy wings, nor for one moment will impede the tide of bliss, though courted earnestly by weary nature, who languishes for rest from each extreme, whether of grief or pleasure.

Presented at the court of Elizabeth, Columbia shone conspicuous. Her beauty struck the admiring eye; her affability, good sense and virtue captivated the heart. Her delighted, happy mother bestowed her hand on Sir Egbert Gorges with unfeigned satisfaction; and remaining in the capital till Columbia was mother to a son christened Ferdinando, and a daughter named Elizabeth, she retired to Austenbury Castle.

Her old servant Cora was no more. Matthias was in his second childhood; but he experienced all the pleasure of which human nature in its last stage is capable, in the return of his revered lady. The autumn following, he slept in peace; and before the ensuing spring had called forth the primrose, or decked the almond tree in blushing sweets, the lady Isabelle, the descendant of the great Columbus, the daughter of the Peruvian prince's *Orrabella*, gently declined into the vale of years, and rested in the house appointed for all living.

Columbia on this occasion visited the scene of her juvenile pleasures. Her feelings on the departure of her mother were indescribable. Her tears again consecrated the memory of the unfortunate Mina; and having given orders that the court yard, the silbert walk, the tower and eastern wing of the Castle should

be kept in constant repair, she returned to London, where she continued for many years to shine eminently in the characters of wife, mother, and mistress of a family.

She died in the fiftieth year of her age, after having given birth to five children; Ferdinando, heir to his father's title and estate; Elizabeth, who was married to lord Henry Dudley; Jane, who died in her infancy; Edward, who, embracing the service of his country in a nautical profession, and in the year 1585 embarking with the brave and enterprizing Sir Francis Drake, perished in the attack against St. Domingo; and Beatina, who married into the ancient and respectable family of the Penns.

Sir Egbert Gorges himself lived to a good old age; and dying, bequeathed his title and estates to a son, who thought hereditary honour of little value to the possessor, unless supported by humanity, justice, and mercy.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges regarded the honour of ancestry in no other light than as a stimulus to 'praiseworthy actions. "My father," said he, "was beloved and esteemed for his virtue, honour and integrity; I will not sully the name I bear, by any action derogatory to the character of a MAN and a CHRISTIAN."

Sir Ferdinando Gorges was a gentleman of the old world; should the character appear unnatural to any of the present time, let them remember that they are reading a "tale of old times," and exculpate the author from the charge of romance and improbability.

A certain modern author, a noble author too, (if inheriting a title constitutes nobility) has been at infinite trouble to explain the requisites necessary to form the character of a fine gentleman; unfortunately, he forgot humanity, truth and religion. Sir Ferdinando Gorges imagined, that to love and worship his Creator, to scorn to assert a falsehood, and to do as he would be done by in the most minute particular, was to deserve the distinguished rank he inherited from his

his ancestors; and it is a moral certainty, that Sir Ferdinando was perfectly right in his ideas of the character of a real gentleman.



C H A P. XV.

A Century when past is but as a Moment.

SIR Ferdinando Gorges took but a small share in the active scenes of life, till the unfortunate Earl of Essex, favourite to Elizabeth, incurred the censure of his sovereign by neglecting her commands, and hurried by the impetuosity of his passion, instigated the populace (ever eager for novelty) to arm in his support and defence, which called forth the aid of the loyal subject in behalf of the queen's disputed power. It was then Sir Ferdinando started into notice; he asserted the prerogative of royalty, and enforced the commands of his sovereign, not as the will of a despotic tyrant, but as the laws of a well-regulated government, necessary to be supported, for the peace, interest and security of millions who lived under their protection.

He was a man remarkable for public spirit; it was the main spring that actuated all his pursuits. Every wish of his heart, every undertaking in which he engaged, was designed to promote the general welfare.

About the year 1624, a number of persons having formed themselves into a company for planting and settling a colony in New England, North-America, Sir Ferdinando was appointed by royal authority one of the directors, and expended great part of his paternal inheritance in promoting the design. The spirit of his great and enterprising ancestor seemed to revive in him, and nothing but his advanced age prevented him from crossing the Atlantic himself, in search of discoveries that might enrich or enlighten the rising generation.

Sir Ferdinando had married, at an early age, a lady of family and fortune; but she lived only to give birth to a daughter; and Sir Ferdinando was so firmly attached to her whilst living, and so sincerely regretted her untimely departure, that he thought no other woman could supply her place. His sister Elizabeth was nearly at the same period left a widow, with only one child, a boy about five years old. To whom could Sir Ferdinando apply to take the charge of his infant daughter, so well as to lady Dudley? And where could the young, the lovely widow find herself so safe, so secure from reproach, as in the family and under the protection of her brother?

As the children grew up, Henry regarded his little cousin Isabelle with more than fraternal affection; but the tenets of the reformed religion forbidding a union between two persons so nearly related by the ties of blood, neither Sir Ferdinando nor lady Dudley encouraged an affection, which in their ideas was a crime; and with a design to prevent its progress, at the age of nineteen, Henry was sent to travel, and finish his education by gaining a competent knowledge of foreign courts and manners.

Though Isabelle Gorges, at the departure of her cousin for the continent, was scarcely fourteen years old, yet Henry was fully sensible of the nature of the emotions he felt in her favour; whilst she, the pure child of simplicity, had no idea but that she might love him beyond all other terrestrial beings, and confess it with impunity. She hung upon his neck at taking leave, besought him not to forget her, and spent the whole day in tears. Every ensuing day seemed still to make his absence more intolerable. She thought of him incessantly, spoke of him often, and when a letter arrived, would hang over her father's shoulder with delighted attention whilst he read the contents.

Henry Dudley was a man exactly calculated to do honour to the noble race from whence he sprang; the letters of his governor to his mother were filled with his praises. To a brave, undaunted spirit he united a
soul

soul alive to all the finer feelings of humanity: With an ardent thirst for knowledge, he possessed an understanding that directed his studies and researches to the most useful, laudable objects; from the gentleness of his nature liable to error, but open to conviction, and ever ready to make atonement.

“He has but one fault,” said his governor in one of his letters, “and that is an impetuosity of disposition when in pursuit of any favourite object; his affections are ardent in the extreme, and his passions, or rather his excessive sensibility, hurry him often beyond the bounds of reason and discretion. But this error is like a spot on the sun, which may be discernible whilst his beams are weakened by the mists of the morning, but when he shines in full meridian splendour will become imperceptible.”

“Dear, beloved Henry!” exclaimed Isabelle, as she listened to her aunt whilst she read the passage. “Oh! why is he not my brother? I am sure though, if he were my brother, I could not love him better than I do now; and you, my charming aunt,” she continued, throwing her arms round the neck of lady Dudley, “I think I could not love you more than I do now, but yet I should like to call you mother. ‘I never knew my own mother; you have amply supplied her place. Let me call you mother, dear! dear! mother. Oh! there is something so delightful in the word, that my heart overflows with tender transports as I utter it. What a happy girl I should be if I could say, My father, my mother, and my brother Henry.’”

The lady Dudley perceived that the innocence of Isabelle was equal to her tenderness, and that in wishing to call her mother, she meant no more, than that, by her being so, Henry would become her brother.

Henry continued his travels till he had reached his twenty-third year; it was then thought necessary to call him home; and as in his letters he had never mentioned Isabelle only as a relation, Sir Ferdinando hoped absence, and a variety of scenes, had totally eradicated the youthful predilection he had conceived

in her favour. But in this he was mistaken; the passion which began in childhood had increased with his years; and though during his travels various other pursuits had contributed to keep it dormant, it still remained in his heart, and waited only for a re-union with Isabelle, to blaze anew with more than its former ardency.

During his residence at the court of France, Henry Dudley formed an acquaintance with Howard Fitz-Howard, grandson to the unfortunate Mina.

Sir James Howard had conscientiously performed his promise, in providing splendidly for the education of his son, whom he had christened James Fitz-Howard; but as he left him in charge with an ecclesiastic of the Romish religion, in order to his being brought up in that faith, the lady Arundel could do no more than sometimes visit him during his infancy. His father died abroad before he was sixteen. Leaving him a very large share of his estates, soon after this event his governor removed him to Paris; and from that period, the family of Sir Egbert Gorges were totally unacquainted with his welfare or pursuits.

The priest to whose care he had been entrusted, was a man of strict probity; he paid the utmost attention to his education, and, uniting the friend and companion with the instructor, made him love virtue for its own sake; for, beholding its effects in the conversation and manners of his respected tutor, he grew emulous to copy what appeared so amiable. His father had been well-known to some of the most noble families in France, and Fitz-Howard, at an early age, found himself in a very elevated circle, caressed and esteemed by all. He married the daughter of a rich farmer-general, and Howard Fitz-Howard was the only surviving fruit of the union.

This young man was a character composed of contrarieties, at once versatile as the wind, and boisterous as the waves. With scarcely a trait of his father's virtues, he inherited the vices of his grandfather, with all that imbecility of mind, that heedless credulity, which had been the cause of the ruin of his grandmother.

mother. Eager in the pursuit of pleasure, a passionate admirer of female beauty, and master of an affluent fortune, uncontrolled by any, he lavished it with a profuse hand on those who flattered his follies, careless whether they were deserving favour or contempt.

It may be thought strange, that a young man like Henry Dudley could form an intimacy with such a character. But youth is ever unsuspecting, and the generous nature of Dudley could not imagine the gaiety and vivacity of Fitz-Howard was almost the only recommendation he possessed.

At the time Henry was recalled home, Fitz-Howard expressed a wish to accompany him to England. Madame Fitz-Howard had never, from his infancy, ventured to contradict any wish of her darling; and, unwilling as she was to part with him, she at length consented to his going, on condition that the visit was limited to six months. Accordingly the two friends, attended by their respective governors, arrived in England about the middle of November, and with all the speed the mode of travelling then in use would allow, proceeded immediately to London. The last rays of daylight glimmered in the west as they crossed the Thames, and before they reached the mansion of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the family were quietly settled to the employments of the evening.

Sir Ferdinando was reading to his wife and daughter, who were employed in embroidering a dress, in which Isabelle was to be presented at the court of James the First, who now filled the throne of the deceased Elizabeth; uniting, by his accession to the British crown, the two kingdoms of England and Scotland in one. (This monarch was son to the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, who was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle during the reign of Elizabeth, after having been detained a prisoner there upwards of fifteen years.)

Isabelle Gorges was now eighteen. Her features were regular, but not at first view strikingly handsome. The radiance of her mild blue eyes did not dart at once upon the heart, taking the astonished senses cap-

tive; but through the softening shade of long, dark, silken lashes, stole imperceptibly on the soul, and made it all her own. Her stature was above the middle size, yet not so tall as to render her person masculine. Her limbs were round, and finely proportioned. A chaste dignity, tempered by the most winning softness, informed her manners, and rendered her irresistibly charming.

It must be remembered, that Dudley had not seen her for above four years. Imagine, then, what must be his feelings, when he saw the lively, affectionate girl, transformed into the elegant, dignified woman!

Isabelle had been hourly expecting her cousin, and was too much occupied in anticipating the pleasures of their meeting, to be very attentive to her father's reading; nay, even the work in which she was engaged, though it continued to employ her fingers, did not for a moment occupy her thoughts. Every noise in the court yard, every quick step ascending the stairs, made her heart beat quick, and her eyes would glance eagerly toward the door.

A confused murmur in the great hall had made Sir Ferdinando pause. "He is come," said Isabelle, dropping her work and starting from her seat. The door opened, and Dudley was in a moment at the feet of his mother. Released from the maternal embrace, he turned toward his lovely cousin, and received a welcome, which filled the breast of Fitz-Howard with envy. Recovered from the momentary delirium that ever pervades the too sensible system upon a re-union with beloved friends, Dudley presented his new friend, who was received with cordiality, and immediately invited to take an apartment in the house of Sir Ferdinando, during his residence in London.

A very few days served to convince the father of Isabelle, that the absence Henry had been obliged to submit to, from his cousin, had acted in the same manner as a small quantity of water does when thrown on a fierce fire, gave a momentary damp to its progress, only that it might burst forth with double violence,

lence, destroying every object that attempted to oppose its fury.

Isabelle, modest, timid, and tremblingly alive to feel the smallest infringement on the delicacy of her sex, was yet susceptible of a pure, ardent passion for her cousin. Fitz-Howard, an inmate in their family, read the workings in the minds of all; for each strove to hide from the other their real sentiments. The lady Dudley, and her brother Sir Ferdinando, saw with concern the passion which consumed their children; but they endeavoured to conceal that knowledge even from each other, still labouring, by various schemes, to divert the attention of Isabelle and Henry different ways.

Henry, when conversing with Fitz-Howard, would speak with rapturous eloquence in praise of his cousin; but if his friend at any time accused him of being too partial, he would say, "Is it not natural for brothers to be partial to their sisters?" "Surely," replied Fitz Howard, "but do you love Isabelle Gorges no more than you would love a sister?" "No more, on my honour," Dudley would reply, and immediately change the conversation.

Lady Dudley, thinking to fathom the sentiments of Isabelle in regard to her son, would speak of him in her presence. At the smallest encomium bestowed on Henry by his mother, the eyes of Isabelle would beam with pleasure; a brighter glow would ornament her cheeks; and her coral lips, half unclosed by the smile of innate satisfaction, displaying her pearly teeth, would give that chaste animation to her whole countenance, as rendered it scarcely a degree below angelic. When on the contrary, should she hear a syllable of disapprobation escape her aunt, her lips would tremble, her cheek lose its carnation hue; and her eyes half filled with tears, her brow contracted by the oppression of her heart, would seem to say, "Do not speak harshly of him, I am certain he does not deserve it." And when lady Dudley has remarked that Henry was an uncommon favourite, she would reply, "Certainly he is, and can you blame me? Is he not your son?"

son? Surely I may love him for your sake, and you will not contemn me."

Thus every person that composed the family of Sir Ferdinando, endeavoured to conceal their real feelings; but Fitz-Howard read them all. From his first introduction, he had felt his heart strongly drawn toward Isabelle. At first, he imagined an insuperable objection would arise from the passion of Dudley; but when from various circumstances he learnt that the parents of neither party approved that passion, he conceived the idea of ingratiating himself with lady Dudley, and leading her, by imperceptible degrees, to approve his own pretensions. He foresaw that the difference of religion would prove an almost insurmountable obstacle; but Fitz-Howard had not been educated in a manner, that would lead him to think either religion or morality was of any very great consequence, when opposed against his own inclinations.

In order to accomplish this desired end, he in turn made himself the friend and confidant of all. He listened attentively to Sir Ferdinando's account of new discoveries, and approved all the plans he had formed for the extending of the blessings of navigation and commerce over the whole habitable globe. With Dudley, he joined in extolling the beauty, virtue and accomplishments of Isabelle, and without pretending to perceive the extent of his attachment, encouraged the affection he seemed to disapprove.

To the lady Isabelle he was another character; talked of the different opinions that were adopted by the people of England in regard to religious matters; mentioned his own faith, not as opposing it to the faith of the pious, enthusiastic lady Elizabeth; but appearing to wish instruction in the right way, as desiring to have his own errors corrected. Nor was this conduct entirely the result of art; it was chiefly the effect of nature. For Fitz-Howard could never maintain his own opinion against strong argument. Indeed, he could hardly be said to have an opinion of his own; and had he conversed four successive days with persons of four different religions, he would, at
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the end of that period, have been persuaded that he with whom he conversed last, was certainly most right. Thus versatile by nature, it cannot be wondered at, that, finding this versatility likely to forward his most favourite views, he took no pains to correct it, but gave free indulgence to a disposition, which, whilst it rendered him agreeable to every separate branch of the family, promised him ample gratification in the favour of the aunt of Isabelle.

To Isabelle herself he was tender, assiduous; in short, all that love could inspire, or friendship wish. She rode, she walked, she danced and chatted with Fitz-Howard without restraint; though at the same time she would have preferred the company of Dudley. But if his company gave her most pleasure, it was a pleasure so mixed with anxiety, such fear of offending, such trembling apprehension and embarrassment, that it became no longer desirable, and she evidently avoided giving him any opportunities of entertaining her, except in the presence of her father and lady Dudley.

Fitz-Howard possessed but little penetration, but a very competent share of vanity supplied its place. He imagined that the apparent preference Isabelle shewed him, was the effect of real liking, and that she was captivated by his person, manners and fortune. Buoyed up by these ideas, he made proposals to her father, offered to become a proselyte to the reformed religion, and in every other respect his alliance was unexceptionable.

Sir Ferdinando, flattering himself that Isabelle was not altogether averse to the union, referred Fitz-Howard to his sister for a final answer; and lady Dudley, prepossessed in his favour by his specious manners, eager to confirm him a convert to the Protestant cause, and wishing to put an end at once to the hopes of her son, approved his suit; and that very evening, as they were sitting conversing together in an unconstrained, confidential manner, declared to her niece the approbation she had given to the proposals of Fitz-Howard, and advised her seriously to think of him as the man destined to become her husband.

Astonishment for some moments kept her silent; at length she told her aunt, that she was by no means partial to the man she so warmly recommended, nor did she wish to alter her state; she was perfectly contented with her present condition. Happy in the affection of her father and lady Dudley, she wished not to quit their protection for that of a stranger, and begged leave to decline the proposed union.

“I am much afraid, Isabelle,” said that lady, “that you nourish improper, nay, criminal wishes. I fear you indulge chimerical hopes of a future union with Henry Dudley. But do not deceive yourself, my child; whilst I live, those hopes can never be realized, without incurring the severest malediction of an offended parent.”

“If I know my own heart, madam,” said Isabelle, somewhat piqued by her aunt’s peremptory prohibition, “it never yet has indulged improper hopes or criminal wishes. Its every emotion has been regulated by your precepts, and I trust it will never dishonour its noble instructress. But if to love and prefer your son above all other human beings constitutes guilt, I am in some measure guilty. I am sensible of the barrier custom, and perhaps you will say, religion, has placed between us; I have no wish to break through that barrier; but whilst I am satisfied with loving him only as a brother, I see no reason why I should be compelled to become the wife of another.”

“Nor shall you be compelled, my dearest cousin,” said Dudley, who being in the adjoining apartment (the door of which had been accidentally left ajar) had overheard the whole conversation; “no divine ordinance forbids our union; then why should superstition impose such shackles on us? Have we not reason to direct us? Why then should we submit blindly and implicitly to the opinions of others? Madam, look not thus angry on me,” continued he, turning toward his mother. “You have heard from her own lips the preference with which my charming cousin honours me; then give her to me freely, and with her bestow your maternal benediction. For here, in
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the sight of Heaven, I vow solemnly to have no wife but her, to live but for her sake, and may that moment put a period to my existence, in which she is separated from me."

It was in vain lady Dudley attempted to interrupt him before the solemn vow had passed his lips; in vain she entreated him to recal it. He repeated it with a vehemence that made her tremble; and turning from him in displeasure, she took the hand of the affrighted Isabelle, and led her from the apartment. Disguise had now become useless to all parties. Isabelle, daily tormented by the assiduities of Fitz-Howard, admonished by her aunt and threatened by her father, felt existence a burthen. The time she was obliged to pass in company she laboured under the most cruel constraint, and her hours of retirement were spent in sighs, tears, and unavailing complaints.

Dudley no longer made one of the family. He had removed to a house of his own, where he had solicited his mother to preside; but her affection for her brother had prompted her at first to decline the proposal, and the reason may easily be conceived, why Henry now ceased to urge his request. Fitz-Howard too had quitted the house of Sir Ferdinando, for apartments where, being himself master, his actions were not so strictly scrutinized as they were liable to be in the family of a man virtuous from principle, and sincerely pious, without being either a bigot or an enthusiast.

Though Dudley was no longer an inmate in the family, he was a daily visitant at the house of his uncle, and found sufficient opportunities to forward his suit with Isabelle; persecuted on one side, and earnestly solicited on the other, where is the wonder that she should listen to the syren voice of honourable love, and, bestowing her hand on him who had long possessed her heart, become the wife of Dudley? Secretly, and by his own chaplain, was the ceremony performed. They waited a favourable moment to supplicate a paternal blessing, and, fearful of a premature discovery, became more circumspect in their behaviour towards each other; their interviews were conducted
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with the utmost caution, and suspicion was again lulled asleep. But Fitz-Howard still persisted in his addresses, though treated with the most contemptuous coldness by the object of his adoration.

The spring was now rapidly advancing, and the lady Dudley removed with her niece to an elegant seat she possessed near Windsor. Sir Ferdinando, fully occupied in the laudable design of extending the blessings himself enjoyed, to distant, unenlightened nations, seldom quitted the capital, except for an hour or two, to breathe the fresh air, and enjoy the pleasure of beholding his beloved child.

In this retirement, Dudley often visited his wife; and unfortunately, Fitz-Howard, who had taken up his summer residence at Windsor, saw him come from the garden of lady Dudley one morning at four o'clock. That a son should be seen coming from the dwelling of his mother, was in itself nothing surprising; but Fitz-Howard knew there was a coolness between them, and shrewdly suspected to whom these early visits were paid. His chief knowledge of the sex being formed from his acquaintance among the most unworthy part, he had always affirmed that every woman may be won, however seemingly virtuous. Impressed with this idea, he imagined Isabelle had forgot the respect due to herself, and, whilst his breast swelled with envy at the supposed good fortune of Dudley, he resolved to share her favours with him.

To this end he became more assiduous in his visits; and one evening having followed her into the garden, informing her first with his knowledge of Henry's visits, he addressed her in terms that made the chaste soul of Isabelle congeal to an icicle. Swelling resentment for a moment kept her silent, and when her words found vent, that laudable resentment added keenness to her reproof. Her pointed rebukes, which should have effectually repulsed his passion, served but to inflame it; he caught her in his arms; she shrieked; her voice caught the ear of her husband, who had just entered the garden by a private door, to keep an appointment he had made with her the preceding day. Again
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she shrieked; he redoubled his speed, and entering the harbour, struck the assailer of his honour to the earth, before his step had been heard approaching.

Ifabelle was a woman possessed of strong fortitude; but terror, joy, apprehension at once assailed her, and she sunk fainting upon the earth. Her husband stooped to raise her, and the cowardly Fitz-Howard, meditating only revenge, recovered from the blow which had for a moment stunned his faculties, snatched a stiletto from his side, where he constantly wore it, and plunged it into the bosom of Dudley.

The cries of Ifabelle had reached the ear of her aunt, and she had sent out servants in quest of her. They approached the harbour with torches, at the very moment this bloody deed was perpetrated, and in the confusion that ensued, Fitz-Howard escaped. The apparently lifeless bodies were raised, and borne into the house. Ifabelle in a few moments recovered, but the soul of Dudley was fled forever.

The despair of his mother was great, yet was it not to be compared with the anguish of heart under which the unfortunate Ifabelle suffered; for to the loss of the being she prized most on earth, was added the reproaches of her aunt, and the resentment of her father. In the first moments of her sorrow she disclosed the secret of their marriage, and lady Dudley, far from blaming herself as the author of the fatal catastrophe, told the heart-broken Ifabelle, it was a just punishment (no doubt sent from Heaven) for her disobedience and unlawful love.

Sir Ferdinando forbade her his presence, and she was driven from the house of her aunt by repeated taunts and upbraidings. As the widow of Dudley, she was in affluent circumstances; but of what value is wealth to the possessor,

“When each fond affection is fled,
“And each sense of pleasure lies cold.”

She could not be said to live; it was barely existence; existence not worth preserving, yet obliged to be endured.

At length she became a mother, and the tenderness, the cares and pleasures naturally attendant on the maternal character, awakened her dormant sensibility. Her feelings were not dead, only benumbed; as the limpid stream, arrested in its course by the chilly hand of winter, becomes stagnant, nay, almost an impenetrable mass, till the infant spring, with genial warmth, gradually dissolves the frigid spell; when it again proceeds in its usual meanders, beautifying and fertilizing every meadow through which it passes. So the mind of Isabelle, awakened from its torpid state by her infant son, expanded to receive the new-born pleasure of rearing and instructing him. Every fond affection of her soul centered in him, and if she studied to improve her mind, it was ever with the delightful hope of transmitting that improvement to the mind of her child.

From the day of Henry's death, the lady Dudley had declined, and she died without forgiving Isabelle.

Sir Ferdinando's resentment had been powerful, but his affection towards his daughter was greater; and when there was no longer any one to keep the former awake, it gradually died away, and the latter revived with all its primitive fervor. He sent for his daughter, was reconciled to her, and breaking up his own household, became an inmate in her mansion. His grandson amused his solitary hours, and made the chords of sensibility vibrate in delicious harmony; whilst Isabelle, with cheerful, unaffected, filial piety, softened the pillow of declining age, and strewed the path that leads but to the grave, with flowers so sweet, its rude descent was scarce perceptible; nor did one thorn or briar appear, to impede the journey or to wound the foot, that must per force pass over it.

Young Dudley was christened Edward; "For alas!" said his mother, "Henry was an unfortunate name. Caressed, almost idolized by his grandfather, and educated immediately under his own eye, Edward almost imperceptibly imbibed the enterprising spirit that had characterized his ancestors.

He

be made that winter, and Arrabella suffered much inconvenience from the want of those indulgencies to which, from her birth, she had been accustomed. But she was not a woman to complain for trifles, or, having once embarked in a cause, easily to be frightened from pursuing it.

The inclemency of the winter was accordingly passed over with patience, and as soon as the enlivening sun relaxed the springs and called the tender herbage forth, two apartments in their new house being rendered habitable, she exerted her utmost endeavours to add a degree of neatness and elegance to what was absolutely necessary for comfort. All the accomplishments she possessed, were at her leisure hours exerted to embellish and render their dwelling pleasant. It was situated above ten miles from the sea.

Dudley had, on his first arrival, purchased a large tract of uncultivated land. Having got a small portion of it clear, immediately surrounding his habitation, Arrabella, both by her taste, and knowledge in agriculture, assisted in rendering it at once pleasant and serviceable. Part of it was converted into a kitchen garden, to the cultivation of which Arrabella was particularly attentive. With her own hands would she weed, water, or transplant the young vegetables; and having sown a few flower seeds which she had brought with her from Europe, the watching a plant as it advanced in growth, or a bud as it gradually disclosed the opening flower, afforded her the most innocent satisfaction; and from this constant attention to her garden, she gleaned at once employment, health and amusement.

But Arrabella did not neglect her needle; and when the ensuing year produced them a small quantity of flax from their own land, with what exulting pride did she purchase a wheel, and set about manufacturing it into linen for her family use!

Delightful age of primitive simplicity, when the mother of a numerous family did not blush (though surrounded by affluence) to set the example of industry to her daughters; when she would preside amongst them,

them, whilst they were converting the produce of their father's flocks and fields into clothing for the family. And with what a laudable pride did she look round on her husband, her children and servants, and say, "That cloth, that linen, those gowns, are all of our own manufacturing."

Their wants were few, and those few were amply supplied; plenty presided at their board, and cheerfulness was a constant inmate in their dwellings. But indolence introduced luxury with her innumerable train of artificial wants. Though at first repulsed, still would the sorceress return, varying her shape to gain her favourite point; to pride, she took the form of necessity; to the voluptuous, she wore the semblance of indulgence; to each she appeared in some seductive form, and none but the truly industrious hand and contented heart could bid defiance to her arts. Alas! the number was but small that escaped the contagion she spread through all ranks of people; till at length the fascination became universal. By her magic power she threw a mist over the discerning optics of even the most rational; they saw not the deformity she concealed under her gorgeous robe, but blindly worshipped, whilst she led them to the very brink of ruin.

A few years rendered the habitation of Dudley and Arrabella extremely delightful, and, added to other numerous comforts and blessings which they enjoyed, was a rising family of beautiful children. How did this family at once-increase the pleasures and the cares of their respectable mother! Anxious not only for their present but future happiness, she laboured to cultivate their understandings, and point out to them sources of mental pleasure, that would delightfully fill up every moment when employment paused.

The morning walk, the evening ramble, still afforded something to instruct and improve. Not was the winter evening sterile or unprofitable. Edifying conversation, books and needle-work, charmingly diversified the scene, blending the useful with the agreeable.

It was in the summer of 1661, the eldest child of Dudley, a son named William, who was about fifteen
years

years old, and his youngest, a daughter called Rachel, scarcely two, when some disagreements having fallen out between the native Indians and the English settlers, the former frequently made inroads on the latter, plundering and burning their habitations, and either massacring the inhabitants, or taking them prisoners and carrying them up the country, where they often exercised on them the most wanton barbarity; scalping, maiming and disfiguring them, if at last they suffered them to escape with life. But what could be expected from the untaught savage, whose territories had been invaded by strangers, and who perhaps had suffered, from the cruelty of the invaders, in the person of a father, brother, son, or some near connexion. Revenge is a principle inherent in human nature, and it is only the sublime and heavenly doctrine of Christianity that teaches us to repel the impulse, and return good for evil.

The morning was fine. Cheerful had Arrabella arose, and, surrounded by her little family, joined with their father in their morning adorations to the Giver of all good. This indispensable duty performed, Dudley went to superintend his mowers; and his wife, calling her girls, to the number of five, together, began the usual task of instruction. But the little Rachel was not inclined to be quiet; she was more inclined for play than sitting still. She climbed up in her mother's lap, kissed her, and in childish sport threw the book on the floor.

“It is impossible to attend seriously to any thing,” said her mother, “whilst this little mad-cap is here. Do, William, take her into the garden. William obeyed, and from the garden strayed into an adjoining wood, where, intent on a book which his father had desired him to peruse with attention, he suffered the little prattler to play round, pluck flowers, and catch grasshoppers.

Arrabella was pursuing her employment, with all the delight a fond mother can feel, who marks the daily improvement of her children, and sees them eagerly striving who should foremost reach the goal of perfection,

perfection, when an old servant, the only male then about the house, rushed into the apartment, exclaiming, with looks of horror, "The natives! the natives!" Starting from her seat with precipitation, she turned towards the window, and saw a band of savages crossing through a field of corn, not very far from the house. "Fly! fly! my children," she cried, taking the two youngest by the hand; and followed by the eldest, they rushed out of a door that led a contrary way to the road the savages were coming.

There was in the very wood where William had wandered with his infant sister, a cavern formed by the cunning hand of nature, the recesses of which Arabella had in days of happiness frequently explored. Her presence of mind in this terrifying exigence did not forsake her. With hasty, yet trembling steps, she led her children thither; nor was it till resting on the ground in its remotest winding, when she felt her five children hanging about her, that she recollected William and Rachel.

"Oh! my children! my children!" exclaimed she, suddenly starting up. "We are all here, mother," they answered with united voices.

"But where! Oh where!" cried she frantically, "is your brother William, and your sister Rachel?" "Oh! my poor brother, my dear, sweet little sister," said the children severally; "let us go back, mother, let us go back and look for them."

"No, my darlings, no!" she replied, sinking again on the ground, and drawing them closer towards her; "that would indeed be to suffer you to run into the very claws of the destroyer. The great God of heaven and earth inspired me with the thought of bringing you here for safety; he will, I trust, protect us; and his power to protect and save, even from the jaws of death, is equal throughout this wide-extended universe. He can guard all your brothers, your sister, and your father too. Let us kneel, my children, and implore his mercy."

At the mention of their father, and the recollection of their brothers, Charles, James and Christopher, who
were

were in the field with him, the girls wept aloud. Arabella poured forth her soul in fervent prayer, and the kneeling innocents, in broken accents, sobbed *amen*.

The female servants, terrified at the approach of the savages, in their eagerness to elude them ran directly into their power, and instantly became victims to their fury. They dispatched them with their tomahawks, and, stripping off their scalps, kept them as proofs of their endeavours to extirpate the English from amongst them. The man who had alarmed his mistress ran out of the house by the same way she had taken; but thinking it would be right to alarm his master, instead of following her, made the best of his way to the field where the mowers were at work.

The savages having rifled the house of provisions, wearing apparel, and every thing which they conceived would be any ways serviceable to themselves, set fire to it, and then departed, with horrid yells of exultation at having done all the mischief in their power to an English family. William was, at the moment the flames burst forth, just returning with his little sister. His father's house on fire, and a band of Indians in frantic rage hastening towards them, was a sight that filled with the most horrid presages the breast of William. He saw there would be no way to escape them; so, clasping the infant Rachel in his arms, he knelt on the ground, fear almost suspending every faculty.

One of the foremost of the savage troop had raised his tomahawk to dispatch the boy; but the child, with one arm clinging to her brother's neck, extended the other little innocent hand as if to ward off the blow, and screaming, cried, "Don'tee, don'tee." At that moment a squaw, who held a papouse at her breast, threw herself before the suppliant children, and said in their own language, "You shall not kill the infant."

The attempt seemed to have been the impulse of the moment, for it required but little persuasion to turn the Indian from his purpose; he dropped the instrument of death; William started from the ground, ran to the kind hearted woman, kissed her hands, bathed
them

them with his tears, and pointing to the sky, gave her to understand, that the Power who dwelt above that azure firmament would reward her. Her own infant being returned to her back, (the mode in which the Indian women in general carry their children) she took Rachel in her arms; and William being made to assist in carrying their plunder, they proceeded on their march; a weary march it was to the poor little captives.

Otawee, for that was the name of their protectress, did all she could to make little Rachel easy, but she continued at intervals to cry for her mother; and William, his feet lacerated by the sharp flints and thorns he encountered in the rugged paths through which he was obliged to pass, his heart bleeding for what he thought must have been the fate of his beloved parents, brothers and sisters, proceeded as well as he could till towards the evening of the second day, when, overcome with fatigue, grief and long fasting, (for he could not eat the food they offered him) he fell fainting to the earth. Fortunately they were now near the end of their march, or it is more than probable the unfortunate boy would have been left to perish in the woods. As it was, two young Indians bore him between them to the water-side, put him in a canoe, and Otawee sitting down beside him, threw water on his face, raised his head on her knee, and forcing him to swallow a little spirits, he by degrees recovered.

This party of plunderers were natives of Narhaganset. Two or three unprincipled and licentious Europeans having made incursions amongst them, plundering their little settlements, burning their wigwams, and practising other enormities, as must certainly awaken a spirit of revenge in the bosom of persons better regulated than those of untutored savages; several families who had been particularly injured, formed themselves into a party, and embarking in their canoes, proceeded up Connecticut river, landing wherever they thought there was no fear of opposition,

and wreaking their vengeance on the unguarded and innocent inhabitants.

Dudley had, from his first settlement, been a man of *peace*; happy in his family, fully employed in cultivating and improving his little domain, he stepped not out of his own domestic concerns, except it was to assist a neighbour, (for any European family, settled within twenty miles, was at that early period termed a neighbour) or to instruct a new settler in the best mode of clearing his lands; to which instructions he ever readily added any help his servants, horses, oxen, or even himself could give.

Such a man could hardly be supposed an object of enmity to any; but his habitation had been marked by an Indian who had strayed from his companions. Its lonely situation, its flourishing appearance, which promised plenty of plunder without fear of opposition, determined them to attack it; but when they had committed this outrage on a quiet, inoffensive family, they well knew it would not be long before they were pursued. They accordingly made all the haste they could to the place where they had left their canoes, and embarking with the plunder they had obtained, proceeded immediately home. On their way thither, meeting with a party who came from the more eastern parts; and, fearful that the young captives they had, might, if seen, betray them to the English, they sold them, and William and Rachel were carried to a greater distance than it could hardly be believed possible for the Indians to proceed in their little birch canoes. When being landed on a very wild and totally uncultivated place, they were marched three days journey from the sea-shore, and presented to the squaw of their sachem for servants.

Otooganoo was a man naturally gentle, fond of peace, and eager in his endeavours to promote the welfare of his people. He had ever recommended to them to treat the strangers who were come to settle amongst them with hospitality; but it was not in his power to restrain the impetuosity of youth, or to curb the licentious hand of the rapacious. When the
young

young captives were brought to his wigwam, he rebuked those who brought them, and bade William to banish all his fears; for he would be a father to him, and, if ever opportunity offered, restore him to his natural parent. His wife was particularly pleased with little Rachel, and the kindness of these two good Indians rendered the lives of the brother and sister as comfortable as the nature of their situation would admit of.



C H A P. XVII.

Real Afflictions.

AT the alarm given by the servant mentioned in the preceding chapter, Mr. Dudley, accompanied by his labourers and little sons, made all possible haste to the house; but who can describe his feelings, when he beheld the mansion where he had taken his morning's repast in all the security of conscious innocence of heart, and in which he had left those treasures of his soul, his wife and seven children; a heap of smoking ruins? When he beheld, stretched on the earth, the mangled bodies of his female servants, the fortitude of the man was lost in the anguish of the husband and father. He raised his hands and eyes in agony towards heaven, his heart was too much oppressed to allow even the relief of tears, and he fell lifeless to the ground. His three sons endeavoured to raise him, they called repentedly on his name, and finding he remained totally insensible, wrung their hands, and wept with convulsive violence.

At length nature, which had been only stunned by the suddenness and greatness of the affliction, in some measure revived. He raised his eyes, he cast them on his weeping boys, and as if, at the sight of them, recollecting that it was a signal mercy that they were saved from the general wreck, he endeavoured to repel the sensibility that had overpowered him, and summon resolution to search round the garden, fields and out houses,

out-houses, some of which had escaped the fury of the Indians.

But in vain he sought, in vain he repeatedly called on Arrabella and her children; not a vestige of them could he find. That they escaped out of the house before the savages entered, the servant had informed him; but their weakness from age and sex, he imagined, would prevent their going far. They might be overtaken in their flight. They might be carried into captivity. A thousand conjectures presented themselves to his distracted thoughts, but none of them glanced towards the right. At length, weary and heart-broken, he was persuaded by his servants to go, with the remains of his family, to the nearest European settlement. Accordingly, they put the children in a cart, and Mr. Dudley mounting a horse, the labourers followed in the best manner they were able, and late at night they arrived at Plymouth; where the relation of the sad events of the day filled the whole settlement with alarm. Every one was ready to sympathize with the respected Dudley, and their sympathy was doubly cordial, as in pitying him, each father of a family felt it might have been his own case.

But to return to the afflicted mother and her daughters. Never was a day and a night passed in more agony, never did day and night appear so tedious; the mother, trembling for the fate of her children, and in her own mind certain that her husband and their father had fallen victims to their savage foe, shuddered at every blast of wind that howled through the dreary cavern, thinking it was the yell of the Indians. And if, during the long, long night, weary nature paused in momentary forgetfulness, she would start with redoubled terror, and call on her children severally, fearing, whilst she had ceased to watch, they might have been snatched from her.

Several times did she venture almost to the mouth of the recess; but the rustling of the trees, the sound of animals' feet, which she mistook for human, would make her run back; and nothing but the most pressing calls.

calls of hunger, which her children began to express by loud and impatient cries, could have driven her at last from her retreat.

She ventured at last entirely to quit it, and with feeble steps led her almost famished little group towards the place where their mansion had stood; but alas! no mansion was there. Faint and dispirited, she sat down on a rock, and gave free vent to the agony of her soul.

"Do not cry so, mother," said the eldest girl, her own voice almost choked with sobs. "I am very hungry," said a younger one.

"Oh! my children! my children!" cried the distracted mother, "we must all perish together. Your father is no more; your mother has neither bread to give you, or where to shelter you from the inclemency of the weather, unless we return to the cavern, and I fear we are too much exhausted to reach even that asylum again to-night.

"There is the corn-barn, mother," said one of them, "let us go there." Arrabella consented; they entered it; and some few grains of Indian corn being scattered here and there, the children gathered them up, and ate them with avidity. But it was a kind of food, however faint and exhausted, their mother could not swallow. From the ruins of the house they brought part of an earthen pan; this they took to the spring, washed it clean, and took it full of water to her. She drank; and was in some small degree refreshed.

Arrabella had it in contemplation to go to Plymouth; but her own increasing weakness, and the extreme youth of two of her girls, made her reject the idea as impracticable; added to which, in the afternoon was a heavy tempest of thunder, lightning, rain and wind, which would have made such a journey almost impossible, even in the best circumstances.

During the whole night, the tempest continued; and in the morning this unfortunate mother was so reduced by anguish of heart and continued fasting, added to the damp of the floor on which she lay, which had

given her a violent cold and stiffened all her limbs, as to find herself totally unable to rise. She firmly believed her last hour was at hand, and recommending her children to the protection of the Almighty, she lay in silent and uncomplaining expectation of terminating a life, in which she had enjoyed a very large share of happiness, and which, deprived of its chief comfort in the chosen friend and partner of her heart, had now no longer any charms for her.

The elder girls, by searching abroad, had procured some little sustenance from the fields and hedges; and this they would have gladly shared with their sisters; but alas! poor innocents, they were too far exhausted to be revived by the participation. They lay on the floor beside their mother, and a faint moan, expressive of their sufferings, was the only sign they gave of existence.

The third morning dawned from the time of the enemy's invasion, and still no hope of relief presented itself to the mind of Arrabella; and indeed to such a state was she reduced, that hope, fear, every lively sentiment was extinct, and a torpid despair had taken entire possession of her soul.

Dudley, from excessive anxiety, was so very ill as to be unable to leave his bed. The three boys were stationary in his chamber; they hung over him, they administered every nourishment or medicine the doctor prescribed. Whilst he slept, they waited in trembling silence, and when he awoke, eagerly strove who should receive his first request, and fly to comply with it.

But the old servant and one of the labourers, after talking the matter over one evening, resolved upon visiting the scene of desolation the ensuing morning, to see if any thing worth preservation could be found amongst the ruins. It need hardly be mentioned, that in those early days, superstition, (the natural attendant on ignorant minds and contracted educations) pervaded the understandings of almost every class of people.

During

During the walk of old Philip and his companion, from Plymouth to the domain of Dudley, their conversation had turned chiefly on spirits, haunted houses, and supernatural appearances of every kind. Philip affirmed, that it was his belief, innocent blood was never spilt, but that the spirit of the departed, nightly visited the spot where it had been driven from its earthly tabernacle, and called for vengeance on the murderer; nor would it be at peace till that vengeance was executed. "And for my part," continued he with great earnestness, his astonished auditor (who not knowing how to read and write his own name, looked upon Philip, who could, as a wonder of learning) listening with astonishment, "for my part, I would no more go to these ruins after sunset, than I would put my hand into a burning fire; for I have no doubt but my poor mistress and her dear little ones—" And here he paused to give vent to a gush of tears, and then, as if thinking such weakness in a man required an excuse, he added, "She was a good mistress; we all loved her like a mother."

"Yes, that we did," replied his companion; "I shall never see the likes of her."

"Don't say that," replied Philip; "I hope there be many as good; but I am morally certain it be an impossibility to find a better. But as I was saying, I dares to say, she do walk over the ruins every night, and with her dear little girls. Oh! mercy on me, what's that? Only that it be noon-day, or I should think——"

"As I am a sinner," said the other, "I do see summat as like little Eliza."

They stopped, they gazed upon what at the moment they believed a vision; it was the eldest daughter of Dudley, who, having strayed toward the road in the hope of seeing some human being, of whom she might solicit help for her dying mother and sisters, she saw Philip approaching, and instantly knew him. The excess of her joy had nearly proved fatal to her, and she sunk down amongst some bushes, which instantaneously

stantaneously concealing her; the simple clowns imagined she had vanished.

"Well, could not you have sworn you saw her?" said Philip.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other, "I would take my bible oath of it."

They had now got nearly opposite the shrubs which concealed her. The poor child had not entirely fainted; but her languid frame, overcome by the sudden flood of transport that rushed on her heart at the sight of a human creature, and one she knew, had occasioned a momentary suspension of her faculties. She heard their steps as they approached nearer, and raising herself on her knees, cried, "Philip, dear, good Philip!" at the same time extending her hand towards him.

Philip trembled, stood aghast, and struggled for breath. His companion covered his face with his hat, and fell on his knees. But Eliza soon dissipated their fears, by coming feebly towards them, again repeating, "Philip, dear Philip!" Then earnestly clasping her hands, she added, "Come, come, and save my mother."

Fearful conjecture was now lost in joyful certainty. "It is Eliza herself," cried Philip, catching her up in his arms. "She is alive! Oh! thank God! thank God! And my mistress too. How did you escape the Indians? Oh! this will cure my master; this will make him forget his other losses; they are nothing. A man may build another house, but where could he find another wife like my worthy madam Dudley?"

They now, directed by Eliza, had reached the place where, scarcely existing, lay the despairing Arrabella. One child lay on her left arm, its head resting on her bosom; another lay at her feet, to all appearance inanimate; a third was seated at a little distance, supporting in her feeble arms a younger sister.

"Oh merciful!" said Philip; "good father, what's here? My mistress and my sweet little ladies all dying. Go run," turning to the labourer, "run back to town, tell them to send a cart, to send victuals and drink, and

and a nurse and a doctor, with bed and a bedstead, and every thing. Good Sirs, what shall I do? Why don't you run? What do you stand for?"

In this manner did Philip exclaim, walking backward and forward in wild disorder; one moment stopping to gaze at the pale and almost inanimate form of Arrabella, and the next running from one child to the other, sometimes weeping, sometimes bidding them to be hearty, and frequently searching his pockets, as though he could in them find something to satisfy their hunger.

Extreme sensibility is often not only painful to the possessor, but prejudicial to those whom we may wish to serve. Philip, with a soul exquisitely formed to dictate all the soft offices of humanity, was not so capable of rendering a real service to his distressed mistress, as was the labourer, who, simply comprehending the necessity of immediate relief being obtained, exerted his utmost speed to return to Plymouth, where, explaining the nature and urgency of his errand, a short time only elapsed before, with an easy conveyance, restorative cordials, and several women, he again reached the desolated mansion of Dudley.

The meeting between Arrabella, her husband and children, was too pathetic to admit of description. The joy such an unexpected meeting occasioned, would have been too exquisite for human nature to support, had it not been allayed by the certainty that William and Rachel were lost beyond hope of recovery. With hearts overflowing with transport, they blessed God that eight of their children were living; and though they acutely felt the loss of two, yet gratitude tempered affliction, and prevented their repining at the decrees of Him, whose judgments ever go hand in hand with his mercies.

When Dudley's health was in some measure restored, he began to think of preparing another habitation before the approach of winter; but no persuasion could prevail on him to suffer another house to be erected on the spot where he had formerly lived. He even took a dislike to the whole colony of New-Hampshire,

shire, and selling his lands, he joined a number of persons, at that time about to make a settlement at Casco-Bay.

It was in vain Arrabella represented to him the difficulty of clearing and cultivating a new spot; his mind had never regained its firmness after the shock it had received, and he persisted in removing, from the bosom of his friends, to an uncultivated wilderness. But Arrabella was no longer in her prime. The brilliant genius and industrious hands which had contributed to improve and embellish their former dwelling, debilitated by sickness and sorrow, had sunk into inanity.

For fifteen years, Dudley and his wife suffered almost every species of affliction which human nature can endure and live. The throat-distemper raged, and in ten days swept off all their children; the cold Arrabella had contracted in the cavern, and sleeping on the damp floor of the corn-barn, had given her a rheumatic complaint, which often confined her eight months out of the twelve. Dudley sought, in the society of his neighbours, a relief from reflection; and his intellectual faculties were so weakened, that he easily became the dupe of the artful or avaricious, and his sixtieth birth-day beheld him poor in purse, depressed in spirit, and devoid of health.

“And if virtue, piety and integrity are thus overwhelmed with misery,” (asks the man who professes infidelity) “who can believe in an over-ruling Power, who punishes the evil doer, and rewards the good according to their works?”

“All must, all do, who do not wilfully harden their hearts, and shut their eyes against the light of Heaven,” replies the humbly hoping Christian; “for as the mansion of an earthly king is adorned by gold seven times tried, silver purified by fire, and precious stones, which, ere they attain a proper brilliancy, must submit to the knife, the saw, or chissel of the artist; so must those souls, destined to shine in the everlasting mansion of the King of kings, pass through the fiery

fiery ordeal of affliction, be purified, and polished by the correcting finger of the great Source and First Cause of all symmetry and beauty."

CH A P. XVIII.

William and Rachel.

IN the year 1674, the war between the native Americans and the European settlers raged with uncommon fury. William Dudley, who had, with his little sister, been carried into captivity in 1661, had now become a personage of great consequence amongst them. Otooganoo, the sachem to whom he had been presented, possessing talents naturally good, and thirsting for knowledge, yet unable to attain it, soon learnt, from his conversations with William, that he could in some measure gratify this very laudable desire to be instructed. William, though young, had, by attention to the documents of his father and the milder instructions of his mother, obtained a very decent knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history.

Otooganoo no sooner made this discovery, than William became to him the most valuable thing he possessed. "I will certainly restore him to his European friends," said he, "but he shall first teach me all he knows. In the mean time, I will be kind to him, nor shall his little sister ever want a friend or protector; as soon as he has imparted to me his stock of knowledge, I will certainly send him to his friends."

Thus argued Otooganoo. But, alas! human nature will be human nature; and when the period arrived that he had gleaned all the knowledge poor William had to impart, his heart was so attached to him, his society had afforded him so many days, months, years of real felicity, that he made to his own conscience daily fresh excuses for not sending him from him.

William himself, though he frequently spoke of them, and expressed a wish to see his parents, no longer felt that ardent desire to return to them, which he experienced in the early days of his captivity. He had become insensibly attached to Otooganoo; and as, from the effects of his instructions, his protector had made rapid advances towards civilization, had entirely lost his natural ferocity, and attained such a degree of rational information as made him a pleasant companion, William felt that attachment daily increase.

Otooganoo had a daughter. Oberea was full five years younger than William; she was tall, straight, and finely formed. She was, at the time of his arrival amongst them, a lively girl of ten years old, wild as the rein-deer, that with fleet steps bounds over the frozen plains of Lapland, and untutored as it is possible for a human being to be. Her looks, her words, her actions, were the genuine impulses of nature.

As the little Rachel increased in years, it was the employment of her brother's leisure hours, to instruct her in the English language in the best manner possible. The book he had with him, on the morning of his capture, was of infinite assistance to him, as by looking at that, he was enabled to form a very tolerable alphabet upon bark, using some of their strong dye instead of ink; and this alphabet served alike, Otooganoo, Rachel and Oberea, who delighted in partaking their lessons, and profited daily by his instructions.

Educated under the immediate eye of a woman like Arrabella, it may naturally be supposed, William, though young, had imbibed very strong and just ideas of female delicacy and decorum, and these ideas he laboured incessantly to impress on the mind of his sister. Oberea listened attentively, and treasured every sentence he uttered in her heart. She had heard him tell his sister, that his country-women were the most charming women in the world, and Oberea early formed the wish of being thought charming in the eyes of William. This wish was a powerful talisman to correct the bad effects of habit, and at the age of seven-

teen,

teen, she was so much superior in manner to her uncivilized associates, that William, without being aware of it, adored the lovely statue his art had animated.

He was not sensible of the excess of his tenderness for the charming Indian, till an accident, by nearly depriving him of her, convinced him at once how necessary she was to his happiness. Some Indians, who dwelt in the town with them, having by traffic with the Europeans, who inhabited the sea-coasts, procured two or three musquets, one was brought and presented to Otooganoo, who being mightily pleased with the present, loaded it, with a design of going out in pursuit of game; but not putting his design in immediate execution, it was left standing in one corner of the wigwam. A young savage, particularly attached to Oberea, took it up to examine it, and not understanding how to handle it properly, touched the trigger. It went off, and the contents were lodged in the right side of Oberea.

William heard the report, and the instant cries of his sister; he flew to them, and entering, saw both his sister and her he now found he loved equal with her, lying on the ground, which was covered with blood. The young man, frantic at what had happened, told what he had done, and that he feared he had killed both the girls; but Rachel's fall was the effect of sudden surprise, and it was soon discovered she was not in the least hurt. But Oberea wounded, to all appearance dying, was an object distracting to William. He raised her in his arms, called aloud for help, and having assisted his sister and an old squaw, to staunch the blood, and bind up the wounds, which were chiefly in the fleshy part of the arm, and having seen her open her eyes, and sign to him that she knew him, he walked backwards and forwards, watching her as she dozed, sometimes applying a feather to her mouth to be satisfied she still breathed, and often kneeling down to kiss her hand, which lay motionless on the outside of the bed.

Otooganoo, during the time she was thought in danger, observed the extreme solicitude of William,

and when she was perfectly recovered, thus addressed him. "You have been to me, young Englishman, a friend, a companion, an instructor, now above eight years. I love you with sincerity, and I believe you love me."

"Do you doubt?" asked William eagerly.

"No, I do not for a moment doubt your sincerity. But I have also discovered that you love my daughter. Your counsels and instructions have rendered her unfit to match with any of her own countrymen; you are now almost become one of us; take her, then, to wife; and when age, infirmity or death shall occasion me to cease from the cares of life, supply my place, govern my people, direct them by your wisdom, teach them the real value of well-constructed laws, encourage them in studying the arts of war; yet lead them, by your example and forbearance, to cultivate a social and commercial intercourse, and to preserve peace with your countrymen, who are become their neighbours, as long as they can preserve it with honour."

William, weaned from his natural friends, tenderly attached to Oberea, perhaps not altogether insensible to the charms of power, and harbouring a fond hope, that by this union with the family of a sachem, he might promote the interests of his countrymen in general, and be the cement to bind them in bonds of lasting amity, listened with delighted attention, plighted his vows of love and constancy to Otóoganoo, and in a few days ratified those vows, by binding himself, by the most sacred of all ties, to protect and love through life his charming Oberea.

Otóoganoo lived to see his son-in-law equally beloved and respected with himself, to embrace a grandson whom William called Reuben: "For," said he, "I have been a bondman and a servant unto my wife's father, and this my first born shall pay my ransom."

As the old sachem felt his hour approaching, he called his chiefs, and the oldest men of his tribe, about him; and taking the little Reuben in his arms, whilst Oberea, William and Rachel stood on his right hand, thus addressed them:

"Warriors

“ Warriors and Chiefs, Natives and undoubted Lords of this vast country, listen to your departing father. I have ruled over you now above forty years; I have ever found you obedient to my commands, and affectionate to my family. But the great Spirit whose throne is on the loftiest mountain, and whose breath passing over the great lake, can make it rage even as the wild tyger, when, suddenly springing from his secret hiding-place, he tears and mangles his defenceless prey; or softly moving over its broad surface, renders it smooth, beautiful and enticing as is the syren, who charms but to destroy; this wondrous, incomprehensible Spirit, who gave me life and motion, recalls the precious gift, and in a short time I shall be dust.”

Otooganoo paused; his whole soul was filled with the sublimity of the BEING of whom he had been speaking, and a moment was given to feelings beyond expression exquisite. Recovering the firmness of his voice, he thus proceeded:

“ Friends, Countrymen, Children, had I a son, I well know your unanimous consent would nominate him my successor. Behold, then, the son of my choice, the friend of my soul, the husband of my daughter. He is brave, he is wise, he is humane! alike competent to prosecute war with vigour, or preserve peace with honour. He is, you will say, a son of our invaders, of our common enemy. But consider them as enemies no longer. Bury the war-hatchet twenty feet under ground, and smoke the great pipe of peace, whose fragrance may ascend even to the heaven of heavens. Hail these Europeans as brethren, and follow henceforth their precept of doing as you would be done by.”

“ We will! we will!” they all exclaimed; when Otooganoo thus continued:

“ Chiefs, Elders and brother Warriors, in recommending to your choice this young man, I mean not to relinquish the affection you have ever shown my family. No. Behold this child, the son of my daughter; in him you see your rightful sachem. But I am
passing

passing from this world to the land of spirits, and this infant is incompetent to supply my place. Who then so able, who so worthy as his father, to govern and direct you, and instruct the young sachem how to guard your liberties, and preserve your love inviolate."

Otoogano ceased, and an old warrior thus replied: "The offspring of Otoogano, the son of Oberca, will ever be honoured and respected. We are content to receive, during his childhood, the Englishman William, and to adopt the new faith thou hast lately taught and practised. As the Europeans deal by us, so deal we by them, and the great Spirit judge us both."

Otoogano survived this conference but a few days; he passed (to use his own expression) to the land of spirits, and William Dudley was chosen sachem in his stead, by the unanimous voice of the whole tribe.

"As the Europeans deal by us, so deal we by them, and the great Spirit judge us both." This was the oath they took, and most religiously did they keep it. But if the professors of Christianity practise not themselves what they would teach to others, who can blame the savage, who (in seeking his own gratification, or promoting his own interest, regards not the happiness or interest of a fellow creature) follows but the example set him?

The new settlers made daily encroachments on the native inhabitants, drove them from their lands, robbed them of their wives, and made their children prisoners. Was it in human nature to bear these injuries tamely? No; they resented them. And even William himself, though his heart bled at what must be the consequence, could not attempt to repel the spirit of just vengeance that actuated the minds of all. War was declared on both sides, and pursued with unremitting fury.

Amongst the young warriors that lived under the government of William, was Yankoo. He was intrepid, bold, and daring. He hated the Europeans; yet, spite of that hate which seemed inherent in his nature, his heart was susceptible of tenderness for one of the race. The beauty of Rachel had penetrated his soul.

He

He loved, revealed his love, and found it was returned.

The war continuing to rage, it became necessary for the sachem in person to quit his home, and head his warriors. The undaunted Oberea would follow her husband to the field, and Rachel, though naturally more timid, yet having her nerves new-strung by affection, accompanied her. They encamped near the sea-shore. By the morning's dawn they expected the enemy.

Yankoo passed a few hours the preceding evening in the wigwam of Oberea. "Oh! my friend," said Rachel, as she was parting from him, "be careful of your own life for my sake; and if at any time your tomahawk should be raised against an ancient Englishman, pause for a moment, and think, perhaps it may be the father of Rachel, and let the idea disarm your rage."

"It would do so," replied Yankoo, "did I not at the same time remember, that every Englishman is the enemy of my country."

"Would you not spare my father then?" said Rachel.

"No! not even my own father in such a cause," answered the warrior, and broke from her embrace. Rachel retired to her bed, and passed the night in tears.



C H A P. XIX.

Long looked for come at last—Reuben and Rachel born.

THE situation or feelings of William Dudley were at this period by no means enviable. Ruler over a nation of savages, who by their attachment and fidelity had conciliated his affection, his principles would by no means suffer him to desert their cause in the hour of danger; yet remembering that his natural parents were Europeans, and the tenderness he once

experienced for them not being extinct in his bosom, he felt his heart divided between two separate interests; and if at any time a skirmish took place, he would think that, perhaps, amongst the killed or wounded of the enemy, he might have to lament a father or a brother. And whilst he was publicly obliged to appear rejoiced at the success of the Indians, he would privately lament the defeat of his own countrymen.

The soul of Rachel was equally agitated. Alas! who can describe the feelings of a heart thus divided? She dared not pray, for to which party could she wish success? "Oh! save, protect and support my father," she would cry; then in a moment recollecting, she would wring her hands and cry, "Oh! poor Yankoo." It is anguish only to be felt, it is impossible to convey the smallest idea of its excruciating tortures, to any who have not experienced the agonizing effects of divided affection.

The English had been driven to the very borders of the sea; the Indians had pursued them with unremitting fury, ravaging the habitations, and, giving the unoffending inmates a quick passport to eternal rest with their tomahawks, nor command nor entreaty could restrain their impetuosity.

William had followed a party led by Yankoo, to a house situated in a deep wood. As they approached, a cry of terror issued from the dwelling. The heart of William throbbed with anxiety; he quickened his steps, and arrived at the door just as Yankoo had dragged forth by his venerable locks, a man, whom he no sooner beheld than he recognized the features of his father. The arm was raised that was meant to destroy him.

"Hold, monster! barbarian!" exclaimed William, and throwing himself on the body of his father, received the falling weapon on his own shoulder. It fell heavy, it sunk deep, and the blood issued in a torrent from the wound.

Yankoo recoiled with horror; he beheld his ruler, his friend, and more than those, the brother of Rachel, weltering in gore, wounded even unto death, and by
his

his hand. He knelt upon the ground; he took his hand. "Oh! brave warrior," said he, "why did you throw yourself in my way?" William raised himself, and pointing to old Mr. Dudley, cried, "To save a father."

The old gentleman, in some measure relieved from his fright, endeavoured to rise from the earth; but hearing the expression of father from the lips of one whom he supposed an Indian chief, the truth began to dawn upon his mind. He knelt beside the dying sachem, and taking his hand, looked earnestly in his face, and cried, "Is it indeed possible? are you my son?"

"Your own son William," replied the bleeding warrior.

"But alas!" said the old man, "you are, I fear, mortally wounded."

"And if I am," replied the heroic William, "it is a glorious wound; for I give my life to preserve the life of him from whom I received it."

As he finished these words, he fell back and his eyes closed. The whole party were now assembled round their wounded chief; they raised him from the earth, and bore him into his father's cottage, where, confined by infirmity, was the unfortunate patient Arrabella. She had heard the exclamations of her husband; her heart had not yet become callous to misery. The beholding her long-lost son, was double agony, since she but beheld his closing scene. He recovered a moment after they had laid him on the bed, gazed on the countenance of his mother, faintly articulated her name, and his last breath passed in imploring a blessing on her.

The news of their sachem's death, and by whom, soon reached the tribe William had governed, and they repaired to the place of his decease, vowing revenge on his murderer; for in that light they looked upon Yankoo. But when they rushed furiously into the house, intending to wreak their vengeance on him, the mute sorrow depicted on his face, as with his arms folded on his bosom he stood contemplating the mangled

gled form of his departed friend, for a moment disarmed their rage. He saw them enter, and advancing intrepidly towards them,

“Friends, Countrymen, and brother Warriors,” said he, with a firm voice, “that I have incurred your hatred, that your rage is justly excited, is a truth I pretend not to evade or deny. I have deserved death at your hands, and behold, here I stand prepared to meet it. Strike; I will not flinch; or lead me forth, and let me experience the most cruel tortures, I will not complain; nor sigh nor groan shall escape my lips. Alas! if torture could wring them from me, how loud would my lamentations now be! The chief whom we all loved, the man we all revered, is gone to the land of spirits; is gone to that Father, that great First Cause, of whom we have so often heard him speak. He is passed from us, and my hand gave the passport, signing it with his blood.”

He paused, and his untamed spirit swelled even to his eyes; but he repelled the tokens of his sensibility, that were almost bursting from the glistening orbits, and struggling for a moment to recover the firmness of his voice, proceeded:

“Thou art gone, brave chief! (turning as he spoke towards the body of his friend) thou art gone; and where shall thy equal be found to supply thy place? Thou wert bold and daring as the young lion, and like him, generous and noble, exerted not thy power against the feeble and defenceless. Firm and unshaken in asserting the rights of innocence, as the mountain whose foundation is in the centre of the earth, and whose top reacheth unto the clouds; yet gentle as the south-west breeze on an evening in the blossom season, and complying as the willow, that inclines its head as the breeze passes. Thy voice was the voice of wisdom. Thy words taught lessons, which thy example enforced. But thou art gone! and where shall thy equal be found to supply thy place? Thou wert glorious as the sun at his uprising, mild and beautiful as the beams of the moon, when it dances on the bosom of the lake which the wind gently agitates. In the chase, fleet

as the young stag, and the arrow from thy bow never missed its aim. Thou didst speak, and none could refuse to believe; thou didst command, and none but were eager to obey. The bad loved, whilst they feared thee; the good adored, and endeavoured to imitate thee. Under thy wise government we rested in peace, on matts made of osiers; our wigwams were improved, our bows better strung, our corn was multiplied an hundred fold, and our skins dried with more care. In peace thou wert as the dew of the evening, refreshing and invigorating all who lived beneath thy influence; and in war terrible as the tempest that breaks the tall pine, roots up the stubborn oak, and makes the forest tremble, as it rushes with tremendous fury through it. Thy enemies beheld thee, and fear shook their souls; thou wert the father of thy people, Oh! valiant sachem. But thou art gone—by my hand gone! and where shall thy equal be found to supply thy place?"

The numerous affecting images he had called together, whilst speaking the eulogium of the deceased, had now awakened feelings too powerful to be repressed. The afflictions of his heart burst forth in loud lamentations. The rage of his countrymen was totally subdued. They dropped their tomahawks, and joined him in piercing cries and groans, repeating at intervals, "Our chief, our warrior, our friend is gone, and who can supply his place?"

Arrabella had not lived so many years in the very bosom of America, at different times obliged to have some kind of intercourse with the natives, without attaining a considerable knowledge of their language. She listened whilst Yankoo was speaking, and as he enumerated the virtues of her son, she felt that, amongst the tears of regret that fell for his death, were some of exultation that he had deserved such an eulogium, and her heart was consoled.

But who can paint the anguish, the distress of Rachel, or the distraction of Oberea? When they heard the fatal tidings, they sought the body of their Husband, Brother, Chief. But here not tears, nor cries declared

declared their sorrow. When the soul is too full, language is of little use. There are no words capable of expressing real affliction.

Oberca led her son Reuben (now nearly six years old) to the bed on which lay the corse of his father, and pointing to the body, pronounced in a tone deeply mournful, "Behold!"

"My father!" said the boy, and, terrified at his ghastly appearance, clasped his arms round his mother, and hid his face in her bosom. She seated herself on the side of the bed, folded her arms round her child, and resting her head on his shoulder, appeared the mute image of despair.

The feelings of Rachel would have been equally poignant, had they not been directed to another channel. She had, as she entered the apartment, faintly articulated the word *brother*. Arrabella caught the sound, and calling her daughter by name, Rachel was folded in a moment to her bosom, and in the embrace of a new found mother, felt a relief from her sorrows. Dudley kissed his daughter with tenderness, but the lively affection he had once experienced towards his children was now almost extinct. It had indeed for a moment revived when he heard the voice of William, but the icy finger of death had silenced that voice forever, and the heart of Dudley could no more vibrate with the exquisite delights springing from paternal love.

By the united efforts of Rachel and Arrabella, Oberca was at last aroused from that state of apparent insensibility into which she had fallen. Rachel released her arms from the neck of her child, and drew her gently towards her mother, who soothed, caressed, and called her her dear daughter, the relic of her beloved William.

At the name of William, she started. Arrabella perceived she had awakened her attention, and from her own son, made a quick transition to the son of Oberca. She begged her to call forth her fortitude, to exert the faculties of her mind, and as she loved
her

her husband, for his sake, live; to protect and instruct his son.

“I am his mother,” said she; “have I not reason to lament the loss of a son so worthy? But that he was worthy is my comfort.. Had he not a thousand virtues? and will you not strive to live, to teach his son to emulate his father, to be as good, as great, as wise as he was?”

Oberca cast her eyes on her child, then suddenly covering her face with part of her garments, she wept aloud. The desired end was now attained. Acute sensibility being relieved by the effusion, Arrabella was silent, and leaving nature to its course, waited till the first rude shock was past before she attempted, by reasoning, to convince her of the inutility of grieving. Alas! it was a lesson (hard as it was) which Arrabella had long since learnt; but it is what the children of sorrow all learn. Repeated disappointment first blunts the keenness of our feelings; corroding sorrow, from overstraining, weakens the chords of sensibility, and at length age and infirmity, creeping by chilling yet almost imperceptible degrees through the whole system, totally relaxes every fibre, whilst the heart becomes cold and impenetrable as the ice on the highest summit of the Andes.

The Indians mourned with sincerity for their departed sachem. The chiefs and elders assembled, declared that Reuben, when of a proper age, should fill the seat of government, till when they entreated Dudley to take the charge of his education. In the mean time, they prepared to inter the remains of their chief, with every mark of respect and honour. But on the very day when the solemnity was to be performed, the Europeans made an unexpected sally on them, routed the main body, killed many, and took the remainder prisoners. Amongst those who fell was Yankoo. He fought, defending the house where lay the body of William, and died exhorting his companions to conquer or die.

Dudley, his wife and daughter, with Oberca and Reuben, were conducted to an English settlement, where

where the former sunk into a state of debility nearly approaching second childhood, and in a few months rested from all his sorrows. When this event took place, Arrabella determined to return to England, partly from the hope of her native air acting as a restorative to her health, and partly in the wish of securing to Reuben the estates of his great-grandfather, Sir Ferdinando Gorges; besides which, she knew that in Europe she could procure him to be properly educated, which the very imperfect state of literature in America, at that early period, would not allow her to hope, should she continue there. Rachel of consequence accompanied her mother; and Oberea, attached to them by every tender tie, would not be left behind. "The mother and the son of my William," said she, "I will follow to the furthest part of the earth."

It was early in the spring of 1680, when the widow Arrabella Dudley, her daughter, daughter-in-law and grandson arrived in England, from which she had been absent about thirty-four years. Internal feuds and discontents had driven herself and husband at first from their native land, and these feuds in some measure still continued.

Arrabella found it would be in vain to solicit for any part of the property of Sir Ferdinando. Himself and family in general had been attached to the royal party, and during the years Dudley had been absent from England, the estates had passed through so many different hands, that it was almost impossible to trace them; or could she have done so, she would have found it difficult to make Reuben be received as the heir. His dark complexion, the nature of his father's marriage with Oberea, which in law would have been termed illegal, all militated against success, should any suit be commenced against the present possessors; and Arrabella wisely determined to consider them as inevitably lost.

She herself inherited, from the bequest of an aunt, a small estate in Lancashire, and thither she retired, where, devoting one half of its produce to the education of Reuben, she made the other half serve all the purposes

purposes of life; and this estate was worth but three hundred pounds per annum. Yet Arrabella was contented, and enjoyed not only the necessaries, but the comforts of life. Her own appearance and that of her daughters was always neat, always respectable; and their countenances ever serene, if not cheerful. But their hands were constantly employed, and indolence and luxury were alike strangers in their dwelling.

A return to her native climate, added to the tranquillity she enjoyed, in a great measure restored the health of the widow Arrabella.

Rachel, true to the first impulse of her heart, refused to marry, though her beauty and sweetness had attracted many suitors. "I may," she would say, "find men more accomplished, who will talk with more eloquence, are more polished in their manners; but where shall I find the equal to Yankoo for sincerity?" Rachel preferred a state of "single blessedness."

Oberca lived to see her son attain his twenty-third year, to see him beloved and respected by all who knew him; she then fell a victim to an autumnal fever. She had lived beloved, and died universally lamented.

About eighteen months after the decease of his mother, Reuben became acquainted with Cassiah Penn. Cassiah was tall, well shaped, not so fair as to be pale, nor dark enough to be termed brown; it was a beautiful mixture of the white rose and carnation that glowed on her forehead, tinted her cheeks, and gave animation to her dark hazel eyes. Her face, which was elegantly striking, without being regularly beautiful, received much improvement from a few curls of bright chestnut hair, which escaped, here and there, from the confinement of a pinched cap (for Cassiah was a Quaker.) Reuben saw and loved the fair maiden. An intimacy had taken place between their parents, and by conversation it was discovered, that the father of Cassiah was a descendant from Beatina Gorges, the youngest daughter of Sir Egbert and Columbia. It was a kind of relationship that sanctified friendship in
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the elder branches of the family, and encouraged the affection of the younger.

Reuben wooed, and was successful. He threw aside the habit of vanity, and assumed the dress and faith of his beloved. Their hands were joined in the face of the church, and Arrabella, about three months after this event which gave her much pleasure, went to the mansions of the blest.

Cassiah was young. Reuben wished his aunt Rachel to stay in the family and manage his household. It was the very thing her heart wished for. "My sister," said she, smiling, "will have enough to do to nurse and educate her children." But, awelladay! aunt Rachel was wrong in her predictions; for Reuben was married above ten years before he had the least prospect of a young family.

At length his beloved Cassiah bid fair to make him a father. Universal joy pervaded the whole family; but, alas! how transient! The eagerly wished for, the long expected hour at length arrived. Cassiah gave birth to two infants, a boy and a girl. She heard she was a mother, blessed her children, and recommended them strongly to the protection of their father, and the care of aunt Rachel.

"Will you name them, my love?" said her husband, bending over the bed with affection.

"They shall be called after the two beings I love most," said she, extending a hand to her aunt and husband. "Call them Reuben and Rachel." A sudden faintness seized her as she spoke. Gently, and without pain, her pure spirit passed from its earthly to its eternal mansion.



REUBEN and RACHEL ;

O R,

Tales of Old Times.

VOLUME SECOND.





REUBEN AND RACHEL;

O R,

TALES OF OLD TIMES.

VOLUME SECOND.

CHAP. I.

*Tales by Comparison modern, by the same Rule ancient ;
or, Tales of Old Times continued.*

TO lose the partner of the heart, and not feel acutely, would be justly termed stupidity. To attempt to delineate those feelings, might with equal justice be called presumption. The first year of our hero and heroine's existence must therefore be passed over in silence. At the end of that period we behold their father combating, by the efforts of reason and constant employment, the barbed shafts of affliction. The very attempt to repel them weakened their force ; by repeated resistance they became entirely harmless, and fell, totally bereaved of point or power, to the ground.

Reuben Dudley regained his serenity ; his affections, his hopes, his fondest wishes were now centred in his children. Regret for the mother was swallowed up in expectation of the children's future virtues and happiness. Aunt Rachel presided over the household, and superintended the nursery.

Reuben and Rachel were by no means superior to the generality of children of their age and condition. Rachel was a lively brown girl, and both she and her brother very soon discovered, that by crying vociferously they could obtain almost any thing. Aunt

Rachel would not suffer the dear creatures to be crossed, and papa thought them, without exception, the sweetest, most charming children in the universe. Alas! cries affected wisdom, how foolish the supposition; but reason, unbiassed by prejudice, declares it is only nature, pure, undisguised nature.

Nature! dear goddess! how beautiful thou art, when, chaste and unadorned, thou appearest in the vestments of simplicity; when the undeviating features portray but the feelings of the heart; when the tongue, uncontaminated by vice, unversed in the practice of deception, gives utterance only to what those feelings dictate; then, who can resist thy eloquence? then, who can listen to thy voice, or behold thy beauties unmoved? The philosopher gazes at thee with rapture; the stoic cannot investigate thy charms and retain his apathy; forgetting his affected insensibility, he beholds with wonder, admiration and love, thy inobtrusive excellence, and joins involuntarily in the exclamation of the enthusiast, Oh Nature! dear goddess! how beautiful thou art.

The children were neither strikingly beautiful, or remarkably brilliant. Health, cheerfulness, and dispositions naturally good, rendered them engaging; but their minds, like the minds of most infants, were perfect blanks, on which the hand of education might impress whatever characters the instructor pleased. As they were educated in the strictest principles of Quakerism, neither trouble nor expense was bestowed on the ornamental parts, though every thing useful was attended to with the utmost care.

As they advanced in years, their characters naturally developed themselves. Reuben was open, generous, unsuspecting, and possessed a firmness of temper, almost approaching to obliquity. Enthusiastic in his attachment to his sister, from earliest infancy his actions had declared, that to see her contented and happy, made him so.

Rachel was modest, unassuming, meek, timid and affectionate. Possessed of a good understanding, a quick and clear perception, and a strong memory, the
task

task of instructing her was most delightful. Daily, nay, almost hourly did her mind unfold some new, some unexpected beauty. Her love of literature, and the rapid progress she made in every study in which she engaged, at once charmed and astonished her aunt and father. But her extreme diffidence prevented her excellencies from being universally known, and it was only by a long and intimate acquaintance her intrinsic worth could be discovered. Yet Rachel was not faultless. The meekness of her temper was such, that resentment was a stranger to her bosom. An injury was no more remembered than as it had given pain to her heart, and that heart, moulded by the hand of pure innocence, was credulous in the extreme. Her excessive anxiety to see others happy, made her inattentive to the means of promoting or preserving her own happiness; and if any one professed to love her, though but a moment before they had held a dagger to her breast, she would have forgot the intended injury, and never doubting their sincerity, admitted them to her confidence and friendship. Her affection for her brother was equal to his for her. To separate them, though but for an hour, was to give them the severest uneasiness. They were parted with tears, and met again with superlative satisfaction.

Such were Reuben and Rachel at ten years of age. Their father doted on them with the tenderest affection, and aunt Rachel thought they were the most superior beings in the whole universe. She would sometimes talk to them about America, describe the vast woods, boundless plains, majestic rivers, and extensive lakes of that great continent. Reuben would listen with rapture, and say, "When I am a man, aunt, I will go there." "I should like to go too," Rachel would say, "but I am sure I should be afraid to go to sea."

It was on a winter's evening, as their father was overlooking some papers, old deeds, &c. that had lain mouldy in an old trunk for many years, (intending to destroy those that were useless) that Reuben espied a scarlet plume, or rather coronet of feathers, which had
been

been thrown with some other rubbish in a heap, in order to be burned. He seized it, examined it with attention, and at length, conceiving the purpose for which it had been made, tied it round his head, and marching up to his father, cried, "Look at me, Sir."

"Upon my word, Sir," replied his father, smiling, "why you look like a sachem indeed now."

"Why, father, did the sachems of the Indians wear such things on their heads?" asked Reuben.

"Yes," replied his father, "that was your grandfather's coronet."

"My grandfather, Sir!"

"Yes, child; he became a sachem by marrying the daughter of an Indian chief; but I thought your aunt had told you that long ago."

"No indeed, Sir; will you tell us all about it, how it came to happen, now?"

"No; it is a long story, and I am busy."

Curiosity is perhaps the strongest impulse of the human mind. In extreme youth its power is irresistible. The children felt theirs awakened, and softly opening the door of their father's study, they slipped out, and ran into the parlour to aunt Rachel. Aunt Rachel was, it is true, an old maid.

Full fifty winters, as they pass'd, had shed
Their silver honours on her rev'rend head;
But still her heart its pristine warmth retain'd;
The days were past, but mem'ry still remain'd.
Still the lov'd form of the lamented youth,
His faith, his love, his constancy, his truth,
Were treasur'd there.

The coronet that bound the brows of Reuben, recalled a thousand tender recollections. Her dear brother William seemed to stand in miniature before her. The form of Yankoo arose to her remembrance. Obeera too seemed present; and when the boy asked her if she knew whose crown that was, her feelings were so powerful as for a moment to suspend her answer.

"It was my brother's," said she in a mournful tone, taking it from the child's head and laying it on her own knee; "I have seen him wear it often."

He

“He was a great man in America, aunt,” said Reuben.

“He was more than great, my love, he was good.”

“Pray, aunt,” said Rachel, “do you remember my grandmother?”

“Perfectly.”

“Was she an Indian?”

“Yes.”

“What, quite a wild savage?”

“No, my dear, she was what is in general erroneously termed so; but her heart was as gentle, as compassionate, as full of virtue and piety, as that of the most enlightened Christian.”

“Was she black, aunt?”

“No; dark brown, or rather copper. But the complexion of her face was like that of her mind. Its charms and imperfections were discoverable at one glance, and it was ever beautiful, because invariable.”

“But was my grandfather a sachem?”

“He was.”

“What is a sachem?”

“It is a title given to a chief amongst the Indians, and is the same as governor with us.”

“How came he to be a chief of the savages, aunt?”

“I will tell you,” replied aunt Rachel.

It was a subject on which she delighted to expatiate. She stirred up the fire, folded up her work, and placing the attentive children on each side of her, began.—But my readers already know the whole story, and repetitions are ever tedious and uninteresting. Aunt Rachel was minute in her recital. At the account of her capture, Rachel wept; but Reuben started from his seat, his countenance glowing with resentment, and cried, “I wish I had been there.”

“And what could you have done, my love?” said his aunt.

“Have rescued you, or died,” replied our hero.

“Charming, undaunted spirit,” exclaimed his aunt, and then continued her narrative.

When she recounted the death of Otooganoo, and the solemn manner in which he recommended their father

father (then an infant) to the care of the chiefs, "Good old man," said Rachel, in the most expressive accent of affection, "what a pity he should die."

"Then my father is a sachem," said Reuben; and the seeds of ambition which nature had implanted, but which till that moment had lain dormant in his bosom, started into life. At the account of their grandfather's death, the children both sobbed audibly.

"I will! I am determined I will! go to America," said Reuben, first suppressing his emotions.

"What, without me, brother?" asked Rachel, in a mournful voice.

"No, no," he replied, "not without you, but when I am a man we will go together; we will find out our grandfather's government, and discover ourselves to his people; I dare say they would be glad to see us, since they loved him so well."

"But what should we go there for, brother? I am sure we are very happy here, and papa would not be willing to part with us, and aunt Rachel too would miss us."

"Well, then, I will go, and leave you with them, and when I have settled myself in my government, I will send for you all. Oh! what a fine house I will have, and then what a number of servants, and horses, and coaches."

Aunt Rachel smiled, to hear how eagerly the fancy of youth catches at the hope of future greatness, and how readily they connect the ideas of grandeur, affluence, and numerous attendants, to the possession of a title. She gazed for a moment with pleasure on his intelligent countenance, which the emotions of his little swelling heart had lighted up with uncommon animation; and paused, unwilling to throw a damp on those delightful sensations he appeared to enjoy. At length, "What would you say," cried she, "if I were to tell you that your grandfather had no attendants except a few warriors, who, from voluntary attachment to his person, followed to protect him from danger; that he had neither horse nor carriage; that his palace was chiefly composed of the bark of trees; that
his

his bed was the skins of wild beasts, and his seat of state the trunk of an old tree, hewn into something resembling a chair, covered with beaver and other skins, and its ornaments the teeth of tygers, polished shells and fish bones?"

"But he was good," said Rachel, "and consequently happy."

"And he was brave and wise," said Reuben exultingly, "and every body loved him."

"Sweet children," said aunt Rachel, "those are consequences which ought ever to follow goodness, bravery and wisdom. But, alas! they are not always certain."

"What, then, are not all good persons happy?"

"Not always in their outward circumstances; but they enjoy internal peace."

"And are not the brave and the wise always esteemed?"

"By those who have sense and discernment they in general are; but unfortunately, great and shining qualifications, of either mind or person, excite in general more envy than love."

"What is envy, aunt?"

"A passion, my dear Rachel, to which I hope you will ever remain a stranger." With this wish the good old lady kissed the children, and dismissed them to bed.



C H A P. II.

Education may polish the Manners, but Human Nature will be still the same.

THOUGH the father of our hero and heroine was a man moderate in his wishes, and of that reasonable cast of mind that preferred mediocrity to affluence; yet he conceived it an indispensable duty to endeavour to improve his fortune for the sake of his children. He had retained some faint idea of the beauty and fertility of the American continent; he also felt

felt an irresistible impulse to visit once more the place of his nativity ; and a number of families, of his own persuasion, about this period emigrating to the colony of Pennsylvania, amongst whom were some of his wife's nearest relations, he collected together all the ready money he was master of, and turning it into such merchandize as was most likely to be productive of emolument, embarked with a design of purchasing land, building a house, and putting the whole in such a state of cultivation, as might render it at once a pleasant and profitable habitation for his children, when arrived to the age of maturity.

How naturally do we expect our children, or those in whose welfare we are interested, to adopt the sentiments most congenial to our own feelings, without considering that nature is as various in the formation of the minds of men, as of their faces ; and those pursuits and acquirements, which to one will give the most superlative delight, to another would bring only misery. Thus the father of Rachel and Reuben, being himself a man of peace, fond of retirement and the study of agriculture, thought he could not render them a more acceptable service, than to prepare them a habitation, where they might enjoy uninterrupted quiet ; where plenty would preside at the board, and the study of nature, in all her varieties and beauties, enliven solitude.

He placed his son at a public school to finish his education, and making proper arrangements for the support of his family during his absence (which he imagined would be about two years) he entrusted Rachel to the care of her aunt, with instructions, that in case of death she should remove to the house, and submit to the direction of her maternal uncle, Hezekiah Penn.

Reuben and Rachel were in their thirteenth year when this separation took place. Their tears fell at the idea of being parted from their father ; but when the brother and sister were informed that, during a period of two years, they must not expect to meet only

ly at each returning Christmas, their grief was beyond expression.

When the carriage came to the door that was to convey Reuben from her, Rachel burst into an agony of tears. "My brother! my dear, dear brother!" she cried, hanging round his neck.

"God bless you, my charming sister! my dear, amiable sister!" cried he.

Aunt Rachel drew her niece from the door, from the parting embrace of her brother (who was led to the carriage by his father) and by degrees composed and consoled her.

It cannot be supposed that their father was an unmoved spectator of this affecting scene. No! he felt and compassionated their sufferings; but he knew that a maiden aunt and sequestered mansion, would in no wise prepare his son for the active scenes of life in which (however contrary to his own wishes) he would most likely hereafter engage.

His family concerns being now settled to his satisfaction, he embarked for Pennsylvania. His commercial plans were executed with great success, his intended purchase made on very advantageous terms, and at the close of the third year from his first arrival, he prepared again to visit England. Mr. Dudley had taken from Europe with him a distant relation of his wife's, a young man, of whom, as he will make a considerable figure in the ensuing pages, it may not be thought an unnecessary digression to give some account.

The mother of Jacob Holmes was niece to the father of Cassiah Penn. She had been left an orphan in early infancy; but the loss of parents was amply supplied by her benevolent uncle and aunt. She was nearly of the same age with their own daughter, and, brought up with her, received the same benefit of education. When Cassiah married the father of our hero and heroine, Mary Holmes continued with her aunt, and by tender assiduity endeavoured to prevent her feeling too acutely the privation of her daughter's society. Mary was naturally sincere and artless; but Mary was handsome, and loved to be told of her beau-

ty. She possessed what is in general termed one of the best dispositions in the world, because she seldom took the trouble to contradict any one. Her easiness might, without much exaggeration, have been termed indolence; and her extreme good-nature, folly and want of feeling. To praise her beauty, was to win her heart; and being often extolled for her sweetness and evenness of temper, she conceived, that to be perfectly passive was to be perfectly amiable; and Mary, with a face extremely lovely, and a form captivating, possessed neither expression of countenance, nor sensibility of heart; but like some kinds of tropical fruits, which, when ripe, are so sweet as to be insipid, and, though beautiful to the eye, have neither poignancy or flavour to delight the taste. She had loved her cousin Cassiah with as much tenderness as her nature was capable of; she thought her the most perfect of human beings; and whilst Cassiah was her constant companion, Mary was free from error.

In the neighbourhood of the dwelling of Obadiah Penn, was the ancient seat of the family of the Fitzgeralds. Arthur Fitzgerald was an only child; his father had been dead many years; his mother's indulgence had been unbounded; and at the age of twenty-five, Arthur had scarcely ever known what it was to be contradicted. Heir at once to the estates of his father and the hereditary honours of his mother; a descendant of the house of Aumerle, of which he was the last male branch, Arthur thought the chief end of his existence was pleasure; and though possessed of a good understanding, and a not naturally corrupt heart, he often performed actions which did honour to humanity; yet unlimited indulgence and unclouded prosperity, by degrees rendered those divine impulses of nature, compassion and benevolence, weaker and weaker, till at length his heart ceased to be influenced by either.

His mother, lady Allida, chiefly resided at the Pine-ry, the name the seat had taken from its being surrounded by a deep wood of pine trees. Mrs. Pinup was lady Allida's chief attendant, and superintendant
of

of her household in general. Though it might be supposed, that the vast distance pride places between the family of a woman of quality in actual possession of eight thousand pounds a year, and expectant of twice the sum, and that of a simple country gentleman, whose whole annual income did not exceed eight hundred, did not allow of any intercourse between lady Allida Fitzgerald, and the wife of Obadiah Penn; but the servants of those families sometimes met, and Mrs. Pinup, in the extreme condescension of her heart, and likewise having her mind fixed on some excellent raspberry brandy (which the old lady kept as a wholesome stomachic) sometimes paid a visit to dame Prue, upper servant in Mr. Penn's family.

In some of these visits, Mrs. Pinup had often seen both Cassiah and Mary; but there was always a modest dignity in the manner of the former, that repelled any approach to familiarity from persons whose education, manners and station rendered them unfit companions; yet it was a dignity no ways tinged with haughtiness. She was ever gentle and affable, so much so as to be a universal favourite, from the highest to the lowest.

But Mary would laugh with the maids; and though respect for her as their master's niece, kept the men-servants in some awe, she endured from them familiar praises of her beauty, not only without resentment, but even with such an apparent degree of satisfaction as encouraged, rather than repelled their freedom. Sometimes, when Mrs. Pinup was there, she would go down stairs purposely to chat with her, ask a thousand questions about lady Allida, the house, the pleasure-grounds, and other more insignificant subjects, such as her dress, the fashion of it; for Mary Holmes was no Quaker in her heart, and would often pull off her close mob, and let her hair, which was very fine, fall loosely over her shoulders. But if the more sedate Cassiah ever beheld any of these signs of vanity, she would mildly reprove them, and as Mary feared to offend her, she would ever restrain them in her presence.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pinup, ever communicative, and wonderfully eloquent in the praise of lady Allida, would expatiate for hours on her grandeur, her rich clothes, her house, her plate, and jewels; nay, she often asked dame Prue to come and bring the young ladies to see all these fine things. Cassiah uniformly refused these invitations, but Mary, though submissive to the superior wisdom of her cousin, secretly wished to accept them.

On the marriage of Cassiah, her mother accompanied her home, and remained with her as a visitor nearly a month. During this time, the heedless Mary, unable to combat her inclinations, though she knew they were wrong, yielded to the solicitations of dame Prue, and accompanied her to the Pinery. Lady Allida was absent for the day. Mrs. Pinup led her guests through the antique and superbly furnished apartments. The rich velvet canopies, the stately beds, the massy silver cups, large marble tables with burnished supporters, China vases, large looking-glasses, and beautiful tapestry, were gazed on by Mary with wonder and delight. Plenty, unrestrained by parsimony, presided over every department of the household economy of Obadiah Penn. His furniture was excellent in its kind, but it was plain.

The wardrobe was next displayed. The rich tissue, brocaded or velvet suits were in turns the object of her admiration and desire. The fine lace pinnets, the diamond earrings, necklace, and other ornaments—Oh! how fine! how beautiful! how elegant! was repeated a hundred times.

“Well,” said Mary, “I wonder how I should look, dressed in some of this finery?”

“Look! why like an angel, I’m sure,” said Mrs. Pinup. “Oh! there is nothing like dress, to set off a pretty face; and if you look so handsome in that brown paduwoy gown and plain muslin cap, how do you think you would look in a full dress suit?”

Mary was holding a rich blue silk robe in her hand at the moment; she held it up against her side. The delicacy of the colour was exactly suited to her complexion; the effect it had gave an additional flush to
her

her cheek. It was a loose robe, made with open sleeves, and fastened at the bosom with a diamond clasp. The ground was blue, but it was superbly embroidered with silver, and round the neck and sleeves was a net of silver thread.

“Put it on,” said Mrs. Pinup.

The fashion of the dress was such as partly to expose the neck. The neck of Mary was covered with a fine cambric handkerchief. Mrs. Pinup took it off; and then, slipping the robe over her other clothes, fastened it at the bosom, released her luxurious flaxen hair from the confinement of the cap, and turning her to the glass, said, “What do you think of yourself now?”

Dame Prue sat by, a silent spectatress of this scene. She was too good-natured to condemn, and too wise wholly to approve. Mary gazed and smiled, walked along the room to admire herself at full length in the glass, and said, in a tone expressive of mortification, “Well, I shall never like myself in my Quaker dress again.”

“With this expression, she turned with a design of throwing off her borrowed plumes, when she beheld a young man, whose dress bespoke him of consequence, entering the apartment. He stopped for a moment; he looked unutterable admiration; then exclaimed, in an accent of wonder, “Angel! goddess! bright divinity!” Covered with confusion, Mary would have escaped through the opposite door; but he saw her design, and seizing her hand, besought her not to be alarmed. “Compose yourself, lovely creature,” said he, “I meant not to frighten you.”

“I did not know you were in the house, Sir,” said Pinup, in evident confusion.

“I have not been in ten minutes,” said he. “I intended to dress and join my mother at lord Aumerle’s, but while Le Beau was settling my peruke, he informed me, if I would come up into my mother’s dressing-room, I should see one of the prettiest Quakers in the world. But I see a celestial being. A Quaker! what! shall those lovely tresses be concealed, that enchanting

form be disfigured by their puritanical, formal dress? Forbid it, all ye loves and graces."

Mary had neither sensibility nor discernment sufficient to comprehend the insult to which she had exposed herself, in thus associating with the servants of a family, who, if her superior in point of fortune, was not of a more elevated descent. But the feelings of Mary were never very troublesome to her, and the Lethæan draught of flattery her ears had drank, intoxicated her senses and perverted her understanding. Instead of resenting the freedom of Fitzgerald's address, she was silent, and her heart secretly exulted at having excited his admiration. Instead of insisting on going immediately home, she threw aside her sumptuous and imprudently assumed ornaments, and in her own simple attire descended to the housekeeper's apartment, where refreshments were served, of which Arthur partook.

The evening approached. Dame Prue arose to depart. "I will see you safe through the Pinery," said Arthur. The moon was rising in full, unclouded majesty. The evening was calm, mild and inviting.

"My lady will not return till late," said Pinup; "I think I will go a little way with them myself, and not trouble you, Sir."

"I thought you knew, Pinup," said Arthur, "that I never do any thing that I conceive a trouble. You shall accompany the old gentlewoman, and I will offer my arm to the young divinity."

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night," says our immortal Shakespeare; and who so well understood human nature, its weakness, its virtues, its passions; who so well delineate?"

The extent of the Pinery was a mile and a half; yet the meadow, the stream that watered it, and the hill on the side of which stood the mansion of Obadiah, appeared to view before they thought they had walked half way. For Arthur Fitzgerald talked of love, and Mary Holmes, though incapable of feeling a real passion, listened in delighted silence to the voice of adulation.

Dame

Dame Prue was confident Mrs. Dudley would not greatly approve her own visit to the Pinery, much more, that she should have taken her niece with her. She therefore desired Mary to be silent on the subject. Mary was not inclined to speak upon it to any one. Had Arthur taken no methods to see this weak girl again, in all probability, the transient liking she had conceived for him would have died away; but Arthur, unaccustomed to put any restraint on his passions, and being greatly charmed with the beauty of the fair Quaker, without once considering the consequence of seducing so young, so lovely a creature from the paths of rectitude, wrote to her in a style of submissive adoration, and implored her, if she wished to save him from despair, to meet him at the margin of the brook in the meadow. Mary complied; repeated interviews ensued, and she fell a victim, not to sensibility or passion—No; Mary Holmes was the victim of vanity and too great pliability of temper. Conscious of her deviation from virtue, the presence of her virtuous aunt became painful to her; yet did she not experience the laudable kind of uneasiness which leads to repentance and amendment.

Indifference is the lethargy of the soul; it is the grave of virtue and excellence. Indifference acts upon the mental faculties, as indolence does on the body; for as the man who indulges in inactivity can never expect to rise into notice, secure or amend his fortune, so the soul incruited in indifference is incapable of inciting one great or glorious action. It conceives not the beauty of virtue, nor the real deformity of vice. Its affections are cold; its pleasures so languid, they scarce deserve the name. Its pains are few indeed. But then what satisfaction does the possessor lose! The beauties of creation are unfolded to him in vain; in vain the gorgeous canopy of heaven displays ten thousand thousand moving worlds, that, as they roll in the expanse of ether, contribute to embellish, cheer and warm the globe which we inhabit; in vain the teeming earth brings forth her fruit; nor field of ripened grain, nor opening flower, nor flock, nor herd, afford one joy for him.

him. He gazes at them all with stupid vacuity of thought, and wonders at the grateful tear that springs to the eye from the heart of sensibility.

The history of poor Mary is soon finished. She left the protection of her uncle, and accompanied Fitzgerald to London. Dissipation of every kind was rushed into with avidity. Her purse was liberally supplied by her seducer; her house was elegant; her equipage gay; her dress always splendid, and not seldom capriciously extravagant. But though beauty may fascinate the senses, prudence, virtue, and a good understanding, are necessary to make the charm powerful and lasting. Fitzgerald grew weary of her folly and profusion; he forsook her; yet not ungenerously. He settled sufficient on her to procure all the comforts and some of the elegancies of life. But, alas! Mary was still young, still lovely, and still indifferent. The opinion of the world was of little consequence to her; nor scarcely one individual in it was more regarded than another. Adulation she sought, and it was poured in upon her from every quarter. She regretted not the desertion of Fitzgerald; another and another spoiler came; and Mary Holmes sunk into the lowest abyss of guilt and shame.



C H A P. III.

"We all know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

THAT misery is ever the certain concomitant of guilt, is universally allowed an incontrovertible fact. Mary Holmes, with as little reflection or feeling as it is possible for a rational being to possess, was a proof of the truth of this assertion. Dissipation, whilst it had the charms of novelty, intoxicated her senses, and kept her mind in such continued employment, that her generous uncle Obadiah, her affectionate cousin Cassiah, home, the brook, the meadow, and the Pinery,

were

were all forgotten in the constant vortex of folly. But the same scene, however fascinating at first, by continual repetition loses its charms, and becomes insipid and disgusting. So Mary, often in the midst of noisy mirth and tumultuous pleasure, would cast a wishful, though transient thought, towards her uncle's quiet parlour, and the tranquil happiness that was ever her companion there.

Seven years had passed, and Mary was no longer followed, courted and admired. She had lost her most powerful charm. Her cheek was no longer suffused with the crimson of timidity, nor her manners attractive from that feminine bashfulness, which renders even a plain woman agreeable; and a beautiful woman on whose brow sits modest bashfulness, enthroned in native purity, ever is, ever will be, irresistible. But, alas! when virtue has forsaken the heart, the vermilion of chastity ceases to visit the cheek, and beauty without it, however exquisite, can catch even the eye but for a moment. Charmed with the most finished workmanship of nature, we look for the soul that should inform it. But we find it blotted! disgraced! lost! Admiration ceases; pity succeeds; and whilst we wish to reform, we cannot but despise.

Mary had arrived at this last stage. Forsaken by the men, her vanity was no longer gratified; and to enliven her home, where could she find, amongst the unhappy females with whom she had been accustomed to associate, one whose conversation could either amuse or instruct her. Unaccustomed, even in her happiest days, to seek amusement within herself, it cannot be supposed, when "sin and shame had laid all waste," she could find pleasure in reflection.

The life of Mary was a continued blank; unloving, unloved. Joyless passed her days; nor wish, nor hope, nor fear diversified it; all was inanimation.

At this period she found herself in the most interesting situation a female can experience. She was about to become a mother. If Mary ever was sensible of any thing like remorse, it was on this occasion. She wished she had not swerved from the path of rectitude; she wished her child had not been the offspring of shame.

It

It was about the middle of April. The meadows began to assume a cheerful appearance; the fruit trees, rich in blushing sweets, scented the air with perfume, more grateful to the sense than the most costly compound of art. Mary's health had been impaired, by midnight vigils, riot and intemperance. She sought, from the freshness of the country air, a reinstatement of it, and a relief from that lassitude and inanity which weighed upon her spirits; a neat cottage but a few miles from London became her residence.

Late one evening, as she was preparing to retire to rest, the sound of a carriage driving hastily by, attracted her attention. In a moment the noise of the wheels ceased; a sudden shriek was heard, and then all was silent.

"Why, as sure as can be, ma'am," said the servant who was helping her to undress, "the carriage is either broke down or overset."

"I hope not, Dolly," she replied, going to the window to listen. Before she had time to unbar the shutters and raise the sash, a loud ring at the gate announced an unexpected visitor. It was the person who drove the carriage; it had been overturned; a lady in it was hurt, and her husband had sent him to request they might be permitted to repose for the night in her house, as the carriage had been so damaged as to render it impossible for them to proceed on their journey.

Mary was not deficient in the knowledge, nor backward in the performance of the rites of hospitality.

"The strangers shall be welcome," said she, "to every accommodation my humble mansion affords."

The lady had fainted; for her arm was dislocated, and the pain had overcome her natural fortitude. A gentleman, assisted by his servant, bore her into the house; their dress struck on the heart of Mary. She went to the sofa on which the fair insensible was laid, with a design of administering volatiles and a restorative cordial. She raised her head, which was reclined on her husband's shoulder, and beheld the features of Cassiah. Her hands trembled, her cheek turned pale.

"My

"My cousin!" said she. Mr. Dudley looked at her with attention, and, though decorated in the habiliments of vanity, recognized the countenance of Mary Holmes.

But little now remains to be told. The hurt Cassiah had received, confined her above a week, during which time Mary was delivered of a son. The advice and admonitions of her friends determined her to abjure a way of life, into which she had been first seduced by want of resolution, and in which, want of resolution alone could have induced her to continue.

Business of importance had brought Dudley from the country; and, prompted at once by affection for her husband, and a wish to see the capital, Cassiah was induced to accompany him. The desired ends fully accomplished, they prepared to return.

"Come, Mary," said Cassiah, "throw off these trappings of vanity; they become not the penitent. Assume the dress of simplicity and purity, in which thou wert wont to appear. Return with a noble firmness, to the man who seduced thee, the wages of thy guilt, the price of thy dishonour. I pray thee, Mary Holmes, return to the bosom of thy friends, to the paths of innocence and virtue. Albeit thy good uncle Obadiah is no more, yet I and my brother Hezekiah are his representatives. Had he been living, and thou hadst returned repentant, he would have exceedingly rejoiced; would have killed the fatted calf, and have bid his friends and neighbours to come and welcome thee. And shall not we perform the will of our deceased father? Yea, verily will we, since in so doing we shall also perform the will of our Father who is in heaven. Dear Mary, turn not a deaf ear to my prayer; for the ways of truth are the ways of pleasantness, and where innocence dwells, dwells also peace forevermore.

Mary must have been insensible indeed to have rejected the earnest solicitations of her amiable relation. Every feeling of the force and beauty of virtue was now powerfully awakened and called into action. She returned the settlement she had received from Fitzgerald,

ald, and accompanied Dudley and Cassiah into Lancashire, where a few years put a period to her existence. Mr. Dudley had from his birth adopted her son Jacob Holmes; and when he embarked for America, Jacob accompanied him, was witness to every transaction on that side the Atlantic, enjoyed his unlimited confidence, and when he proposed returning to Europe, Jacob was entrusted with a copy of his will, the title-deeds of the newly purchased estate, and left in possession of it, with directions to spare neither cost nor pains to improve, cultivate and beautify it.



C H A P. IV.

Things as they were, as they are, and as they ever will be.

REUBEN and Rachel had, during the absence of their father, increased in stature, and improved in mental acquirements. Their persons were much altered for the better. Rachel was now approaching womanhood; tall, straight, and well-proportioned. An intelligent animation lighted up her countenance, which prepossessed the beholder, at first sight, in her favour. It was that kind of honest countenance in which you might read every emotion of the heart, and seemed to say, "I cannot deceive you, if I would."

Reuben almost idolized his sister, and when the holidays permitted his annual visit, never were three human beings more superlatively happy, than the brother, sister, and aunt Rachel. It was in one of these visits, as they were socially seated round their fire, their family party enlivened by the company of a Miss Oliver, who was passing the winter with her grandmother, in the neighbourhood, when a letter was brought. "It is from your father," said aunt Rachel; "take it, Reuben, and read it." Reuben broke the seal, and read as follows.

"IT

“IT is with satisfaction of the purest kind, that I take up my pen to inform my dear aunt Rachel and my beloved children, that the business which brought me to this place is at length finished, and the completion of it is equal to my most sanguine expectations.

“The purchase of the land, (which is delightfully situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, within a pleasant ride of Philadelphia) the building of the house, barn, stable, &c. in such a style as might unite a degree of simple elegance with convenience, the stocking the farm, and other contingencies, have led me rather to exceed the sum I first set out with, though that was greatly augmented by trade; and I have been necessitated to give bills on England for five hundred pounds; but they are at such a date as will enable me to reach home before they become due, or should I not, I have given my agent, Mr. Atkins, instructions to sell part of the Lancashire estate, if he has not in his hands money sufficient to pay the bills without. You will, therefore, without hesitation, acquiesce in whatever arrangements he may make for that purpose.

“I intend embarking for England about the end of October, and hope to see you all before the new year commences.

“I suppose my darlings, Reuben and Rachel, are almost grown out of knowledge. I would have answered their letters, but time presses. I am pleased with their evident improvement in writing and orthography. Tell Reuben here will be an ample field for his aspiring and inquisitive genius. Tell him, at the same time, I wish him ever to aspire to be eminently good; for that only can render him eminently great. Tell my dearest Rachel, that if she emulates the virtues and perfections of her sainted mother, she will be every thing that is amiable. Fare thee well. May the Creator and Preserver of the universe guard, protect, and keep you all.

R. DUDLEY.

“P. S. I shall leave Jacob Holmes in care of my estate here. I shall also leave him a trifle to put him

in a little way of business, that by prudence and industry he may render himself independent. The man who depends for the necessaries of life on a patron, can never assert that freedom of spirit which is the natural prerogative of every human being. Jacob is serious, assiduous, and scrupulously conscientious in all his dealings. I have placed an unlimited confidence in him, and am firm in the belief that he will never abuse it. Once more, God bless you."

"So then," said Reuben, his fine eyes beaming with pleasure, "so then, my father intends that we shall all go to America. Well, I always earnestly wished to go, and I find I shall be gratified."

"But brother," said Rachel, "look at the date of my father's letter, and remember what he said about sailing in October; why, my dear brother, he will be home very soon."

"He may arrive in a few days," said aunt Rachel.

"A few days!" cried Reuben eagerly, "why he may arrive this very night."

"Oh dear! dear Reuben, do you think so?"

"Yes; and perhaps in six weeks or two months time we may be all on the Atlantic ocean. Bless me! Miss Oliver, are you not well?"

This question and exclamation, which Reuben addressed to their fair visitor, was extorted by sudden surprise. He had casually glanced his eye towards her as he was speaking, and beheld her interesting countenance pale as ashes.

"What is the matter, Jessy Oliver?" said Rachel, whose attention was awakened by her brother's question; "is the room too warm?"

"No! no! my dear," said Jessy in tremulous accents; "only! only! indeed I don't know what ails me; but I was seized——"

"With a sudden sickness at the mention of the Atlantic ocean," said Hezekiah Penn, who had been smoking his pipe in one corner of the room.

The dry manner in which he spoke, the look he cast towards her, recalled the roses to the cheeks of Jessy.

She

She affected to laugh at the idea; but it was not the laugh of nature. Her heart was full, and her eyes had nearly betrayed its feelings. Reuben was at first surpris'd; but he looked on the confus'd fair one, and an idea cross'd his mind which gave birth to a sentiment which could not be extinguish'd but with life.

Jessy Oliver was two years older than our hero and heroine; extremely lovely in her person, accomplish'd in her manners, and endow'd with an understanding far superior to the generality of her sex. She was sedate beyond her years; but that sedateness was the offspring of sorrow, occasioned by the loss of her mother when she was about twelve years old; soon after which, her father unthinkingly united himself with a young, volatile woman of quality, who, though she brought him a very ample fortune, yet by her extravagance, threaten'd him with ruin, and by her levity, with dishonour.

Jessy had a brother, one year younger than herself. Archibald Oliver was classmate with Reuben, and had twice invited him to his father's country-house, which was in Oxfordshire, to pass a few days in the midsummer vacation. This friendship between the young men naturally led to an intimacy with the sister; and Jessy, without a thought which she would blush to own, was tenderly attached to Reuben.

Her situation at home became disagreeable in the extreme. Fond of reading, drawing, needle-work, and every elegant domestic employment; without affectation; delicate in her manners and conversation, and sincerely pious; it cannot be imagin'd that Jessy could find pleasure in the society of a woman, ignorant, dissipated and irreligious.

To her maternal grandmother she wrote, in confidence, the miseries of her situation, and received from her an invitation to pass the winter with her in Lancashire. Perhaps the visit was not anticipated with less satisfaction because in the neighbourhood of the family of Reuben Dudley. Not that Jessy was conscious of being too partial to him; but that she expected

pected much pleasure from the society of his sister and aunt, of whom she had often heard him speak with enthusiasm.

She was charmed with the unaffected *naivette* of Rachel, and the more she knew of her the more she loved her; and though unperceived by herself, the friendship she conceived for the sister strengthened her partiality for the brother. Their persons were alike, as much so as it was possible for a face truly feminine, strikingly to resemble one whose features are more marked, more manly, more expressive of character.

Jessy looked at Rachel with admiration. "How much you are like your brother," she would say. Alas! poor Jessy; she was unconscious, that it was that resemblance which chiefly drew her heart, with irresistible power, towards her new friend. The mind of Jessy was as pure as the chaste dew which glitters in an April morn upon the bosom of a half-blown snow-drop; and when with undissembled joy she flew to meet him on his arrival in Lancashire, and presented her hand and smiling mouth to greet him, it was with the sensations of a seraph who welcomes a kindred spirit to the mansions of the blest.

Oh why! why! is this pure, this unimpassioned intercourse between the sexes, so rare, as to be almost incredible? Alas! it is a humiliating truth to own; but human nature is so weak, so liable to error, that its purest emotions may be construed into guilt, and, conscious of our own imbecility, we tremble for the firmness of another. Besides, wherever beauty, sense, or merit dwells, there envy hovers round, with haggard eye, and pale, distorted brow; the poison falling from her baleful tongue discolours every object, and casts on even innocence itself a fallow, doubtful hue. Oh! how happy, how superlatively happy, is the youthful, inexperienced, yet susceptible bosom!

Charm'd with each object that it meets,
 Blythe as the vernal morn,
 It from the rose inhales the sweets,
 Nor feels nor dreads the thorn;
 When hope, unfetter'd, pure as light,
 Free as the passing wind,

Bounds forward still with chaste delight,
Nor sees the storm, nor heeds the night,
That threatens close behind.

Thus pure, thus susceptible, thus fearless of evil, were the hearts of Reuben, Rachel, and their fair friend Jessy Oliver; when on the evening just mentioned, the reception of the letter, the eagerness Reuben expressed to embark for America, and the remark uncle Hezekiah made on the sudden sickness of Jessy, awakened new ideas in the breasts of all.

Reuben had folded up his father's letter, returned it to his aunt, and seated himself beside Jessy, took her passive hand, and seemed for a moment busied in counting over and over again, the beautifully white and finely tapering fingers. Rachel seated herself on the other side, and asked, with innocent earnestness, "if she was not better now."

"Yes," replied Jessy, almost unconscious that she spoke at all.

"I thought you were," said Rachel, with the greatest simplicity; "for the colour is returned to your lips and cheeks."

The remark did not make her paler. And when uncle Hezekiah, adjusting his broad-brimmed beaver, and putting on his great coat, bade Reuben talk no more of the Atlantic ocean, America, and such frightful things, the lily was entirely exchanged for the carnation.

Hezekiah went to the door, with a design to go home; his horse had been previously brought out. But he opened the door, and ordering the poor beast back to the stable, returned to the parlour, and protested that it stormed tremendously.

"Does the wind blow very hard uncle?" said Rachel.

"Yes," replied Hezekiah, deliberately seating himself, and filling another pipe.

"And does it blow on shore?" said aunt Rachel, who, having experienced the dangers of the sea herself, felt more sensibly the perils to which her nephew

might be exposed, should he be coming near the land on such a stormy night.

“It blows strongly from the sea,” said Hezekiah, drawing in a vast quantity of smoke, and then suffering it gradually to evaporate, as it escaped in small curling clouds from his mouth.

As he spoke, a sudden gust rushed impetuously by the house, and shook the apartment in which they were sitting.

“Does it snow or rain, brother?” said Rachel.

“It snows,” said Hezekiah, not giving Reuben time to reply; “it snows, and is very dark indeed.”

At that moment, the discharge of a distant cannon was heard; and Hezekiah, dashing his pipe on the hearth, started from his seat, and exclaimed, “There is some ship in distress.” Before any one could reply, another and another gun was heard, and the servant and carriage arriving for Miss Oliver, they were informed that a ship had been seen in the offing, before dark, as it was supposed, endeavouring to make the port of Liverpool; but that she appeared much disabled in her masts, yards and rigging, and it was imagined she was now on shore, or in imminent danger.

It was not the remonstrances or entreaties of his friends, that could now restrain the impetuosity of Reuben. He was prepossessed with the idea that his father was in the vessel, and he would set off immediately for Liverpool. He might be enabled to send relief to the distressed mariners.

“Oh! my dear brother, it is impossible,” said Rachel; “only hear how the wind roars.”

“I do hear it,” he replied mournfully, “and every blast seems to say, Reuben, thy father is perishing.”

A momentary silence now ensued, when Hezekiah proposed going with his nephew. “I do not think,” said he, “that we can render them any service; but suspense is painful, and we may at least learn earlier intelligence of the fate of the vessel and her unfortunate crew; discover from whence she came, and what passengers were on board.”

“Then

"Then promise you will not attempt to go off in a boat, my dear Reuben," said Rachel.

"Oh heavens! he will not surely think of such a thing," exclaimed Miss Oliver.

"Silly children," said Hezekiah, "do not raise imaginary miseries to afflict yourselves with. If he was so mad as to wish to do so, he would not find any one mad enough to carry him."

The horses were now at the door. Reuben handed Miss Oliver to her carriage, and then, accompanied by Hezekiah, made all possible speed to Liverpool; whilst aunt Rachel and her niece passed the night in traversing the apartment, listening to the storm, and ejaculating fervent prayers for the preservation of the unhappy sailors, whose perils (they were assured by the repeated discharge of guns) still continued. Neither of them attempted to rest; they spoke but little, but each in silence indulged her own melancholy thoughts.

Aunt Rachel had, added to the anxiety she felt for her nephew's safety, a presentiment that, should any thing happen to him, his children would be involved in very disagreeable circumstances. Mr. Dudley had not entrusted her with the exact situation of his affairs previous to his leaving England. He had told her she might draw on his agent, Atkins, for two hundred pounds each year, and that Atkins had also orders to pay for Reuben's education, and defray all his expenses; but she knew that the last half year of Reuben's board remained unpaid, and she had herself received a letter, recommending prudence to her, and hinting, should Mr. Dudley extend his stay abroad another six months, he, Atkins, should not be able to supply the money necessary for house-keeping.

This had previously given birth to many uneasy reflections; and now that she found he had drawn for so large a sum, and given Atkins unlimited power to sell or mortgage part of the Lancashire estate, she feared, should any fatal accident prevent his reaching England, Reuben and Rachel might be severe sufferers, in more ways than the loss of a father.

For

For herself, she had no fears; and though the half of that estate constituted the whole of her worldly possessions, yet such was the native philanthropy of her mind, so little was self-regarded, and with such enthusiasm did she regard the offspring of her lamented brother William, that to supply the smallest of their wants, she would have cheerfully divested herself of even the common necessaries of life.

Aunt Rachel was now nearly approaching her fifty-fifth year; but temperance, cheerfulness, and a decent competence, joined to a constitution firm by nature, had given even to this advanced period, strength of intellect, hilarity of spirits, and uncommon personal vigour.

In reflections like those just mentioned on her part, and earnest prayers for her father's safety and her brother's return on the part of Rachel, was the wearisome night passed. Towards morning the storm abated, and the sun arose in a clear, unclouded horizon; but the ravages of the tempest were to be seen; several trees were lying on the ground, torn from their roots by the violence of the wind. A barn had been unroofed during the night, and the chimney of a neighbouring cottage blown down.

"I wonder my brother don't return," said Rachel.

"I wish he may bring us good news when he does come," replied her aunt.

From the rising of the sun, till it passed the meridian, Rachel scarcely for a moment quitted the window that looked towards the road. At length, about three o'clock, she saw her brother slowly winding down the hill.

"Ah! my dear aunt, here comes Reuben," cried she.

"But he comes not like the messenger of joy," replied aunt Rachel.

"He is weary, aunt." The affectionate sister ran to open the door, and receive her brother.

"What news, my dear Reuben?" said she eagerly, as he led her into the parlour.

"The vessel is lost!" he replied.

"And

“And the crew?”

“All perished.”

“Did you learn where she is supposed to be from?” said aunt Rachel.

“A pilot boat, that passed her yesterday morning, brought intelligence she was from America, but not what particular port.”

“Had they no pilot on board?”

“Yes, and he has perished with them.”

The tears started into Reuben's eyes as he spoke; Rachel wept audibly. Their aunt took a hand from each.

“Weep not, my children,” said she, “but trust in God. If it has pleased him to deprive you of your father, he is able to supply his place. Look up to him, my children; worship him, serve him, obey him, in sincerity of heart. He may of his infinite wisdom afflict; but remember, and let it fill your souls with humble hope and comfort, that his chastisements are but temporal; but his rewards to those who love him, eternal.”

“Then you think we are orphans?” said Rachel.

“I think,” replied her aunt, “that it is more than probable your father was in the ship which was last night lost.”

Two days from this passed, and no certain intelligence could be procured. Sometimes they encouraged a dawn of hope, and then again relapsed into despair. Rachel was the earliest riser in the family; she had been up above an hour when the newspaper was brought, as it was customary twice a week from Liverpool. She took it from the servant, and as she held it to the fire to dry, the following paragraph met her eyes.—“We are at length certain, that the large ship which was lost on Monday night last, endeavouring to get into this harbour, was the Aurora, of London, from Philadelphia. Two men, who providentially escaped, brought the melancholy intelligence of the captain, mate, ten hands and fourteen passengers having perished; amongst the latter was Mr. Reuben Dudley.”

Rachel

Rachel read no more. The paper fell from her hands, and sense, feeling, almost life itself, was for a while suspended. She sunk on the floor, her head rested on the elbow of her aunt's easy chair, her eyes were open, but she was as devoid of speech and motion as a statue. In this situation her brother found her. "My sister! my dear Rachel!" he exclaimed, eagerly raising her. His voice recalled her fleeting senses. She threw her arms round his neck, faintly articulated, "Our father! our beloved father!" and nature relieved her bursting heart by a violent gush of tears.

Aunt Rachel was prepared for the intelligence; her heart had presaged it from the first. She bore it with the fortitude of a Christian, though she felt it as acutely as her niece. But she had learnt to repress her feelings, and to bow with resignation to the will of an all-wise Providence.



C H A P. V.

"Soft as the silver dews that rest
On flow'rs that scent the morning air;
So soft, so sweet, to sorrow's breast,
Is Friendship's smile and Pity's tear."

IT may naturally be supposed, that when the heavy misfortune Reuben and Rachel had sustained was universally known, condolences of form and fashion poured in upon them, and some few offered consolation with sincerity, and participated in their afflictions with feelings truly philanthropic. Amongst the latter class was Miss Oliver. She was so sensibly affected by the loss they had experienced in the death of their father, that nearly a week elapsed before she could summon fortitude sufficient to enable her to pay them a visit. At length, her wish to administer comfort triumphed over the fear she had entertained of the anguish she must necessarily encounter in the interview. She

She arose with a resolution of passing the day with Rachel, took an early breakfast, and by nine o'clock was at her habitation.

Anguish of heart had so enervated the mental faculties of our heroine, that she no longer arose with the lark, sought employment with avidity, or pursued it with alacrity. "Why should I work?" she would say; "I have no expectation now to cheer me; no fond hope of a returning father's smiles and approbation rewarding my labours." Her mind occupied by reflections such as these, Rachel gave more hours to her pillow than was her usual custom; not that she found there the rest she sought; but there she could weep unrestrained, there she could uninterruptedly indulge in contemplation. And if haply sleep for a few hours steeped her senses in forgetfulness, she blessed the sweet oblivion, and courted its return. She was seated at the breakfast table when Miss Oliver entered.

"Jessy!" said she mournfully, and half rising to present her hand; but overcome by the sensations which rushed on her soul, she sunk again on her seat.

Miss Oliver took the proffered hand, pressed it tenderly, seated herself beside her, but was silent. Yet her speaking eye met the glance of Rachel's; its expression conveyed more than was in the power of words; it said, in the most intelligent language, Dear Rachel, I feel, I participate your sorrows.

It was the consolation most congenial to the soul it meant to address. Rachel felt its sincerity, its energy, and was relieved. Oh! said she mentally, how far preferable is this to the profusion of words, with which the unfeeling attempt to console me. She returned the pressure of Jessy's hand; a few tears escaped from her eyes; Reuben kissed them off, and seating himself opposite the two charming young women, contemplated them till his own eyes were suffused; and the suffusion did honour to his heart, to nature, to reason, to manhood!

How long this silence might have continued, is uncertain; but it was abruptly interrupted by aunt Rachel, who entered the apartment, followed by a diminutive

minutive figure habited in a grey coat, black waistcoat and breeches, an immense and not very fashionable peruke, high boots, a very deep pair of ruffles, and a long neckcloth twisted through the fourth button-hole of his waistcoat.

This extraordinary personage appeared to be about fifty years old. His black eyes, which were not the less penetrating for being extremely small, darted their glances at the three interesting figures that presented themselves in the persons of Reuben, Rachel, and Miss Oliver.

He bowed profoundly on entering. Rachel rose from her seat. Her sorrows seemed to retire within her heart, and a dignified composure took possession of her features, as she received and returned his compliments.

"This gentleman comes from Mr. Atkins," said aunt Rachel, as pointing to the sofa on which Reuben had sat, she motioned for him to be seated. "His name, I understand, is ——"

"Allibi, at your service," said he, bowing again, and recovering himself with an air of consequence; as if he had said, I believe I am pretty universally known. "Mr. Dudley, I presume," turning toward Reuben, "and Miss Dudley, his charming sister, (bowing to Rachel) if I may judge from your mourning habits. Give me leave to condole with you on the unfortunate catastrophe of our mutual friend. But man is born to die; so regret is useless. Permit me, therefore, to congratulate you on your accession to his fortune."

The mention of her father had called forth the smothered sensibility of Rachel; but the conclusion repelled it by rousing her indignation.

"Congratulate?" said she, in a voice scarcely articulate.

"Congratulate?" echoed Reuben, and his fine countenance glowed, his eyes darted resentment. "Sir, we are the children of Mr. Dudley, his natural offspring, reared by his care, nurtured by his love, and
taught

taught by his wisdom. Who then shall dare insult us?" And he rose from his seat, laid one hand on his breast, and with the other motioned as though brandishing a weapon. "Who shall dare insult us by congratulation for his death? Oh! my father!"

"My dear, lost father!" repeated Rachel.

"My afflicted friends," said Miss Oliver, softly.

It was a scene so new, the manners and sentiments of the young trio were so elevated, as to be almost unintelligible to Allibi. He siggetted on his seat, hemmed at least half a dozen times, and at length he began with hesitation—

"I beg pardon. I protest I did not mean—that is, I did not know. But as I was saying, young Mr. Reuben Dudley, and his sister Miss Rachel Dudley, being twin brother and sister, and in the eye of the law joint heirs of the possessions and estates, of what kind soever, that is to say, of money, plate, jewels, landed property, houses, merchandize, or what not, belonging or appertaining to their late father, Reuben Dudley, deceased——"

"Oh heavens!" said Rachel, folding her hands across her breast, as if to accelerate her breathing, which was evidently laboured.

"My dear creature!" said Miss Oliver, in the accent of commiseration.

"Good Sir, be expeditious in explaining the nature of your business," said Reuben; and he walked to the other end of the room to conceal his own emotions.

Allibi with the same *sang froid* proceeded.—"You being, as I have before said, co-heirs, do thereby stand answerable for all debts contracted by, or owing from the said Reuben Dudley, deceased."

"Granted," said Reuben, hastily. "Pray come to your conclusion.

"The conclusion is," said Allibi, deliberately drawing forth his pocket book, "that you must of consequence pay this bill of five hundred pounds, which your father drew previous to his leaving America, on my client Andrew Atkins. Now he, Andrew Atkins, having no property whatever in his hands wherewith

to discharge this demand, and being empowered by your father before the late fatal catastrophe to sell, mortgage, or otherwise dispose of the Lancashire estate, in order to liquidate this and other debts he had contracted, I am sent by him, my client, the said Andrew Atkins, to inquire when it will be convenient for you to discharge the bill; or in case of non-ability on your part, I am empowered to take possession of the said estates on the part of my client, the said Andrew Atkins, in order that he may mortgage, sell, or otherwise dispose of it, to enable him to answer this and other demands which may be made on him."

"I suppose," said aunt Rachel, "you know that half the estate is mine."

"Pardon me, madam," said the man of law, "I know no such thing. The late Mr. Reuben Dudley inherited from his grandmother, the lady Annabella Ruthven, wife to Edward Dudley, who went to America in the year 1645; and as the said Reuben was the only male descendant of the said Annabella, and the dying intestate——"

"Sir," said Reuben hastily, "the estate is half my aunt's; we wish not to contest it. It is, it must be her's, by all the rules of justice."

"I know nothing of justice," said Allibi; "the law, the law, Sir, is my profession."

I thought, Sir, law and equity were synonymous terms."

"You are a very young man, Mr. Dudley, very young, very inexperienced; when you are older, you will be wiser."

Reuben could not answer; a look of pointed contempt fully expressed his sentiments. Allibi continued;

"And so, Sir, yourself and sister being minors, it is necessary to throw the estate into Chancery, when, after your father's debts are discharged, the residue will be paid to you when of age."

"And in the mean time how are we to live," said Rachel.

"Oh! my dear young lady, you have friends, wealthy relations. You have also youth, beauty, and
may

may command a home in twenty different families, and in so doing confer a favour. Well, Mr. Dudley, I presume from your silence that you cannot pay these five hundred pounds?"

Reuben bowed his head.

"I imagined it would be so, and have brought down people to take possession of the house, plate, stock, farming utensils, &c. and must beg you will remove as soon as may be convenient. With your leave, (rising and putting on his hat) I will take an inventory of the family plate which I saw in the beaufet in the next room."

He drew forth his pen, ink, and folded paper, and without waiting for the leave he had requested, walked into the adjoining apartment.

"Alas! alas!" cried Rachel, "whither shall we go? Who will receive us? Where shall we find either home or support?"

"Had I a home I could call my own," said Jessy Oliver, "you should not have occasion to repeat the question."

"And poor aunt Rachel too, what will become of her?" said Rachel, tenderly taking her hand, which hung passively over the arm of her chair, as lost in painful thought she leaned her head against the side of it.

"What will become of her?" said Reuben with energy, "why I will labour to support you both. Yes," continued he, fervently clasping his hands, and dropping on his knees before them; "yes, here in the sight of Heaven, I vow to dedicate my life to her and you. I will cheerfully work to procure you sustenance. Industry shall supply our wants, innocence and content make our dwelling, however humble, the abode of pleasure; and I will protect you from the scorn and insults of the world at the hazard of my life."

As Reuben arose and folded his sister in his arms, Hezekiah Penn entered the room. He was soon informed of their disagreeable situation. But Hezekiah knew so very little of the world and its concerns, that he

he could not offer advice; all he could do was to bid them cheer up, and hope for better times.

“In truth, my dear kinsman, said he, “I do commiserate your sufferings much; but I know not how, young as you are, you can extricate yourselves from your present difficulty. Come, then, home to my house; abide there till we can fix on some feasible plan for your future well-doing. I am not overcharged with the good things of this world; but come and partake of such as I have, and take with it a hearty welcome. I pray thee, Rachel Dudley, be not down hearted, but come to my mansion; bring these children with thee, and He who feedeth the young ravens will provide the means of subsistence.”

The heart of Hezekiah overflowed with the “milk of human kindness;” he meant all he said, and felt more, much more, than he could find words to express. His friendly offers, and the endearing kindness of Miss Oliver, healed the bleeding hearts of Reuben and Rachel, and even aunt Rachel was revived by their influence. That very night they removed from their own habitation to that of the benevolent Hezekiah, and left the loquacious Mr. Allibi in full possession of the premises, in behalf of his client Mr. Andrew Atkins.



C H A P. VI.

Death of an old Friend—Acquisition of a Lover—Formality performed.

SOON after this arrangement took place, Miss Oliver was recalled home. With many tears she took leave of our heroine, told her, if ever fortune should put it in her power to offer her an asylum, she might freely command her purse, her house, her unbounded friendship in every particular. When she had again embraced Rachel, she turned towards Reuben.

“Mr.

“Mr. Dudley,” said she, “the friendship of a girl like me is an offering of so trifling a nature, I hardly know whether you will think it worth accepting. You are advised by your friends to visit America, to look after and secure the property your father possessed there. It will probably be many years before we meet again; and what changes may take place during this separation, it is impossible now to determine. Accept my most ardent wishes for your prosperity. I know you will often write to my brother; in those letters perhaps you will sometimes remember me.”

“Oh! doubt it not, charming Miss Oliver,” said he, pressing her hand to his lips; while she, fearful that she had said more than the exact line of propriety she had prescribed to herself rendered allowable, hurried to her carriage, to hide emotions she found it impossible to stifle.

Atkins having now taken the management of the estate entirely into his own hands, pretended to advance money himself for the liquidation of Mr. Dudley's debts, and at the end of three months laid before Hezekiah Penn, Reuben and aunt Rachel, a statement of accounts, which, to the minds of these three inexperienced, honest children of simplicity, made it appear as so involved, that it would be a long term of years before it could even clear itself. In the mean time, how were the orphans and their venerable relation to be supported?

Letters were written to Jacob Holmes, a proper time allowed, and no answer being returned, Hezekiah persuaded Reuben, who was now nearly eighteen, to visit that continent and make inquiry himself concerning his father's effects.

“Your sister,” said Hezekiah, “shall stay with me till you return. She shall not want a home nor a father whilst I live.”

A voyage to the western continent had ever been the primary wish of Reuben's heart; he hoped he knew not what, but that hope led him on; and even to part with his sister was thought of with more composure, since, if he amended his own fortune, she was

to be the partaker of it. Jessy Oliver too was foremost in the happy group his sanguine imagination portrayed as eagerly flying to welcome his return to England. Nay, fancy would so powerfully take possession of his mind, that she would sometimes carry him a second time across the Atlantic ocean, and place him tranquilly in the habitation his father had described, surround him with a blooming offspring, and give them Jessy Oliver for a mother, his sister too heightening by partaking their felicity; and even provide a snug corner and easy chair for aunt Rachel.

“Uncle Hezekiah,” he would say, “will not be persuaded to quit Old England, or else what a charming family party we should make.”

Oh! how delightful are those day-dreams of youth; like the shadows of a magic lantern, that pass before the admiring eye in quick succession, each one as it comes forward more pleasing than the last. But sorrow, disappointment, poverty, throw a damp upon the fire of youth, which had given brightness to the picture; the brilliant tints grow pale; the figures are scarcely perceptible; they pass before us almost unnoticed; when age entirely extinguishes the flame, and all is darkness, undistinguishable chaos.

Spurred on by the native impulse of his mind, which incited him to activity, and inspired him with the most sanguine presentiments of future prosperity, Reuben took leave of his friends in Lancashire, and embarked for Philadelphia.

Previous to his departure, he had thrown off both the habit and manners of a Quaker. Hezekiah remonstrated, but Reuben would reply, “Nay, uncle, can you believe it is of any consequence to our eternal welfare, whether we wear a plain drab coat or a scarlet one? or do you not think I should commit more sin in continuing the habit, when I cannot submit to the tenets of the Friendly system? I admire their primitive manners, and the simplicity of their language; but I am a young man, uncle, and have to make my way through the world. Besides, I feel that within me that tells me, should my king or country require

quire my assistance, I should readily draw a sword in their defence. What, my dear uncle, if we were all men of peace, who would protect us from the encroachments of our enemies? No; you shall pray for peace, and if the haughty foe is not inclined to grant it, I will assist my brave countrymen to force them to it."

Perhaps Hezekiah did not say so much as he might have done, had he not recollected that Reuben's father had only become one of the sect in compliance with the wish of his wife; and Hezekiah had charity enough to think that a man might be a very good Christian, though he wore a button to his hat, and ruffles to his shirt.

From the time of Mr. Dudley's unfortunate death, aunt Rachel's spirits flagged. She was no longer the life of every society in which she mixed. The loss of her little independence, the being obliged to the hand of charity for her daily bread, depressed her generous mind. The destitute situation too of her darlings, Reuben and Rachel, was a heavy affliction. Rest and appetite forsook her. Reuben's departure for America was the finishing blow. The anxiety she suffered for his safety brought on a slow nervous fever, and gradually undermined her constitution. Rachel watched over her with unremitting tenderness and attention; administered every medicine; read to her; prayed by her; endeavoured to cheer her by affected serenity when she was awake, and wept over her with agony when she slept.

But care, affection, prayers and tears were alike ineffectual. Aunt Rachel departed this life, and our heroine felt, as the last breath lingered on the lips of her maternal friend, that in losing her she should become forlorn, unconnected, and be left to struggle through a world with which she was totally unacquainted, without a comforter, adviser, or protector. Reuben still lived, to be sure, but Reuben was far, very far from her; and should she stand in need of advice or protection, she might be lost, and Reuben

not

not even hear of her distress till she was past the reach of relief or assistance.

Occupied by reflections such as these, Rachel would often stray into the rural church-yard, where, resting on the "lap of earth," lay the remains of her mother and her lamented aunt.

It was midsummer. The days were extremely long, and at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, just enough of the twilight remained, as threw over the face of nature that modest, dusky veil, so congenial to the contemplative mind. Rachel seated herself on the fragment of a broken tomb-stone, and casting her eyes upon a new-made grave, where that very afternoon a youth had been interred, the only son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, she, almost unknown to herself, audibly repeated the following stanzas.

Rest, gentle youth, here rest in peace,
Secure from vanity and toise;
For here thy earthly sorrows cease,
From hence commence thy heavenly joys.

Short was thy span; 'tis past! 'tis gone!
Early thou'lt reach'd the appointed goal;
Freed from its clog, and upwards flown,
Angels receiv'd thy spotless soul.

Here in thy quiet mansion rest,
Safe from all anguish, pain or care;
Light fit the turf upon thy breast,
Nor weed nor briar flourish there.

And when the chilling arms of death
Shall fold this fragile frame of mine,
May my last sigh of parting breath
Pass tranquil and resign'd as thine.

"My lovely moralist," said a voice, as Rachel finished the last sentence, "if you sit here much longer, you will stand a chance of soon being as tranquil as that poor youth. His disorder was a cold, and you are taking the right method to catch one."

Rachel rose, turned her head, and beheld the apothecary of the village. Dr. Lenient was a man nearly
fifty

fifty years old, very humane, very learned, very skilful in his profession; but with regret it must be added, not very rich. For if he attended a family whose wants were great and means small, when the journeyman inquired if he should make out the bill, as was customary, at Christmas, he would say, Pho, pho, tear out the account and burn it; if I send it in, they can't pay it. It is only my own time lost; and the few drags—what did they cost me? Nothing worth talking of. Oh! burn it! burn it! If the poor man has got a trifle beforehand, why he wants it, in this season of hilarity, to provide a good large plumb-pudding for his little ones."

With sentiments such as these, though the Doctor's practice daily increased, yet it did not greatly augment his revenue. However, he supported his family with comfort and something more than decency.

Our heroine was a great favourite with the good man. Studious from her infancy, of an inquiring genius, eager in the pursuit of knowledge, and attentive to the conversation of those who had the power to impart it, Rachel at the age of twelve had preferred a conversation with the doctor, to a ride or a ramble with her young companions. Charmed by her ardent thirst for instruction, the old gentleman would answer her questions, correct her errors, direct her studies, and labour to give her an unaffected turn for literature and the polite arts.

When Rachel painted or worked flowers, the Doctor would assist her in arranging her shades with propriety; describing, as he sat beside her while she worked, the natures, properties and use of every plant, shrub or flower. If she read, he corrected her pronunciation, and taught her how to convey the full sense of what she read to her auditors, by a pleasing modulation of voice. If she wrote, he would point out the errors in her style, and often has been heard to say, It was a great pity she could not speak and read Latin.

"Come, my good girl," said he, "you shall go home with me. You are too melancholy of late, and indulge too much in solitary walks and gloomy contemplations.

plations. And let me tell you, my young friend, you are insensibly falling into an error, which, if indulged, will increase and grow upon you, till it becomes guilt."

Rachel started. "What mean you, Sir?" said she.

"I mean," replied the Doctor, "that you are sinking into torpor and inactivity; you are suffering the functions of your soul to be entirely locked up by grief, and you are distrusting the power of a Divine Providence, in giving way to immoderate affliction."

"Alas! my dear Sir," said Rachel, "have I not cause to be afflicted? am I not a most unhappy creature? My parents dead, my brother at an immense distance from me, my good uncle Hezekiah in a very infirm state, and the only source from whence I could look for support entangled in the law!"

"All this is true, I must allow," said the Doctor gravely, "but yet, Miss Dudley, you have a firm, unalterable friend, who has said, (and his word is truth itself) "Though thy father and thy mother forsake thee, yet will not I forsake thee." And this friend, my dear, has endowed you with wonderful qualifications of both mind and person; he has given you good sense, genius, and the benefit of improving those qualities by education; and all he requires of you is, not ungratefully to bury the talent entrusted to your keeping, but exert yourself to improve it to the utmost, depending on him to second your endeavours, and he will amply reward your faith, patience and industry."

Cheered and comforted by conversation such as this, the melancholy cloud began to disperse from the brow of Rachel. Her features assumed a sweet, an interesting composure; and, arrived at the dwelling of the good Doctor, she consented to go in and partake of his supper. For the house of Hezekiah Penn was within five minute's walk of the Doctor's, and a lad was dispatched to inform him that Rachel was safe, but would sup out.

This little necessary business was settled in the garden that fronted the house, where the lad was busied in

in watering some pots of curious flowers; and the Doctor then led his fair companion through the shop into a back parlour, where they usually sat.

“I have brought you a welcome visitor, sister,” said he, as he opened the door. Mrs. Auberry rose from her seat, and taking the hand of Rachel, cried, “Welcome indeed.” Then turning to an elegant young man in military uniform, she continued, “My dear Hamden, give me leave to present you to Miss Dudley. This, Miss Dudley, is my son Hamden Auberry, of whom you have often heard me speak.”

The majestic figure, the soft, melancholy countenance of Rachel, rendered more striking by her deep mourning habit, (for Rachel was not Quaker enough to neglect that outward token of respect to the memory of departed friends) made her appear in the eyes of the young soldier almost divine. She bowed her head, and presented her hand with a grace peculiar to herself. There was something in the action *nouvelle*, and irresistibly charming in the eyes of Hamden. He took the snowy pledge of amity, and bowed low upon it; and if his fingers did contract closer than the frigid rules of politeness render admissible, surprisè and admiration must plead his excuse. Rachel was sensible of the pressure, and life’s warm fluid, rushing impetuously to her heart, from thence sprang to her cheeks, and gave uncommon animation to her expressive countenance.

Dr. Lenient was an old bachelor. Himself and sister were nearly of an age. She had, in her youth, united herself to a young man, who, being a younger son though of the united families of Hamden and Auberry, had nothing but a commission and the interest of his father to depend on. Joanna Lenient was poor in every thing, save personal beauty and a good heart. Young Auberry saw her, loved her, and bidding defiance to every suggestion of prudence, in direct opposition to the will of his father, married her. His father renounced him, and he never rose above the rank of captain. He sought preferment in the field of action, fought bravely under the gallant Marlborough, and

and fell in the memorable battle on the plains of Bleinhem.

His wife had never been acknowledged by his family, and after his death she retired, with her infant son, then only fifteen months old, to the village where her brother resided. He had just entered upon the busy scenes of life, had a pleasant house, a considerable degree of employment; but no social companion to render the fireside cheerful, or preside at the temperate meal. He invited his sister to come and increase his comforts by sharing them. She complied, and his home from that hour became her's. Her pension was devoted to the education of young Hamden, and the supply of her own pocket expenses; and the Doctor found himself so happy in her sisterly affection, her economy in managing his family, her good humour, sincerity, and study to please, that every other woman of his acquaintance lost something in his opinion, when compared with his sister Auberry.

It happened that when Hamden was about seven years old, the maid-servant of Dr. Lenient requested leave to go to a neighbouring fair, and take little master with her. Hamden joined his solicitations with Susan's, and was permitted to go. The brother of Susan was the head-waiter of an inn, in the town to which they went, and thither the girl (after having paraded through the fair with some of her companions, and purchased for Master Auberry a gun and a drum) repaired, in order to procure some refreshment. Hamden, satiated with cakes, fruit and sugar-plumbs, left her to take her repast in quiet, whilst, taking his little musket on his shoulder, and slinging his drum before him, he paraded in the court before the front of the house, supporting his gun with his left hand, and beating the drum with his right.

Hamden was a remarkably handsome boy; his complexion at once fair and florid, his eyes large and expressive, of the finest sapphire hue, and his forehead shaded by innumerable ringlets of beautiful flaxen hair; tall of his age, and sufficiently robust to prevent an appearance of effeminacy. Such a boy so employ-
ed,

ed, could not fail to attract notice. A lady, who in passing to her country-seat had stopped to take dinner in this place, had observed his martial air and step, as he marched before the windows, and throwing up the sash, called him to her.

“So you have been to the fair, I see, my pretty boy,” said she.

“Yes, ma’am, and Susan gave me this gun; a’nt it a pretty one? and the drum too; only hear how loud I can beat it. She wanted to give me a fiddle and a coach, but I chose the gun, and next fair I will have a sword.”

“You shall have a sword now, my sweet boy; here is a shilling to buy one.”

“No, thank you, ma’am,” said Hamden; “mamma gave me money enough, and she would be angry if I took any from strangers.”

“You are a charming fellow; will you go with me?”

“If mamma pleases, and you will promise to make me a soldier.”

“Why do you wish to be a soldier?”

“Because papa was a soldier. He was killed at the battle of Bleinhem, and I should like to know how to fight, that I might kill the man that killed my father.”

The lady felt her eyes fill with tears; the undaunted spirit of the boy delighted her.

“What is your name, my love?” said she.

“Hamden Auberry,” he replied; “’tis a great name, my mamma says, and for the sake of my father’s relations I must be careful not to disgrace it, though they never owned me, nor noticed me.”

At the name of Auberry, the lady had sunk agitated on the window-seat. “Come into the room, my dear,” said she. Hamden obeyed, and was instantly folded in her arms, while her tears bedewed his face, as she tenderly saluted him.

It was lady Anne Auberry, the eldest sister of Hamden’s father. Struck by the innocent reproach his natural and spirited replies had given, not only to herself, but all the family, for their wilful neglect of so

promising a branch of it, she made inquiries concerning the situation of his mother, ordered her carriage, took the child home, and from that moment adopted him as her own son. At that period she was verging upon forty, was still unmarried, and remained so at the time Hamden, returned from a tour he had been making on the continent, was introduced to our heroine.

Lady Anne had spared no cost in completing his education. She never forgot the promise he had innocently extorted from her at the moment she first conversed with him, and before he was sixteen purchased for him an ensigncy in a regiment upon the home establishment. He was now only twenty-two, but what cannot interest and money procure? Hamden Auberry, without once having been in actual service, was advanced to the rank of Major.

When lady Anne thus lavishly poured upon her nephew every advantage which wealth could bestow, she in her mind purposed making him her heir; indeed, she looked upon him as the heir of the family. Her eldest brother's children were all puny beings, and her second brother had never married. She therefore looked forward with the hope of one day seeing Hamden one of the first men in the kingdom. One of the preliminaries she had settled for his advancement was a marriage with some woman of splendid rank and fortune. Perhaps lady Anne was not quite so anxious about beauty, grace, good sense, and good humour, as Hamden himself thought was absolutely necessary; for she had pointed out three several women of quality, who, she assured him, would be happy to receive his devoirs, and whose alliance would do him infinite honour. But unfortunately one was upwards of forty years old, another had a hump on her back, coarse, unmeaning features, and a disposition that was the very counterpart of her form; and the third, though formed by the tenderest care of young love, yet so vacant, so totally devoid of mental endowments,

And when the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such nonsense broke,

That Hamden, though an enthusiast in his admiration of female beauty, could scarcely command patience sufficient to listen with an appearance of common civility.

His heart had remained untouched, and it was for our heroine alone to call its tender sentiments into action. The artless, unaffected manner of Rachel, afforded him the most delicate pleasure, whilst beholding and conversing with her; for it was so apparent in every word, look, smile of her's, that she was unconscious of her own charms, that those charms became the more striking, the more fascinating. About half past ten, he waited on Rachel to the door of her uncle's mansion, and then returned to tell his mother she was the only woman he had ever seen, who in the least appeared to him in every particular what a woman ought to be.

Hezekiah had been married very early in life, but his wife lived only a few years; and from the time of her decease, his household concerns had been superintended by a distant relation of his mother's, whose tall, thin figure, and austere visage, attired in the close mob black hood, and other plain habiliments usually worn by the sect, looked, as much as it is possible to conceive any thing to look, like formality personified. Nor was her dress and person more stiff and forbidding than was her manners. Ignorant in the highest degree, she valued herself on that ignorance; she understood nothing of polite literature; and whenever she saw our heroine engaged in any book, whether of instruction or amusement it mattered not, by her they were all termed vanity and vexation of spirit. The productions of the best poets were called blasphemy. History was of no use; for of what consequence was it to her what was done in the world before she was born? And works of fancy, however excellent in their kind, were all a pack of nonsense, and served only to fill young people's heads with proclamations.

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To be seen with a book on any day except Sunday, was highly against her creed. For in her opinion needle-work, spinning, and attending to the culinary concerns of the family, were sufficient to occupy every hour of the day. Her pickles and preserves were excellent in their kind, and for good substantial roast and boiled dishes, with solid plumb-puddings, and large family mince-pies, Tabitha would not give place to any woman in England. Hezekiah thought, with all her oddities, she had his interest sincerely at heart, and therefore continued passive, and suffered Tabitha to rule the family as she pleased. But the maidens of the household unanimously declared, that she ruled with a rod of iron.



C H A P. VII.

Journey to London.

WHEN Hamden Auberry had seen Rachel to her uncle's door and rapped at it, politeness obliged him to wait till it was opened, which it was by Tabitha herself. She glanced her eye at the scarlet coat and the lace which decorated it, nor did she entirely overlook the handsome form and face of him who wore it. But when, without noticing Tabitha, Hamden bowed to our heroine, and kissing her hand with an air of gallantry, wished her a good night, she became troubled in spirit that Rachel should have submitted to such an abomination quietly.

With upright head, her long, scraggy neck stretching to its utmost extent, from a consciousness of her own purity, in silent solemnity Tabitha stalked into the parlour, where sat Hezekiah almost dozing in his easy chair. She deposited the candle on the table, and seated herself on his right hand. Rachel sat down on the other side, and affectionately bending over the chair, asked her uncle how he was.

“Why

“Why tired almost to death, thou mayest be sure,” said Tabitha, not giving Hezekiah time to reply.

“Then it was a pity my uncle did not go to bed,” said Rachel innocently.

“Thou art both an unthinking and an unfeeling girl, Rachel Dudley, else wouldest thou know that anxiety for thy safety kept him up. But he has had so many of those uneasy hours since thou hast been in his dwelling, that I can foresee it will hurry him to his grave. Oh! Rachel! Rachel! thou art turned to vanity, to folly, to abomination. Thou art wilfully running into the snares of the wicked one. Thou dost love to consort with the children of disobedience; thou delightest to behold their vestments, shining with gold, and red in the blood of Jezebel.”

“Bless me,” said Rachel, “what can you mean? Uncle, pray speak to me. I hope I have not given you any cause for uneasiness. I sent word that I should sup at Dr. Lenient’s; had you sent by the boy for me to come home, I should have returned instantly.”

Hezekiah had taken her hand, which in her earnestness she had laid on his knee, gave it a gentle pressure, and was beginning to speak; but Tabitha interrupted him, and he knew it would be in vain to attempt being heard, when she was inclined to talk. So he relinquished his intention, leaned back in his chair, shut his eyes, and inwardly wished he could shut his ears also.

“Thou didst send word, it is true,” said the persecuting Tabitha, “but thou didst not send word that a stranger would walk with thee; that thou wouldest lean on his arm, and suffer him to kiss thy hand, in a manner not becoming a maiden who wisheth to preserve her reputation. And this stranger was clothed in scarlet and gold, and eats the bread that is purchased by murdering his fellow-creatures. Verily, I say, my spirit waxeth wroth when I think the daughter of Cassiah Penn turneth from the worship of her father’s house, and runneth after strange gods, and delighteth to dwell in the tents of idolaters.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Rachel tartly; “my father despised both formality and hypocrisy.”

“Oh thou offspring of a generation of vipers,” cried Tabitha, “dost thou call our pure and undefiled faith hypocrisy?”

“No! Heaven forbid I should,” replied our heroine mildly; “it is only the uncharitable and insensate wretch, who, having neither heart to conceive, nor understanding to enjoy, the innocent pleasures with which a bountiful Creator has enriched the world, proudly arrogate to themselves the right to judge and condemn their fellow-creatures; and surely it is the height of hypocrisy to pretend to deserve the divine appellation of Christian, and yet harbour in the bosom envy, hatred and malice.”

“Rachel! Rachel! child of folly, daughter of disobedience,” exclaimed Tabitha vociferously, her meagre features flaming with rage, as though the fire within shone through her skinny cheeks and hollow eyes; “child of darkness, hear me; thou art going blindfold into the pit; thou art walking barefoot over burning ploughshares; but the soles of thy feet, like thine eternal soul, is callous and insensible to the danger that surrounds thee. Had thy mother lived unto this day——”

“Oh! would to Heaven she had!” cried Rachel, her spirits no longer able to support her against the absurd accusations of Tabitha. “Oh that she were alive at this moment; she would not suffer her innocent child to be thus grossly insulted.”

Here she gave way to an involuntary gush of tears; but suppressing them as quick as she could, she kissed her uncle with affection, “Good-night! God bless you, my dear Sir,” said she; “the unhappy Rachel will not long be a trouble to you.”

“God bless you, my love,” said Hezekiah, “and grant us both patience according to the burthens it may please him to lay upon us.”

“Amen,” said Rachel fervently, darting an indignant look at Tabitha; then rising and taking the candle from the table, she went towards the door; but the

the natural philanthropy of her mind would not suffer her to part in enmity with any one. She turned towards Tabitha. "Good-night," said she in a softened accent, "and Heaven forgive us both as we forgive each other." Tabitha was suddenly silent, and Rachel retired to her solitary apartment, wept a few moments, knelt, and commended herself to the protection of Heaven; was composed and comforted by the action, retired to bed, and sunk into the arms of repose.

Sweet, heavenly sweet, are the slumbers of the innocent. Rachel's heart was uncontaminated; envy, hatred, jealousy, were equal strangers to it. Her sleep was undisturbed and refreshing; her dreams the visitation of ministering angels.

When Rachel left the parlour, Tabitha began speaking to Hezekiah, but he arose from his seat. "My head aches," said he, "I can sit up no longer." Then taking his own candle, which stood ready on the table, he bade Tabby good-night and retired to his apartment.

"I will alter my will to-morrow," said Hezekiah, as he laid his head on the pillow; (for, some years previous to the death of Mr. Dudley, this will had been made highly in Tabitha's favour), "I will alter my will," said he, "it will not be right to leave my fair and good kinswoman Rachel, dependent on a person whose understanding is weak, and whose heart is contracted."

In the morning he arose with the same determination, and dispatched a person for the most eminent attorney of the neighbouring market town. He walked himself to Dr. Lenient's, wishing to consult with him, and to have him a witness to his new will. But unfortunately the attorney was gone to London on particular business, and Dr. Lenient had been called to Liverpool to visit a patient, who, having found benefit from his prescriptions whilst on a visit in the country, wished to have those prescriptions continued.

At dinner, Hezekiah ate less than usual, complained of an acute pain across his temples, and a coldness down the spine of his back.

"Why

“Why dost thou not partake of that boiled foal?” said Tabitha; “the shrimp sauce is good, I can assure thee, for I made it myself.”

“I have no appetite for fish,” he replied, pushing the plate gently from him.

“Let me change your plate, dear uncle,” said Rachel, removing the one before him and setting one in its place on which she had previously laid the wing of a chicken.

Hezekiah drew the plate towards him, cut a mouthful and raised it to his lips. But the effort was vain; his countenance changed; he sunk back. It was a kind of paralytic affection. He struggled to speak, but could not articulate. By the order of Tabitha, he was put into a warm bed, and Dr. Lenient being just returned, attended on the first summons. He ordered the usual applications, and waited to observe their effects. All the night he continued speechless; but towards morning, by a violent exertion, he spoke so as to be understood. Desiring to be raised in the bed, he in faltering accents thus began:

“I called on you, my good friend, this morning, to ask your advice and opinion.”

“I wish I had been at home,” said the Doctor, “we might perhaps have prevented this severe attack.”

“That is not my meaning,” said Hezekiah. “My time is come, and, skilful as you are, my good Doctor, I do not think you can ward off the stroke of death.”

“I do not think I could,” said the Doctor gravely.

“Tabitha,” said the sick man, reaching out his hand towards her, “I am much indebted to you for the unwearied attention you have for many years shewn me, and the care you have taken of my temporal interest. It has grieved me to see the little dissensions which have of late taken place between you and my niece Rachel, who, though younger, livelier, more free from prejudice than yourself, is nevertheless one of the best and most unoffending creatures in the world. Let me see you friends,” continued he, taking Rachel’s hand and joining it with Tabitha’s.

Rachel could not speak, Tabitha would not, and Hezekiah continued :

“ You will find on the opening of my will, Dr. Lenient, that I have not forgot the services I have received from my ancient kinswoman ; but I am sorry—I meant to alter—I wish her to give—” His voice again faltered—“ to give her—” said he with extreme difficulty.

“ Fifty or sixty guineas,” cried Tabitha, interrupting him.

“ No,” exclaimed the dying man ; then struggling violently, he at length articulated, “ Give her half.” They were his last words. In a few moments he sunk again into insensibility, and before evening expired.

Now the good-hearted Doctor fully comprehended what Hezekiah meant when he said, “ Give her half.” But Tabitha wilfully misconstrued the expression ; and when the will was read, which gave the house, land, cattle, plate, furniture, &c. to Tabitha Holdfast, in consideration of her more than sisterly kindness,” Dr. Lenient intimating, that he expected she would make a fair and equitable division of the whole with Rachel, in compliance with what he understood to be the intention of the testator from his last words, she calmly replied :

“ Friend Lenient, I am not accountable for what thou mayest have understood. I am certain our dear departed brother Hezekiah—” And here the handkerchief visited her eyes ; but it returned

Dry as the chaff, which, flitting in the wind,
Too light to be depress'd by trifling showers,
Defies the blast, and flutters o'er the heath ;
Or, like the downy plumage of the swan,
White and unsoiled.————

“ I am certain,” she continued, “ he meant not the participation thou wouldest insinuate ; for when (ever eager to interpret and prevent his wishes) I mentioned giving her fifty or sixty guineas, he said, “ Give her half ;” and by his dying words I shall most surely abide.”

“ He

“He meant to say,” cried the Doctor vehemently, “that you should give her half of all he died possessed of.”

“It may be to thy advantage, friend, (said she sneeringly) to have his last will so understood. The singular attentions of one of thy relatives to Rachel has not passed unnoticed; and I think thy family is remarkable for promoting its own interest at the expense of others.”

It was a reproach too pointed to be misunderstood; but it sprung from a mind so debased, that it was beneath notice. The Doctor took his hat, and wished Tabitha a good night. Rachel arose to light him to the door.

“My good, dear girl,” said he, “I would fain have procured from this woman a small independence for you; but it is in vain to flatter you with the idea. But this give me leave to say, Should you not hear from your brother, and your residence with dame Tabitha becomes painful, I have a home. My sister and myself both possess hearts, which I thank God are not yet quite petrified.” Saying which, he shook her hand and left her.

Rachel soon perceived the full extent of her unhappy situation. The morning after the interment of her uncle, Tabitha paid her thirty guineas, and from that moment she found that she was looked upon as an intruder in the family.

Rachel was not of a spirit to brook the cold hauteur of Tabitha. Nor could she think of availing herself of the kind offer of Dr. Lenient. For, besides that she shrunk from the weight of obligation, she also felt there would be an impropriety in her seeking an asylum in the family of Hamden Auberry. She was not insensible to his merit, nor had she listened unmoved to the expressions of attachment that had sometimes accidentally escaped his lips. For Hamden knew he should have many obstacles to encounter, should he give way to a passion for a woman in the state of life in which fortune had placed Rachel. Lady Anne would never
be

be brought to approve of his allying himself to a person, who had neither rank or wealth to recommend her.

Rachel saw the struggle of his mind, and, attributing that to pride which was only the effect of caution, resolved never to intrude herself into a family which would look upon her connexion as degrading to its principal branch.

Having therefore formed a plan for her future conduct, Rachel took an affectionate leave of the worthy Doctor and his sister, and a very cool one of Tabitha, and departed in the stage-coach for London, resolving to consult and advise with her friend Jessy Oliver, in regard to her executing the scheme she had thought of for her subsistence till she should hear from Reuben.

Mrs. Auberry gave her a letter to a reputable family, with whom she proposed to board. Hamden was absent at the time of Rachel's departure on a fishing party, and on his return, his mother merely informed him that Miss Dudley was gone to London; but wishing to put a stop to any further intimacy between them, she did not mention with whom she would reside, or how long her stay might probably be in the metropolis; and as he was engaged to pass the autumn with lady Anne in Scotland, he was not so inquisitive as he might otherwise have been.

Rachel got safe to the end of her journey without meeting with any adventure on the road. But unaccustomed to travelling, she was greatly fatigued; and when she entered the busy streets of London, the noise, confusion and hurry made her head giddy; the disagreeable effluvia too, which assailed her olfactory nerves as she alighted from the coach in a very close lane in the city, turned her extremely sick, and she would have fallen, had not a spruce young man, who was waiting for another coach to arrive, caught her by the arm, and led her into the house, where a few drops and water revived her, and she began to inquire for a conveyance in which she might proceed to her lodgings. A hackney-coach was sent for, and while she waited for it, the young man re-entered the parlour where she was

was sitting, introducing a middle-aged woman, dressed to the extremity of the fashion.

"Walk in and sit down, Miss La Varone," said he, "I will order the negus immediately." Then turning to our heroine, he continued, "And how do you find yourself now, ma'am?"

"Much better, Sir, I thank you," said Rachel.

"Have you been sick, ma'am?" said Miss La Varone.

"I am not used to travelling, and was rather faint when I first alighted; but it was only fatigue, and the air of London is not quite so pure as that I have been accustomed to from my infancy."

"Oh dear me! I don't wonder, ma'am, if you never were in London before, that it made you sick. Then this lane is so close; and I protest it made me as sick as could be. But pray, ma'am, to what part of the town are you going? Perhaps one coach will serve us both."

Rachel looked at the direction in her memorandum book, and Miss La Varone exclaimed, "Well, as I'm alive, we are both going to the same place. Mr. Spriggins, this young lady is going to your aunt's."

Rachel knew but little of the world in general, and less of London than almost any other place; yet there was a something within her, a kind of native rectitude, that told her not to be too easy in agreeing to the proposal of the strangers who said they would all go to Mrs. Webster's together. Yet her politeness and good-nature was such, as would not suffer her to repulse them rudely. Besides, there was something in the appearance of La Varone, however familiar her address had been, that prepossessed her in her favour. She was a small, delicate woman; her pale countenance, the features of which were extremely regular, was ornamented by an animated pair of black eyes, and long, dark eye-lashes. Her dress, it is true, was in Rachel's opinion rather too gay; but she was totally unacquainted with the style of dress that might be fashionable in London, and therefore passed this circumstance the more easily over.

Finding it impossible to separate herself from her new acquaintances, she contented herself with giving the hackney-coachman particular instructions where to carry her, and in less than half an hour found herself at Mrs. Webster's, in Dartmouth-street, Westminster. Mr. Spriggins, (who was shopman to a silk mercer in the vicinity of St. James's Park) boarded with his aunt, and Miss La Varone occupied the second floor of the house.

Rachel begged an early cup of tea, and then retired to the apartment prepared for her; where wearied nature was refreshed by several hours of profound sleep. But the fatigue which had accelerated her repose, gradually giving way to its effects, her slumbers became lighter, and about three o'clock, she became sensible of the (to her) unusual noises that surrounded her. The hollow voices of the watchmen, the rattling of coaches and carts, the riotous mirth of intemperate wretches of both sexes, who, under the black veil of night, prowled through the streets in search of prey; all together struck on the astonished ears of our heroine, who, not immediately recollecting where she was, sprang out of bed, exclaiming, "Heavens! what is the matter?" However, as Rachel was not troubled with weak nerves, and had in general great presence of mind, she presently grew collected, remembered she was in London, returned to her bed, and endeavoured to obtain another visit from the leaden-winged god. He listened, and was propitious to her entreaties, and at eight o'clock the following morning she continued still locked in his embraces.



C H A P. VIII.

Visits—Curiosities.

THE scene of life into which Rachel had now entered was every way new to her. Her intentions in avoiding the family of Dr. Lenient on account

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of young Auberry were laudable; but her open and ingenuous nature, fearless of guile, because intending none, was not competent to the task she had undertaken. Humane, generous, and credulous in the extreme, she felt that every human being had a claim upon her affection; and willingly allowing that claim to others, she readily believed every profession of friendship made to herself.

Mrs. Webster was a woman of moderate understanding, devoid of knowledge, and with a very small share of curiosity, and being a widow with three girls, the eldest of which was but sixteen, she had to work extremely hard at her business, which was that of a hoop-petticoat maker, to support her family. From such a woman, Rachel had nothing either to hope or apprehend. She enjoyed from the effects of her care a very neat apartment, and regular decent meals; but as to any idea of a companion, it was entirely out of the question. The daughters were young, and their minds totally uninformed; they were of consequence unfit society for her. To whom therefore could she look to enliven her solitude by cheerful conversation? Miss La Varone had read a great deal, though not in most instructive authors. She had a considerable degree of superficial knowledge, was chatty, good-humoured, and studious to render herself agreeable. She became the constant companion of Rachel, and was unfortunately the most improper companion she could have chosen.

Miss La Varone was the daughter of a Swiss valet, who, having saved a considerable sum of money in the service of a nobleman, and received a legacy at his death, married the lady's maid, and opened a perfumery and toy-shop, in which he succeeded extremely well; especially when his daughter grew old enough to attend the customers, her pretty face and lively manner acting as a talisman to draw young men of fashion thither.

But human happiness is futile! A fire broke out in the neighbourhood, and their house was consumed amongst a number of others, and as their property

was

was not insured, a few hours reduced them from a state of competence to absolute beggary. The old man received a hurt, in endeavouring to save part of his stock, which he did not long survive. The mother again went to service, and procured employment for her daughter in the same family. The eldest son of this family was pleased with her; offered her a settlement; and at the age of eighteen, La Varone quitted the protection of her mother, to accept that of a libertine. Her mother had perhaps a higher sense of virtue than persons in her situation are in general supposed to possess. She remonstrated, entreated, endeavoured by every possible means to reclaim her; but finding all equally ineffectual, renounced her. And though she had, without murmuring, returned to her original way of life, and submitted patiently to the privation of those comforts she had many years enjoyed, and which had been the fruits of her own industry, yet she could not meet shame without repining. Her child's dishonour sunk deep into her heart, and in a very short time put a period to her existence.

La Varone continued with her admirer till he married; she then removed from all her former connexions, into the house where our heroine was now become an inmate. She had been an easy conquest; her settlement was consequently not large. However, she kept up a genteel appearance, and frequently received visits from an elderly gentleman, a cousin, who was a member of parliament. She saw but little company besides; but she would expatiate for an hour on the charms of retirement; so her living so reclusive was not surprising. Her favourite amusement was a play, and sometimes little excursions in the country, where she would stay four or five days at a time.

The day after Rachel's arrival in London was devoted to rest. Miss La Varone was extremely attentive, invited her to take tea in her apartment, where Mr. Spriggins also attended, and the elder Miss Webster. Here they talked of the many curiosities to be seen in London. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Monument, the Tower, the Palace; all
which

which Miss La Varone said they must positively visit, and the gentleman offered very politely to be their gallant.

Rachel was not devoid of curiosity. She had come up to the metropolis with the best resolutions in the world, and Mrs. Auberry, when she recommended her to Mrs. Webster's to board, thought she had rendered her young friend a very acceptable piece of service. But she never reflected, that twenty-five years make a most amazing difference in the manners and disposition of a person, especially if in that period they have suffered much affliction, and from narrow circumstances being unavoidably thrown into the society of people, whose educations having been circumscribed, are often the slaves of contracted, low ideas and illiberal prejudices; and it frequently happens, that those who are obliged to work incessantly for the support of their families, being wholly occupied in the hope of bettering their fortune, become inattentive to appearances, and overlook actions, which earlier in life would have struck them with horror. This was literally the case with Mrs. Webster. The Mrs. Webster whom Mrs. Auberry knew so many years since, and she to whose care she now recommended her young friend, were as opposite in person, manner, and way of thinking, as if it had not been the same, but two distinct people.

The second morning, Rachel took a hackney-coach, and drove to the house of Mr. Oliver, in the vicinity of St. James's. She was still in mourning; a grey tabby night-gown, with black cuffs and robins, a plain lawn cap, apron, handkerchief, and ruffles, was the dress in which she prepared to visit her friend Jessy. But a woman thus habited and in a hackney-coach was not likely to challenge much attention from the gay lackeys who waited in the hall of Mr. Oliver.

"Is Miss Oliver at home, friend?" said she to the footman who came to the door. A surly *No!* was all the answer she received, and the man was again shutting the door.

"Is she expected home soon?" said she, putting her hand out to prevent it from closing.

"I know nothing about it," said the fellow.

Rachel had descended from the carriage before the coachman had knocked for admittance, and was standing on the upper step of a flight of stone stairs which led up on each side from the street. Her figure had attracted the eyes of Archibald, who was at home at this time, and seated in a front parlour window, killing time with a political pamphlet. Hearing her voice at the door, and understanding from the tone of the servant's voice that he was not answering in a very civil manner, he opened the parlour door just as she was turning to descend the steps.

"You were inquiring for Miss Oliver, madam," said he; "she is at present out of town, but I expect to see her to-morrow. Who shall I tell her did her the honour to call?"

"My name is Dudley," said Rachel.

"Dudley! is it possible; the sister of my friend Reuben?"

"The same!"

"How happy I am, Miss Dudley! Give me leave to wait on you to your place of residence. I wish to ask after your brother; I have also some interesting intelligence to communicate to you concerning my sister." He said this as he handed her to the coach. Then calling for his hat, before Rachel could collect herself sufficiently to refuse or accept his proposal, he was seated in the carriage beside her, and inquired where he should order it to be driven.

"Perhaps, my dear Miss," said young Oliver as the coach drove off, "you may think it particular that I did not press you to enter my father's house. But to confess a mortifying truth, neither Jessy nor myself are allowed to take any more liberties there than we should be in the house of an entire stranger. My poor father is ruled entirely by Mrs. Oliver, and his children have but a secondary place in his affections."

"Pray make no apologies, Mr. Oliver," said Rachel, having a little recovered from the flutter into

which his apparently odd conduct had thrown her; "apologies are quite needless. I had no wish to enter the house except my dear Jessy had been an inmate of it. But you said you had some interesting intelligence."

"True, but before I enter on it, tell me, when did you hear from your brother?"

"I have not received the least intelligence from him since he left England; and sometimes I fear——" Rachel's eyes filled; her bosom heaved.

"Oh do not fear," said Oliver, respectfully taking her hand: "Letters may miscarry; you will no doubt hear soon. But apropos of Jessy; has she not written to you lately? I understood you corresponded."

"We did; but I have not received a letter from her for nearly two months past."

"Poor Jessy, she had nothing pleasant to employ her pen, and she always had an aversion to endeavouring to lighten her own sorrows by imposing a recital of them on the attention of others."

He then proceeded to inform her, that his sister had unfortunately (as it proved) been singled out by a nobleman of elevated rank and splendid fortune, as the person with whom he wished to share those advantages. He solicited her hand, was encouraged by both Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, but resolutely rejected by Jessy herself.

"My father," continued he, "who (as I mentioned before) has no will but his wife's, has sent the poor girl into the country, debarring her of all society, and declaring she shall stay there till she accepts his Lordship; and I, who know her disposition, think that sentence is tantamount to saying she shall stay there as long as she lives."

"She is right to persevere in rejecting him," said Rachel, "if she does not feel her heart sufficiently attached to him to incline her to share his pains and pleasures through life. For of all the miseries that can be endured by a human being, sure none can be so severe as being obliged to submit to the whims and caprices

prices (for we all have them) of a person to whom we are perfectly indifferent."

Oliver gazed at her, as she thus, with unaffected freedom, delivered her sentiments on a subject, which the generality of those young women with whom he was acquainted would have blushed only to have heard mentioned. But Rachel was entirely free from affectation of every kind; she had no idea, but that a woman might speak on the subjects of love and marriage, without limpering, blushing, and fifty other little foolish prettinesses. Nor did she feel the least embarrassed in conversing with a person of the opposite sex; for it had never entered her head, that every man who saw her must fall in love with her, or that they could not pass an hour in her company without entertaining her with praises of her wit and beauty, and complaints of their own hopeless passion.

When the coach therefore stopped, and Rachel asked him to walk in, he eagerly availed himself of the invitation; and after sitting with her till she was summoned to dinner, left her, impressed with so high an opinion of her understanding, that he thought her the most superior woman he had ever known. She had promised to entrust him with a letter to her friend Jessy, and he was determined to call for it himself, that he might enjoy another half hour of her society. But in this he was disappointed; for immediately after dinner, Rachel wrote her letter, and leaving it with Mrs. Webster in case it should be sent for before her return, she took one of the little girls with her, and walked to the house of Mr. Andrew Atkins, in Lincoln's-Inn, hoping to hear some tidings of Reuben, and also to inquire how long it would be before she might expect to receive any money on account of the estate in Lancashire.

Being shewn into a parlour, and having sent up her name, she was desired to wait till Mr. Atkins had dined, when he would wait on her immediately. In about an hour, he appeared, accompanied by the identical
Mr.

Mr. Allibi who had visited herself and brother in the country.

Rachel rose from her seat.

"Servant, Miss," said Mr. Atkins, slightly bowing, and without asking her to resume her seat. "Pray what may be your commands with me?"

"I wish to know whether you have had any intelligence from my brother since his departure from England."

"Intelligence? No indeed! I wonder you should think of my hearing from him; his going to America was a wild-goose scheme. What does he expect to get there?"

"He expects to take possession of his father's estate, which he purchased in Pennsylvania."

"Pshaw! phaw! Dudley made no purchase there worth inquiring after. An uncultivated tract of land, with a paltry house upon it, which my very good friend and correspondent, Mr. Jacob Holmes, has informed me is entirely fallen down."

"Jacob Holmes, did you say?" cried Rachel in breathless agitation. "Why that is the very man my father mentions in his letter to have left in charge of his estate. He was brought up in my father's house. Can he advance such an untruth, when he must be conscious——?"

"Come, come, Miss Dudley, don't speak against Mr. Holmes; he is a very worthy, honest man. Your father lived in a very expensive style in Philadelphia, spent a great deal of money, more a great deal than he ought. Even the trifling purchase he did make of land was not half paid for."

"Sir! Sir!" cried Rachel, waving her hand with dignity, "I must not hear the memory of my father treated with disrespect. You may have been taught to believe what you now assert; or, perhaps, (darting an indignant look at him) your profession accustoms you confidently to assert what you do not believe to be true. Be that as it may, I see my brother and myself are two unprotected orphans." Here her cheeks assumed a pallid hue, her lips trembled, and she was unable

able to proceed ; and though the unfeeling Atkins had kept her standing while he spoke to her, her agitation was now so great, that she was obliged to sit down, or she would have fallen.

“ As I would wish to save you the unnecessary trouble of calling on me again, I have brought Mr. Allibi, who fortunately was dining with me, to give you any information you may require concerning the Lancashire business.”

“ I am sorry, my fair lady,” said Allibi, “ that it is not in my power to give you such information as you may perhaps expect ; but so many unexpected demands have been made, that I hardly think the estate will ever be able to recover itself. I have here (drawing a memorandum book from his pocket) some few memorandums of the state of the affairs at present. Whenever you shall require it, Miss Dudley, I will lay a regular statement of the accounts before you, and submit the whole of our proceedings to your investigation.”

Rachel felt that this seeming integrity was an insult to her understanding. Assuming, therefore, an appearance of fortitude that she was far from feeling, she exerted herself to rise from her seat.

“ Good Mr. Allibi,” said she, conveying as much acrimony into her looks and manner, as it was possible for her voice and features to express, “ of what service will it be for me to examine or investigate those accounts? Did you, or your respectable client, Mr. Andrew Atkins, imagine me competent to the task, you would never have so readily offered it. But I am a woman—an orphan ; young, inexperienced, unprotected ; and even supposing I could discover errors, who is there to support my assertions? I am poor, and I can plainly perceive, you have inclination as well as reasons for keeping me so. Oh that my injured brother were but here !”

“ You speak pointedly, Miss Dudley,” said Atkins.

“ I speak as I feel,” replied Rachel.

“ But you are too warm, my fair lady,” said Allibi.

“ Pardon

“Pardon me,” cried Rachel, “I do not think I am warm enough. Oh! that I could find words adequate to the indignation of my soul! Do not misunderstand me; for myself I am but little concerned. I have an innocent mind that can be humble when required, and hands that are not useless.” But my brother is in a strange land; for him I feel a thousand fears. My father’s memory has been traduced; on that subject, my feelings are too powerful for utterance. If my rash judgment wrongs you, gentlemen, Heaven pardon the error. For I leave you in the full persuasion, that on whichever side the wrong is, the great Redresser of injuries, the righteous Father of the oppressed, will impartially judge between us. By his sentence we must abide, and to him in humble confidence I submit my cause.”

As she finished speaking, she hurried out of the house, to prevent their being witnesses to emotions which she was unable longer to suppress; and she found herself in the square opposite Newcastle-house, before she was sufficiently collected to remember to what part of the town she was going. Polly Webster, who had shewn her the way to Atkins’s, had left her at the door, as she had some errands to execute for her mother in the Strand. Our heroine had imagined she should easily find her way home again; but when she found herself in a place with which she was wholly unacquainted, and endeavoured in vain to recover recollection sufficient to guide her to the right road, she began to be uneasy. She wished for a coach, but there was not one came near her but what was previously occupied. She walked straight forward through a narrow passage, which she imagined she had passed through before; it took her into High-Holborn. The throng of people, the multitude of carriages, and appearance of the shops, led her to think she was in the Strand; and turning to the right hand, she pursued her way, expecting every moment to reach Charing-Cross. But as she proceeded, she began to perceive the difference of the surrounding objects, and became seriously alarmed. A heavy shower appeared threatening in the air,
and

and even at Holborn-Bars, Rachel could not procure a coach. The lightning had for some time gleamed in the horizon; the thunder which had rolled distantly now came nearer, and an universal war of elements seemed approaching. Rachel looked round with increasing apprehension. The tempest now burst forth at once; wind, thunder, hail, and sheets of liquid fire, rendered the scene tremendous. To avoid the fury of the storm, Rachel ran up an entry which led to a large old-fashioned mansion, and though not easily terrified, the late incidents had so oppressed her spirits, that she sat down on the steps, and burst into an hysterical flood of tears.

“What is the matter, woman?” said a man who was coming from the house.

The brutal tone of this address, the ferocious appearance of the fellow that uttered it, was an additional cause of terror. She rose, endeavoured to speak, but could not; and when she attempted to walk, her limbs failed her, and she sunk again upon the step.

“Why, mistress, you have taken a little too much cordial to-day,” said the same man; “but come, I’ll lead you down the passage, and then you must go on as well as you can; for you can’t stay here.”

Rachel, though overcome with terror, was perfectly sensible. She heard the remark made on her apparent helplessness, endeavoured to repel the violence of her emotions, and exert that fortitude of which she was possessed.

“I merely came here for shelter from the storm,” said she; “and if I could procure a coach——”

“Well, mistress,” said a dirty, ragged boy, “if you will give me a shilling, I will call you one.”

Rachel readily agreed to the proposal, and was putting her hand to her pocket, when there was a cry in the crowd that was now gathered, that a pick-pocket was amongst them. A young naval officer said he had lost his watch and purse. ‘Keep all in, keep all in,’ was the cry, and the throng rushed up the passage, so that Rachel found herself in an instant surrounded by a motley group of people, the chief part of which but

to have been obliged to speak to, would have filled her at once with terror and disgust. But what were her sensations, when, putting her hand again to her pocket, she found a strange purse hanging partly out, and felt a watch actually within it. Before she could speak, a woman seized her arm, and holding her hand so that she could not withdraw it, she cried that she had found the thief. Rachel's strength and spirits now at once forsook her; she fetched a deep sigh, and fell senseless into the arms of the person who had been robbed.

"The poor creature is ill," said he; "stand away, ruffians, and let her have air." Then carrying her to the entrance of the passage, he pushed back her hat, and untied her cloak. Her extreme youth, her beauty, the neatness of her apparel, all conspired to prepossess him in her favour.

"Had you not better send for a constable?" said the wretch who had pretended to detect her.

"No," said the officer; "I do not think she can be guilty; or if she is, extreme necessity alone could have driven her to such an expedient. How are you, ma'am?" seeing Rachel begin to revive.

She looked wildly round her, put her hand to her head as though endeavouring to recollect why or how she came there. At length the circumstances recurring to her memory, she looked stedfastly on the officer, and then on her accuser.

"You have been robbed, Sir," said she, "and your property found in my possession. How it came there, Heaven knows; but as I stand in the sight of Him who rules the heavens, I do protest I am innocent."

The solemnity of the appeal, the conscious innocence of her heart, which beamed from her eyes and informed every feature of her face, rendered the truth of her assertion indisputable.

"I do believe you," said the officer; "but even had I thought you guilty, what is the insignificant value of these trifles, when put in competition with the life of a fellow-creature, whom distress urges to actions from which the soul recoils."

The storm was by this time much abated, and Rachel having sent again to procure a coach, the officer said he would not leave her till he delivered her in safety to her friends. He was standing at the entrance of the passage, holding the hand of our heroine, when a post chariot, that was driving hastily through Holborn, being for a moment impeded by a number of carts and carriages, stopped directly opposite where they stood. The glass was let down, and Rachel saw distinctly Hamden Auberry, seated beside an elderly lady. She also was certain, that he both saw and recognized her. The blood for a moment forsook her cheeks, and then returned with impetuosity, dyeing them of the deepest crimson. Scarcely was there time to exchange the glance of recognition, before the chariot moved forward again, and a hackney-coach drawing up to the door, she stepped into it, and, accompanied by her protector, drove towards Dartmouth-street.

On their arrival at Mrs. Webster's, Rachel found the family in great consternation at her long absence (for Polly having returned without her, had been dispatched again by her mother, who feared Rachel might lose her way; and learning that she had been gone some time from Atkins's, had returned as quick as she could, in the hope of finding her safe at home).

Miss La Varone welcomed her with tears of joy, and Mrs. Webster said she was glad to see her safe. Courtney, (the name of the young officer) without particularly mentioning the circumstances, said she had been disagreeably situated, and he had been fortunate enough to be of service to her. But Rachel would explain the whole; her new friend, Miss La Varone, sympathized with her, trembled with terror, glowed with indignation, or melted with gratitude, as the recital proceeded; and in the end, said so many obliging things to Lieutenant Courtney, that he began to think her more than agreeable; and overlooking the charms of our heroine, which had nothing but nature and simplicity to recommend them, he was powerfully

erfully attracted by the artful lures thrown out by La Varone.

The situation of Rachel, in regard to reputation, was now as dangerous as it was possible; for Courtney claimed the privilege of visiting her; and Archibald Oliver, when he returned from the country, and his sister, called to deliver the answer to the letter he had taken, and one visit led to another, till scarcely a day elapsed without his passing some hours in her company.

Rachel's intentions, when she first came to London, were to apprentice herself to some person who could instruct her in some laudable employment, whereby she might render herself independent. For in her opinion, the person who by the exertion of any talent, or the exercise of industry, could support themselves, was in every sense of the word as independent as they who inherited wealth or titles from their ancestors. But these praiseworthy resolutions were from time to time put off, and her attention diverted to other objects, till she began to perceive the small sum of money she brought with her to London was very visibly diminished, and yet no plan put in execution, by which it could be replenished. 'I must do something to-morrow,' said Rachel every night as she laid her head on her pillow. But to-morrow came, and La Varone had ever some new scheme of pleasure to propose. Juvenile indiscretion united with curiosity, and a love of amusement, natural to youth, led her on from one day to another, till the last ten pound note was broken in upon.

Forbear, ye rigid, ye experienced matrons, to blame our heroine; it is the particular blessing of youth to be enabled to enjoy the present moment, forgetful of the past, nor fearing the future. Then censure not those who eagerly gather the roses, unmindful of the briars that surround them, or who, delighted with their beauty and fragrance, forget, in the enjoyment of their sweets, the pain they suffered in gathering them.

Jessy Oliver had written to her, had endeavoured to advise and comfort her; but Jessy stood in need of advice

advice and comfort herself; and our heroine, though conscious that she was not acting exactly right, could not summon resolution sufficient to combat inclination; but one party of pleasure succeeded another, till she almost lost the desire of employment, or the wish for independence.



C H A P. IX.

Variety—Courtship—Elopement—Letters.

WHEN Hamden Auberry first saw Rachel at the entrance of the passage in Holborn, he hardly could trust his senses; but on letting down the glass and looking intently, he perceived it was no illusion, but in reality the woman whom he had thought the most faultless, the most perfect of her sex. His heart shuddered; he dared not stop the chariot in which was his aunt, or he would have immediately jumped out, and learnt from her own lips the reason of her being in such a place; but before he could form any plausible pretext for quitting the carriage, it moved forward again with rapidity, and looking out of the open window, he saw her go into the hackney-coach, accompanied by Courtney.

If he at first had imagined Rachel had voluntarily deviated from the path of rectitude, a moment's serious reflection made him reject the idea; and he began to be apprehensive that her innocence and inexperience might have betrayed her into society and places, not altogether proper for a woman of character.

But how could he satisfy himself? Or should she be surrounded with danger, how could he discover her? how advise, or, if necessity required, protect her? Had he known where to find her, he would have ventured even to entreat his aunt to take her under her protection; but he had not the least clue by which to trace her place of residence. He thought of writing to his mother, for information; but lady Anne purposed

posed staying in London but two days, and it was impossible to obtain an answer in that time. However, he did write, mentioning what he had seen, and requesting to be informed under whose protection Miss Dudley was, hinting that he feared it was not what it ought to be, or she could never have been in the situation in which he saw her.

On the day appointed, he accompanied his aunt into Scotland; where, situated on the fertile banks of the Clyde, was an antique family mansion of lord Montmorill, her elder brother. Whilst there, he received a letter from his mother, which slightly mentioned that our heroine was well, and that the circumstance he had observed, proceeded from her standing up to avoid a shower.

She hurried over the subject as lightly as possible; for she saw the growing passion of Hamden, and knowing from experience the implacable tempers of the family, wished to discourage hopes which she saw he entertained, though against his own better reason.

Rachel herself was far from being easy when she thought of the incident, on the first night after seeing Hamden; (for she seldom was allowed a moment for thought, except in the hours devoted to rest) she felt a pleasure in reflecting he was in town. "I can see him now," said she, "without incurring the illiberal reproofs of Tabitha."

The heart of Rachel harboured not a wish or thought but what might have been made public to the whole world; and while she was conscious of its rectitude, she felt proudly superior to the little prejudices of vulgar minds. She could not understand why she might not converse with or entertain a friendship for persons of an opposite sex, as well as with those of her own. She therefore indulged the hope, that Hamden would visit her during his stay in London; but when day after day passed on, and he did not appear, she again thought pride had prompted the neglect, and calling all her own self-consequence to her aid, she endeavoured to think as little of him as he apparently thought of her.

Young Courtney, the officer who under such favourable circumstances was introduced to the reader.

in the preceding chapter, was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. He had two sisters also, lovely, innocent and helpless; their father had been a veteran sailor, commander of a first-rate man of war, in defending which from the enemy he lost his life. The pension of a captain's widow at that period was very precarious, and at the best but trifling, to maintain three women who had been accustomed to ease and elegance.

Courtney gave them all the assistance in his power, and had often thought he would never marry until his sisters were settled in the world; and then if he could meet with a woman who could and would supply their place in attention to his mother. But unfortunately, a few days acquaintance with Miss La Varone, made him waver in his resolutions. She could assume any character she pleased. She discovered that her personal charms had attracted the inexperienced sailor. She wished to marry, that she might with impunity launch into extravagancies, which at present the fear of a jail alone debarred her from.

La Varone, with a heart extremely depraved, possessed one virtue in an eminent degree. She was what the world in general calls extremely *prudent*, careful to preserve appearances, and where her own personal safety or interest was concerned, cautious not to incur the smallest degree of danger. By nature fond of luxury, show, and expensive pleasures, she had the art to *seem* frugal, retired, and studious. She was sensible that at thirty years old, the season for conquest was past, and though she did not own to more than five and twenty, and by particular attention to her complexion and dress, was not suspected to be more; yet she thought if she could secure a permanent establishment for herself before old age and neglect overtook her, it would be the wisest step she could possibly take.

The name of Courtney was honourable, his person handsome, his manners agreeable, and his family unexceptionable. It was a conquest worth some pains. La Varone artfully drew forth his sentiments in regard to the woman he might prefer for a wife, and

appeared the very character his warm imagination and unadulterated heart had conceived as most charming. She spoke of his mother with respectful affection, of his sisters with all the fervour of enthusiastic friendship; but if he mentioned her visiting them previous to their marriage, she contrived to evade his solicitations; yet with such modesty, alleging such delicate motives for her refusal, that whilst it opposed his wishes increased his love.

Our heroine was equally with Courtney the dupe of La Varone, and rejoiced in the affection that subsisted between them; looking forward to their union, as a period that would at once insure their felicity, and secure to herself two sincere friends, in whose protection she should feel herself perfectly safe till the arrival of her brother.

During this interval of time, Rachel was frequently visited by Archibald Oliver. He had at first beheld her with admiration, listened to her with delight, and every ensuing interview had heightened those sensations to a degree which almost might be termed adoration. But Archibald possessed not a doit independent of his father, and that father he knew was, by his wife's extravagance, nearly ruined.

Though volatile in his temper, eccentric in his ideas, and violent in his passions, young Oliver was scrupulously honourable; and he would have deemed it the height of cruelty to engage the affections of a woman he could not with prudence marry, or to marry her when he could neither provide for her support, or for those helpless innocents of which he might become the father. And fearing to forfeit the highly valued privilege of visiting her, he confined his feelings within his own bosom. "She loves me now," he would say; "like a brother; shall I then, by claiming more, lose even the affection I possess? No; I will adore her in silence, and pray that her felicity may be complete, though at the expense of my own."

One morning he entered the parlour (where La Varone and our heroine usually sat at work) and seating himself beside the latter, told her he came to make her

her a partaker of his own uneasiness. "Our dear Jessy," continued he, "has left her father's protection, nor have we any idea whither the beloved fugitive is fled. Here is a note she left for me; inclosed is a letter for you, Miss Dudley. The persecutions the sweet girl has lately undergone, I have concealed from you, because, as you could not alleviate them, I wished not to make you participate. But disguise must now be at an end. This was to have been her wedding day; but early in the morning it was discovered she was not in her apartment. The confusion this discovery occasioned, reached me as I was preparing, with a desponding heart, to accompany the devoted victim to the altar; and as I was rushing out to inquire the cause (for my mind foreboded something fatal) the girl who usually attended on Jessy, came into my dressing-room, and in agitated silence put these papers into my hand, retiring the instant she delivered them. I hastily tore my letter open; but it contained, as you will see, nothing satisfactory. I learnt that a note had been delivered to my father, and wishing equally to avoid him, Mrs. Oliver, and the disappointed bridegroom, I took a coach and drove directly here." The letter to Archibald was as follows.

To ARCHIBALD OLIVER, *Esq.*

WHEN the altar is decorated, the priests at hand, and the knife is raised, that will terminate existence, who can blame the poor victim devoted to sacrifice, if it break the chain by which it is held, asserts the privilege of nature, and, bounding over the plain, secures at once both life and liberty? Brother, beloved brother, they have prepared the altar, but the destined victim will escape their snares.

Deliver the inclosed to the friend of my soul, Rachel Dudley; if she condemn me, I will return a voluntary sacrifice. For so pure is her mind, so unprejudiced her opinions, soaring so far above the common herd, that I would abide by her decision even in a cause of life and death.

Dearest

Dearest Archibald, though I am driven to the dreadful alternative of marrying the man I despise, or quitting the paternal roof, do not you forsake our father. I solicit, I conjure you, my brother, in the name of our fainting mother, forsake not our only remaining parent. I fear he will soon, very soon, stand in need of a comforter. I will be constant in my inquiries concerning his welfare, and whenever I find my presence necessary to his peace or comfort, I will appear. Any thing but truth I would have sacrificed for his sake. Could you see my heart at this moment, you would pity the anguish I feel in bidding you adieu, perhaps forever.

JESSY OLIVER.

Rachel wiped off the tear this letter had extorted, and proceeded to peruse the one addressed to herself.

To Miss DUDLEY.

WILL, my dear friend pardon me that I intrude myself upon her, and by explaining my sorrows, make her a party in my concerns? I have suffered much persecution, dear Rachel, since we parted; and to avoid rushing at once into guilt and misery, I have taken a step for which the world will censure me. But what is the world to me? Had I voluntarily assumed the splendid shackles prepared for me, had I become a titled wretch, and promised faith and truth to one man, whilst every wish, every tender thought of my heart was devoted to another, would the approving smiles of that misjudging world, the adulation it is ever ready to pay to splendor and nobility, have compensated for the sacrifice I should have made of internal peace, of conscious integrity? No.—Admired, courted, envied, I should still have been miserable. The baseness of my conduct would be my daily reproach; I should have sought to banish reflection by dissipation, and who can tell where the career of guilt and folly might have stopped?

I have endured both stern commands and soft entreaties; I have been soothed and threatened alternately. That I might with more security follow the
plan

plan I had previously adopted for my future conduct, I pretended (Heaven pardon the deceit) to accept the husband my dissolute and ambitious mother-in-law had provided for me, and to-morrow morning I am expected to put on the Hymeneal yoke, and become a countess. But before the appointed hour arrives, I shall be far, far out of the reach of their tyranny. Let not my sweet friend, whose bosom is the sacred temple of purity, fear that I shall forget what is due to myself. That I am strongly attached to a worthy youth, I scruple not to confess; but he is a stranger to my passion, and in all human probability will ever remain so; for never will Jessy Oliver offer herself unsolicited to the acceptance of any man. My affections are pure as they are ardent; but the name of the object of them shall never pass my lips, or escape my pen. I fly from proffered wealth and grandeur, to obscurity; even from you, my dear Rachel, I will seclude myself. Were I happy or affluent, you should be my chosen companion, the partner of my heart. But I am the reverse, and will suffer alone. If you will condescend to receive and answer the letters of a fugitive, I have formed a plan by which we may regularly correspond; but do not flatter yourself that by that means you can trace me; nor do not, I entreat you, suffer my brother to know the means by which my letters are conveyed.

And now, my dearest Rachel, adieu! Fear not for me. I will never dishonour the name of my father, or forget the virtue of my sainted mother. Perhaps (my heart sinks at the idea, but perhaps) I shall never see you again. If so, may Heaven shower its choicest blessings on you, and inspire *me* with patience and fortitude to submit, without repining, to an affliction which would lacerate the heart of—

JESSY OLIVER.

When Rachel had finished this letter, she imparted to Archibald as much of the contents as she thought necessary; but to all his entreaties of being permitted to peruse it she continued inexorable. She admired the resolution of Jessy, and had so good an opinion of
her

her heart and understanding, that she felt confident of her strict adherence to truth and rectitude.

In all their past hours of friendly confidence, Miss Oliver had never suffered a syllable to escape her lips by which Rachel could guess at her partiality to Reuben; and at the time when they were most together, our heroine was too inexperienced to discover the passion of her friend by looks and gestures. Perhaps, had she conversed much with Jessy after her own acquaintance with Hamden Auberry, she might have been more clear-sighted.

Soon after this circumstance, young Oliver, weary of home, dissatisfied with himself, and more than ever in love with Rachel, felt there was a necessity for tearing himself from her society. Besides, he hoped, in travelling through the northern counties of England, to be enabled to learn some tidings of his sister. A distant relation of his mother's resided in the beautiful little town of Alnwick, in Northumberland; thither he repaired on a visit. Its romantic situation pleased him; the society of several agreeable families in its vicinity delighted him; and if we add that a lovely and interesting woman, whose fortune was large and independent, beheld him with affection, and suffered that affection to become manifest, it is to be hoped the fair reader will not blame him, if he lengthened his stay at Alnwick, and every day thought less and less of Rachel.

After the marriage of Lieutenant Courtney with Miss La Varone, our heroine felt somewhat disappointed that she had not been pressed to accompany the new Mrs. Courtney into the country. The Lieutenant had, to be sure, solicited her company; but the bride did not, even by a single monosyllable, second those solicitations; so Rachel saw them depart, fervently wished them hourly increase of felicity, and then sat down to reflect on her own situation in London, without friends, without employment, and with only eight guineas in her pocket.

“ I have

"I have done wrong, (said she mentally) very wrong. I must take more care, must endeavour to be more prudent for the future."

As she ruminated on the past, felt no satisfaction in the present, and looked with fear and despondency toward the future, she heard a confusion in the adjoining apartment, and the voice of Polly Webster, who was her favourite, entreating a woman to have patience, who by her expressions and manner seemed a total stranger to that virtue. She opened the door, and learnt that Mrs. Webster was indebted to this woman for tea, sugar, &c. (for she kept a chandler's shop in the neighbourhood) nearly five pounds.

Now five pounds, to a person in abject circumstances, is a debt of as much consequence as five thousand would be to one who keeps high company, a carriage, horses, servants, dresses gay, and, as it is generally termed, lives in style; nay, perhaps, ten times more. For the poor being, who for the absolute necessaries of life has incurred a small debt, may be dragged by a remorseless creditor to die in a prison, unknown, unpitied; while he who, to indulge in luxury and superfluity, had deceived the expectations of honest industry, deprived the laborious mechanic of his due, or duped the unwary tradesman, is suffered to proceed with impunity. Nay, even those who criminate his conduct, will flatter his vices, eat at his table, take him by the hand, and smile in his face, whilst in their hearts they laugh at his absurdity, pity his weakness, or condemn his depravity. Not but there are those, who, discriminating between the embarrassments of necessity, and those of wilful extravagance, pity the one and despise and execrate the other. Yes, there are in this world hearts to commiserate misfortune, whilst they dictate to the tongue comfort, and to the hands relief to the sufferer. And those chosen, those superlatively happy few, must surely be the favourites of Heaven. For the blessing they delight to confer on others, will return a thousand-fold into their own bosoms.

But I digress. To return to Mrs. Webster: She could not pay the demand, and was threatened with
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the law. Rachel had but eight guineas; but she could pay this demand and have three left. She stayed not to inquire what was prudent; she felt what would be humane. She followed the heavenly precept of "doing as she would be done by;" she paid the money.

The heart of Mrs. Webster dilated with gratitude; and the pain Rachel had endured from the departure and coldness of Mrs. Courtney, was forgot in the transport of the present moment; so true is it, that real happiness must be the result of the knowledge and practice of virtue.

Mr. Spriggins, the nephew of Mrs. Webster, though awed by her superior sense and the dignity of her manner, was an ardent admirer of our heroine; but he had never yet breathed a word that could lead her to suspect his passion. La Varone, young Oliver, and Lieutenant Courtney, had contributed to impose silence on him, and keep him at a distance. But now they were gone, he could offer any civility to her without the fear of having his endeavours to please entirely frustrated, by officiousness or rivalry.

The second day after their departure, he came, and requested the Miss Websters and Rachel would accompany him to the play. He foresaw that the young ladies would not be permitted to go without Miss Dudley, and also that her good-nature would not suffer her to decline his invitation, as by so doing she would deprive the juvenile party of a rational and (to them) rare amusement. His expectations were realized; and at an early hour they were all at the pit door of Drury-Lane Theatre. The performance was a tragedy and pantomime, both excellent in their kind.

Rachel, whose sensibility often usurped dominion over her rational faculties, banishing the milder reign of reason, was, during the tragedy, so entirely absorbed by the sufferings of the hero and heroine, that the splendid circle that surrounded her in the boxes was totally unnoticed. But between the play and entertainment, she looked round on the glittering throng; and in the stage-box, conversing with attentive earnestness with an

an elegant and very young lady, she saw Hamden Auberry.

The lady laid her hand on his shoulder. Rachel discovered that her seat was uncomfortable. Hamden, as he conversed, twisted a curl of her luxuriant auburn tresses round his fingers.

"I declare I am out of patience," cried Rachel.

"At what, ma'am?" cried the officious Mr. Spriggins.

"At the players," said she; "they are so tedious."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Spriggins, "they are to be sure a long while."

At that moment Hamden had taken the hand of his fair companion and pressed it to his lips.

"I cannot endure it any longer," cried Rachel, "the pit is so crowded, and it is so hot." Rachel was not easily overcome; but her heart was more attached to Hamden Auberry than she was aware of.

"It is so oppressive," repeated she, unwilling to acknowledge even to herself the cause of her uneasy sensations. "I must really quit the house," said she, gasping for breath. And then, before any effort could be made to get her through the crowd, a sudden mist came over her eyes, and she fainted.

The young Websters were frightened, and Spriggins was entirely occupied in supporting her, so that no method was taken to recover her. But an elderly gentleman, who sat near them, observed if they could lift her up, so that she might be above the crowd, it would accelerate her return to life. Accordingly, he humanely stepped up on the seat, and raised her in his arms. A smelling bottle was now applied, and some lavender rubbed on her temples.

The bustle this incident had occasioned in the pit, attracted the notice of the company in the boxes; and as the old gentleman raised the declining head of Rachel that she might receive the more benefit from the air of several fans, Auberry saw and knew her. Like lightning he sprang over the front of the box, and rushing through the company, was by the side of our heroine, when returning life began to animate her lips

and cheeks; and when she opened her eyes, Auberry was the first object that met them. The tender solicitude of his looks and manner, whilst he inquired into the cause of her disorder, contributed to restore her entirely; and having thanked the old gentleman for his care, and made room for Auberry to sit between herself and Polly Webster, as he held her hand, and spoke to her of his mother, Dr. Lenient, and the rest of their acquaintance in Lancashire, she entirely forgot both her indisposition and its cause.

Though the impulse of the moment had urged Hamden Auberry, in direct opposition to every rule of politeness or even propriety, to quit his company and spring into the pit, when he beheld the lifeless form of Rachel, yet when he now saw her perfectly recovered, he remembered the necessity of immediately returning to them, and apologizing for the abruptness of his conduct.

"I do not feel altogether satisfied, my charming Miss Dudley," said he in a low voice, "that the society in which, perhaps, you are obliged to mix, is proper or congenial to your feelings. Who are these young women, and the young man who attends them?"

"I am not indeed," said Rachel, "situated exactly as I could wish; but I know not how to better myself."

"Where shall I call on you," said Hamden; "I cannot now stay to say all I think. I must return to my cousin, lady Lucy."

"Is that your cousin?" said Rachel, glancing her eye upon the young lady in the box.

"Yes; I came to town by my aunt's desire merely to accompany her; she is come upon a visit to a friend of her mother's, and is going with her to make a short tour on the continent."

"And do you accompany her?" said Rachel; but she dared not raise her eyes to his face as she made the interrogation; for she felt that her own was suffused with a blush.

"No; I shall only go with them as far as Dover. But as we do not set forward till Saturday, I shall
hope

hope to pass a few delightful hours in your society previous to my journey. At what time will you be at leisure to-morrow morning?"

"I am always at leisure to see my friends," replied Rachel, with a fascinating smile.

Hamden's countenance expressed his gratitude, and the pleasure her frankness gave him, and pressing her hand, he wished her a good night, returned to the box, and a few moments afterwards, the whole party in which he was engaged left the theatre.

The remainder of the performance was entirely lost upon our heroine. Her person was present, and she saw the figures that passed and repassed before her; but her mind was totally absent, and she might as well have gazed upon vacancy. She was dissatisfied with herself; she had discovered that she was too much interested in whatever concerned Hamden Auberry; she feared too that he had discovered her weakness. These reflections entirely employed her thoughts.

When the performance was ended, she mechanically followed her party out of the house. When freed from the hurry of coaches, chairs, orange-women, link-boys, and the crowd that had just immersed from the play-house, she took hold of Polly's arm, and in silence pursued her walk home. When she entered the parlour she asked for a candle, and would have retired to her chamber; but Mrs. Webster had prepared some little delicacy for her supper, and she had too much good-nature and politeness to refuse sitting up to partake of it.

The curiosity of Spriggins and the two elder Websters was excited by the behaviour of Hamden Auberry. They had talked it over as they walked home together, and all agreed that he was certainly a lover. The company he was with declared he was of a superior rank in life; but they had not been quite pleased that our heroine had neglected to introduce them.

"He is a monstrous handsome man," said Belle, the second daughter.

"He is well enough," said the eldest, "but he seems so proud and self-conceited."

"We'll

We'll joke Miss Rachel a little about him at supper time," said Spriggins.

"I wonder what made her faint," said Belle.

"Why lawk, Belle!" replied the sister, "you know she has always lived in the country, and so I suppose the lights, and the noise, and the heat——"

Just then they arrived at home, and in a few minutes they were all seated round the supper table.

Miss Dudley has been very ill at the plays, mamma," said Poily.

"Yes, indeed," cried the eldest, "she fainted quite away, and there was such a fine gentleman jumped out of the box and came to her, I believe he is an old acquaintance."

"I believe so too," said Belle, laughing; "for he seemed monstrous anxious, and looked so happy when he began to recover."

"He is an old acquaintance," said Rachel, at once distressed and flattered by the manner in which his anxiety and assiduity was mentioned; "it was Major Auberry, madam," addressing herself to Mrs. Webster; "the son of our respected friend."

"Indeed! Well, I have not seen him since he was an infant; and besides, if he even remembered me, he is so much amongst the great folks, it would be beneath him to notice me, or any of my family, though his mother and I, when girls, were just like sisters."

"Yes, yes," cried Spriggins, whose self-consequence had been lowered by his being entirely overlooked by the Major; "yes! when folks get up in the world, they generally forget their poor friends."

"But I dare affirm Major Auberry is not one of those kind of people," said Rachel; "he intends calling on me to-morrow, and I have no doubt but he will rejoice in being introduced to Mrs. Webster and her family."

"Well, we shall see!" cried Spriggins; "but I am sure he is not overburthened with good manners, or he would have said good-night, or your servant, or some such like, to me, when he went away; for though mayhap I am not so grand, nor so fine, nor so learned, I think I understands good-breeding as well as any body.

body. And for the matter of that, a man is but a man, and I don't see why wearing a laced coat, or being called Sir, or My Lord, or Your Grace, makes one man a bit better than another."

Rachel found that it would be in vain to attempt defending Hamden against the complaints and prejudices of Spriggins, whose contracted mind and very small portion of understanding, would not suffer him to comprehend those nice distinctions which, allowing for the natural equality of man, still preserves that respect, that necessary subordination, due from inferiors to persons of shining abilities, liberal education, and superior understanding; and the ignorant, self-opinionated being who prates of equality, never once conceives the cause of the distinction, which education (more than any other cause) makes between man and man. Persons of large fortunes are enabled to enjoy the benefits of instruction in its most extended sense; and they who have cultivated their minds with care, whose tastes and manners are highly polished, feel as great a repugnance to the society of the vulgar ignorant, in whom mean pride, obstinacy and vanity in general, combine, as the pure and uncontaminated mind would feel in being forced into an intercourse with the vicious. But Rachel knew these arguments, if advanced, would have no effect on Spriggins; she therefore listened in silence to the end of his harangue, then wishing them all a good night, retired to her apartment.



C H A P. X.

Matters of Consequence.

THE next morning by ten o'clock, Hamden Auberry was in Dartmouth-street. He was introduced to Mrs. Webster and her daughters; to the former, as the friend of his mother, he was uncommonly respectful, and he spoke to the girls with such freedom, politeness and affability, that when they went

into the adjoining room, Belle declared he was a most captivating man.

Polly said she hoped, if he was going to marry dear Miss Dudley, that he was as good as he was handsome. For if he was a king, he could not be too good for her.

"Marry," said the eldest, putting up her lip, "I dare say he would be frightened to hear you say such a thing. No! no! young men of his rank and fashion don't often marry poor girls; if they did, I don't see why some folks might not stand as good a chance as others." And she cast a sly glance at the looking-glass, which hung directly opposite to where she was sitting.

Hamden, in this interview with our heroine, felt his admiration increase. Every circumstance that had taken place during her residence in London, she recapitulated to him, with an ingenuous freedom that captivated his heart, whilst his reason applauded the involuntary tribute of admiration and respect, her manners and sentiments exacted.

When she had finished her artless recital, (which was drawn forth by his inquiries, not voluntarily obtruded on his attention) "You are, I fear, improperly, as well as uncomfortably situated," said he with energy.

"I acknowledge it," replied Rachel, "but I must bear it with patience; there is no remedy."

"What do you mean, my dear Miss Dudley? You surely have friends."

"I dare say I have, Sir, many friends; but I should be sorry to trespass on their goodness."

"Is it possible Miss Dudley can imagine——" He was proceeding, but she stopped him.

"Do not misunderstand me, Major Auberry; I do not think meanly of my friends, but I am conscious of my own defects; I am too proud to live in a state of servile dependence."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?"

"Nothing very extraordinary. My brother is absent; my late dear father's agent, I greatly fear, is dishonest;

honest; and perhaps I shall find it necessary to be industrious, in order to continue in some degree respectable."

She said this without embarrassment, and with a cheerful smile. She felt no degradation in the idea of exerting her talents to procure support.

Hamden was silent; a certain something struck cold upon his heart. No wonder; it was the cold, hard drop that turns whatever it falls upon to stone. Poverty has a most unaccountable petrifying quality; many a heart has it rendered impenetrable as adamant; many a bosom has it incased in marble, or enveloped in ice, so firmly congealed, that only the sun of prosperity, riding in full meridian, could soften or relax it. Hamden felt the cold chill run trembling through every nerve; but his heart defied its frigid power, and glowed with more fervour. He said but little after this explanation, and soon took his leave.

On his return to his lodgings, he thus inquired of himself. Do I love Rachel Dudley? Most assuredly, beyond all other women. Does she return my passion? That is a question yet to be determined. If I might judge from the intelligence of her eyes—But hope may be presumption. Would I marry her? Yes, with delight and transport, if she would accept me. What? in defiance of my aunt's wishes and injunctions?

Here was a moment's pause. At length he proceeded in his questions. Would I be willing to relinquish all hope of future affluence, honour, title, and devote my life to obscurity and Rachel Dudley? I fear not. I should repine at the advantages I had relinquished, and embitter her life by my own fruitless regret. Then is it honourable, by indirect attentions, to lead her to suppose she has an exclusive preference in my bosom, or to awaken expectations, which will end only in disappointment? Certainly no.

After thus closely interrogating his own heart, Hamden determined to avoid visiting Rachel again; but on the morning following, he received a letter from his mother; it would be but kind to call and let Miss Dudley know her friend Dr. Lenient was well, and that Tabitha

Holdfast had taken to herself a help-mate of one of the faithful.

He accordingly went; one visit produced another. Prudence on one side, and pride on the other, were for a while forgotten. Hamden talked of love, and Rachel listened with complacency.

It was on a fine evening in the beginning of September, as wandering on the banks of the Thames, where a row of young willows drooped their pendent branches over the softly gliding stream, that Hamden (on whose arm Rachel reclined with the confidence of fraternal affection) spoke of the happy intercourse of congenial minds.

“Dear, charming Rachel!” said he, “it seems as though our souls were formed at the same moment, and partake of congenial particles.”

“Our sentiments are certainly much alike in most things,” said Rachel.

“And why not in every thing,” cried Hamden eagerly. “Why, my lovely friend, loving as we love each other, (for you do not deny though you hesitate to avow your affection) why do we not sanctify that affection by the most solemn vows?”

“You have an aunt, Hamden Auberry,” said Rachel with firmness, “and on her depends your future fortune. She will not approve of the untitled, unportioned Rachel for your wife.”

“Do not name her. I will renounce her favour. I will henceforth live but for you.”

“Hamden,” said Rachel, and her features assumed a serene solemnity that was almost celestial, “Hamden, I have not expressed the feelings of my soul, because I was sensible of the impossibility of our ever being united with the consent of your aunt; and know, though you were dearer to me than life itself, I will never intrude myself into a family, who would think themselves degraded by the alliance. That I am an unconnected being, is certain; no one has a right to say, Rachel, why dost thou so? But I have a heart that tells me when I err. To the reproaches of this trusty, silent monitor, I will never subject myself; to
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the contumely and censures of the world I am invulnerable; they too often misjudge and condemn the innocent unheard."

"Sweet, charming moralist, whither wouldst thou lead me?" said Hamden.

"To happiness, I hope," said Rachel smiling. "That I feel my heart glow with esteem to you," continued she; "is a truth I wish not to deny; but that esteem is pure; nor personal interest, nor hope of future aggrandizement, will ever bias me. You ask me for a wife; here is my hand; let us sanctify our loves in the face of Heaven. Enable me to satisfy my dear Reuben, when he returns, that I have not dishonoured the name of Dudley; and for the indiscriminating, curious, idle multitude, let them think as they may. Happy in your affection, their smile or their frown will be alike inconsequential."

The gratitude of Hamden was manifested in wild, enthusiastic expressions of everlasting love. But Hamden's pride still predominated, and he accepted the title of husband to an amiable woman, whose virtue and understanding would have done honour to a diadem; yet, fearing to forfeit the paltry distinctions of wealth and title, he suffered her to bear the ignominy of suspicion, and the bitterness of reproach, from those who neither comprehended or could estimate her merit.

They were married in St. John's Church, Westminster; and Rachel removed to a lodging provided for her by her husband in the neighbourhood of Mary-le-bone.

When Rachel proposed removing from Mrs. Webster's, she found no small difficulty in satisfying her inquiries respecting the cause of her removal. She had imprudently acquainted Mrs. Webster with the diminished state of her finances; when therefore on the morning of her marriage, which took place a little after eight o'clock; for Rachel, though she had now been some months in London, continued the health-giving custom of early rising, and frequently walked before breakfast, so that it was nothing extraordinary for her to be abroad so early; when, in consequence

of this union, she prepared to quit her lodging, and gave Mrs. Webster a bank bill for forty pounds, requesting her to get it changed, the old lady looked at her with a scrutinizing eye; and though not apt to make remarks, could not avoid speaking to our heroine in the following words:

“It is no business of mine, to be sure, Miss Dudley; but I am afraid you are going to do a very imprudent thing. To your family and connexions I am a total stranger; but for the sake of my friend, Mrs. Auberry, I could wish you had conducted yourself with more circumspection.”

“In what, madam?” said Rachel indignantly, “have I transgressed the laws of prudence?”

“You have received the visits of several young men. Mr. Oliver, I concluded, was your lover for some time; but after visiting, taking you on parties of pleasure, and being as attentive as man could be, whisk he goes off into the country, and there’s an end of the matter.”

Rachel could not help smiling as she replied—“Mr. Oliver, I believe, madam, never thought of me in any other light than as a friend. I am so happy as to be esteemed by his sister, and for her sake he shewed me, whilst he stayed in town, more than common respect.”

“Well, it may be so; but it had a very odd appearance though. Then came Mr. Courtney. I made quite certain that he would be the happy man, when, behold! instead of you, he marries Miss La Varone. To be certain, she was a clever sort of a body; but then one would have thought a young man would not be at a loss to choose between you and her.”

“Well, you find he was not at a loss,” answered Rachel rather petulantly.

“And now,” continued Mrs. Webster, not noticing her reply, “now here has been Major Auberry, dancing attendance above a month past. I am afraid he means no good; he is, as one may say, one of the quality folks; and his aunt, lady Anne, would no more agree to his marrying a poor girl, than she would to his going to Jerusalem. What then does he design?

Take

Take care, Miss Dudley, do not let him make you his dupe. You are going from me; for what purpose, or into whose protection, you have not thought proper to tell me; however, that is neither here nor there. As I said before, it is no business of mine. But when I think, that not a fortnight since you shewed me the contents of your purse, which were very trifling, and declared it was all you possessed in the world, and that I now see you in possession of forty pounds, I cannot help thinking all is not as it should be."

"I thank you, madam, for your care and anxiety on my account," said Rachel, who perceived, in Mrs. Webster's manner, more of curiosity than real solicitude for her welfare, "but to quiet your apprehensions, permit me to assure you, I shall be careful never to offend against virtue and morality. My conduct may incur censure, but shall never be criminal. Whilst my dear brother is from England, I hold myself accountable to no one for my actions; and whilst my own heart acquits me of any breach of my duties either moral or religious, I am perfectly indifferent as to what opinion the world in general may form concerning me."

Thus argued Rachel; but her ideas were erroneous, and she found, when too late, it is not only necessary to be virtuous, but to appear so. Alas! pity it is, but the semblance is often more respected than the reality.

"I suppose we shall see you sometimes, Miss Dudley?" said Mrs. Webster with a sneer, as she took leave of her.

Rachel slightly answered in the affirmative, shook hands with her and Belle, kissed the affectionate little Polly (who stood sobbing by the window) and put a guinea into her hand; then ordering her trunk to be placed in a hackney-coach that waited at the door, she stepped in, drew up the glass, and a few moments conveyed her to her new lodgings, where her husband was ready to receive her.

The attachment of our heroine to Major Auberry was pure as it was ardent. Accustomed from infancy to confine her affections within a narrow circle, she would

would have felt no repugnance to seclude herself from all other society, could she have been certain by so doing to insure his eternal love and fidelity. She had asked leave of Hamden to inform Jessy Oliver, with whom she regularly corresponded, of the change in her circumstances; but he forbade her. She acquiesced in silence.

It had never entered her mind, that an unknown individual like herself, could excite the curiosity of her neighbours. She was the least inquisitive of any human being. "Of what consequence," she would often say, "is the business, pleasures or pursuits of others to me. I harbour no ill will towards any; and have I a right to scrutinize their actions? No."

Hamden Auberry, still the slave of pride, and fearing to forfeit the favour of lady Anne, suffered his wife to go by the assumed name of Dacres. Our heroine too was equally the slave of the same passion, but it was of a more laudable kind. He sacrificed the reputation of a virtuous woman, rather than relinquish the insignificant distinction wealth and power could give; and she nobly (though romantically) braved the censures of the world, to evince her thorough contempt of both.



C H A P. XI.

Across the Atlantic.

AS Variety is said to be the fascinating charm that intrances the senses, awakens attention, and, displaying her many-coloured wings in a thousand different lights, obscures from our view the scythe and glass of Time, and suffers him to pass unheeded by; at her shrine I kneel, her aid I invoke. Come, enchanting phantom, who, as thou passest momentarily, assume some new, some charming form. Whether as pleasure, tripping lightly forward, thy temples wreathed with roses, and thy hands striking with sportive

ive lay the dulcet lyre ; or whether, in the robe of sorrow clad, with pale, cold cheek, and uplift, tearful eye ; or cheerful industry, with placid smile, with bosom tranquil, and with moderate scrip, stored with life's comforts, not its superfluities ; or as meek patience, bowing with submission before the keen blast of undeserved calamity ; whatever shape thou dost assume, to me thou art welcome. Hasten then, for with thee ever comes the Muse. Her vestments white clasped by a golden zone, her buskined leg half bare, her auburn tresses floating in the wind ; her veil, which part conceals her beauteous face, and part plays loosely in the breeze, wrought with devices strange and rare ; History, Poetry, Fiction and Truth, blended so soft as to relieve each other ; ethereal vision, come ; I wait thee here. For many is the painful hour thou hast soothed ; many the heart-ache thou hast lightened. Weariness has fled at thy approach, and the still hour of night has been as cheerful as the full blaze of day.

‘ But, madam, if you please, we would prefer a little less of the figurative, and a little more plain matter of fact.’

Pardon me, gentle reader. I forgot I was writing the history of Reuben and Rachel, and was giving you the history of my own feelings.

A poor substitute, you say. I acknowledge the truth of the objection, and therefore return to my hero.

After a passage of thirty days, Reuben Dudley arrived safe in the Delaware, and on the thirty-second day after his departure from Liverpool, landed in the city of Philadelphia. He had with him several letters of, what is called, recommendation from merchants in Liverpool to their trans-atlantic correspondents ; but they contained nothing more than a general mention of his family, and that his character and morals had been hitherto unimpeached.

“ I will not inquire out the gentlemen to whom these letters are directed, till I have seen my good friend Jacob Holmes,” said Reuben to himself, as he walked up the main street. “ He will, without doubt,

accompany me, when I wish to visit them. How glad will he be to see me," continued he mentally. "His natural love to my sister and self, his gratitude to my father——"

At the remembrance of his father, Reuben's heart became full; and when he seated himself in the tavern to which he had been recommended, and began to reflect seriously upon where he was, and that it was more than probable his father might have been in that very house, in that very room, nay, he might have rested on the identical chair he was now seated on, the fulness of his heart overflowed at his eyes, and he indulged in the effusion without restraint.

He had ordered some supper. As the master of the house came in with it, Reuben asked him if he had ever known one Mr. Dudley, who had resided in Philadelphia between two and three years.

The landlord had, previous to the question being asked, drawn a chair to the opposite side of the table to that where our hero was seated, and when he heard the interrogation, answered it by another.

"I expect he is some relative of yours, by your being so inquisitive about him."

"He was," said Reuben mournfully, "a very near and dear relative."

"So I expect," replied the landlord. "Pray where is he now?"

"In heaven," said Reuben, raising his eyes, whilst every pulsation vibrated in exulting confidence of his father's worth.

"You must not be too sure of that," said the landlord.

"Had you known him, Sir," said Reuben with a firm and earnest manner, "you would have no more doubt of his present happiness than I have."

"I did know him," replied the host.

"Then you knew one of the best men that ever lived."

"Yes, he was good in the worldly acceptation of the word; he did alms, told no lies, hated no one, paid every man, yea, more than his due; but all this

is vanity, filthy rags, unclean vestments. He was not one of the chosen; he was in a lost state."

Here a dispute ensued, in which Reuben evidently lost ground with his antagonist; for Reuben argued with coolness, and took reason for his monitor; whereas his opponent was wild, enthusiastic, and extremely ignorant. He had adopted some eccentric ideas in regard to religion, and he asserted that his opinions were right, "because they were," and that all who did not think exactly as he did, were in the high road to destruction, for the same unanswerable reason, "because they were."

Before Reuben had finished his supper, the landlord left him, to impart to his spouse all he had learnt concerning the stranger. The curiosity of Jael was not satisfied with this intelligence of her helpmate's.

"Thou hast learned nothing, Zekell," said she; "I will go and question the young man myself."

Jael entered the parlour.

"You are just arrived," said she, sitting down in the place her husband had just left.

"Yes, just landed."

"From England?"

"Yes."

"What part?"

"Liverpool."

"Liverpool?"

"Yes."

"I expect you have got some kinsfolks in the city."

"Not that I know of."

"No friends, no acquaintances?"

"Oh yes! Do you know Jacob Holmes?"

"Yes, to be sure I do. Master has reason to know him; he is a dire hard man to deal with."

"What business does he follow?"

"Business! Well, I expect you don't know much about him, to ask that question. Why Jacob Holmes is one of our grandest men, for all he be a Quaker. And then he married such a grand woman; why I expect she had a matter of five hundred pounds to her fortin."

"Mr.

"Mr. Holmes is married then?"

"What, did not you know that? Well, I thought you were a boasting sort of fellow, pretending to know folks who you never saw'd."

"How long has he been married?" said Reuben.

"Why I expect it is about a year and a half ago."

"So long?"

"Yes, so long; and madam Holmes has got a sweet little baby, about three months old."

Reuben paused a moment, and then without reflection exclaimed, "Why he must have married immediately after my father's departure for England."

"And pray what may be your name?" said Jael, placing both her elbows on the table, and resting her chin on her hands, whilst her large blue glass eyes were fixed on the face of our hero with a most unmeaning stare.

"My name is Dudley," replied Reuben.

"So I expected," said she, and something like low cunning informed her broad and inexpressive features. "And so you are cum'd to look at the fortin squire Dudley left?"

"Even so," replied Reuben, pushing from him the plate that contained his almost untasted supper. "How far from Philadelphia does the late Mr. Dudley's estate lay, and which is my nearest road to it?"

"Ah, young man!" said Jael, "I expect you be cum'd on a fool's errand. It matters not to you where it lies; he never paid for it; and cording to counts that we have heard, the squire owed a pretty deal before he cum'd from home."

Reuben started. "Of whom are you speaking?" said he.

"Of squire Dudley."

"What Dudley? what was his Christian name?"

"Name! name! I can't just now say; but I expect it was a bible name."

"Was it Reuben?" asked our hero eagerly.

"I do expect it was," said the woman, rising without the least emotion, and beginning to remove the supper from the table.

"Oh!

“Oh! my dear father!” exclaimed Reuben, and his respiration became so difficult that he was obliged to walk to the window and throw up the sash.

Jael replaced the dish upon the table, and with a look and manner to which no description can do justice, thus addressed him:—

“If squire Dudley was your father, I wonder how you got safe over sea. Nobody was surpris'd when they heard he was cast away and drowned; for he was as great a reprobate as ever lived.”

“Reprobate!” repeated Reuben with vehemence, and his eyes flash'd resentment, whilst his heart swell'd almost to bursting.

“Yes, reprobate,” repeated Jael, “and I expect you will find a pretty many folks in Philidelpy that will tell you as how here he comed over sea, and pretend'd to be a vast rich man.”

“'Tis false!” cried Reuben; “I would stake my existence upon his probity. My father would have scorn'd to pretend to any thing more than he could make appear reality.”

“But I say he did though,” said Jael; “giving away his interest as a body may say, selling his goods at half-price, that, as he said, the poor might buy as well as the rich. Then if he saw a man that wanted, he never inquired whether he was a Christian or a Papih, but lent or gav'd him what he axed.”

“And a just and beneficent God will reward him for it,” said Reuben, raising his eyes fervently. “He is now, I trust, reaping the reward of his philanthropy.”

“It mought a been all very well,” continued Jael, not noticing the ejaculation of our hero, “had he only given away his own; but to deal so hardly as he did by that pious young man, Jacob Holmes—Oh! it was a wicked thing.”

Reuben approach'd a few steps towards his hostess, and then stopp'd, fix'd in curiosity and amazement; amazed at the malignity with which this ignorant woman endeavour'd to asperse the memory of his father, (whilst every sentence till the last, must appear

in the eye of pure religion and candour as his highest eulogium) and curious to know from what source this malignity proceeded; whilst Jael, leaning over the back of the chair from which she had arisen, her features still fixed and without expression, in the same monotonous tone of voice proceeded:—

“It is a serious thing, young man, a very serious thing, for one to be left gardeen to a wealthy child. Oh! it is a trying matter, a grand snare, laid by Satan, the mighty tempter, the great deceiver. Money is the root and spring of all evil; it is the bait the wicked one makes use of to draw the children of vanity astray, as he did thy father. Oh! it was an abomination for him to keep Jacob Holmes as he did, without even pocket money, whilst he was throwing away his interest by handfuls.”

“I do not understand you,” said Reuben; “Jacob Holmes was an orphan child, adopted, brought up and educated by the charity of my father.”

“Ah! that was the story squire Dudley told, when he first comed here; but we knows better things now. It was the money of the good Jacob Holmes on which he was living; for I expect if it had been his own he would a been more careful of it. But thy father, young man, has wronged the orphan of his right, and made himself rich at the expense of the son of the widow, and the curses of the widow and the orphan will rest upon him and his children.”

“So be it,” cried Reuben; “I fear no judgment for my father’s actions. Oh that I may be enabled to emulate his virtues, to tread his footsteps—But I feel I am to blame in listening to one, whose aim is to calumniate the memory of him who gave me being. What could he have done to deserve thy hatred, that even his sacred dust cannot rest in peace? Did he ever wrong thee or thy family?”

“No, not he; I expect he was the means of my getting a matter a twenty pounds or so, that I should a lost; but then, though it did me a kindness, it did not tell much to his credit, though (as master said)

we got our money, and what matter was it to us who paid it?"

"True," cried Reuben, "that could be of but little consequence indeed; but pray tell me, how came my father to render you this service?"

"Why I expect it is so long a story, you will be tired."

"Tell it as concisely as possible," said Reuben; "I will answer for my patience; and even should it be more lengthy than I expect, when a father's good deeds are the theme, what son could be weary or feel his attention flag?"

Jacl looked at him, with mouth and eyes extended. She comprehended nothing more than that he desired to hear how his father happened to pay her twenty pounds; so, still leaning over the back of the chair, she began:—

"I expect it's a matter a three years agone, a woman comed over in a ship from London, an she said as how she comed ater her husband. She was as pretty a body, I expect, as one mought see in a hundred. Master and I was just married, and got into this here house. So she comed an wanted to board with us, an she had a baby with her about six months old. So she had plenty of money, an a golden watch, an a power of fine clothes; so we let her have our best room, an hired a girl to wait on her."

"Plenty of money, a gold watch, and fine clothes," said Reuben mentally, and he turned from the selfish narrator to hide his indignation and contempt.

"Well, ater a while," she continued, "we found as how the parson she cum'd ater was not her husband; he had kept her company, and I expect, promised to marry her; but he would neither own her nor her child when he saw'd her here. So she did nothing but cry, and cry, and kifs her little girl; she was too proud to work, and so, when her money was spent, and her golden watch sold, she said she wished to die."

"Poor, unfortunate girl," said Reuben in a tone of commiseration, "how I pity her!"

"Pity

“Pity her indeed,” said Jael, “a creeter! When I told her she mought get a good living by going out to sarvice, she said she knew not how to labour for bread; them was her very words, an so she would not eat nor drink, an used to go night ater night with her clothes on, sitting on the floor, and resting her head on a chair or the window-seat. She at last grew so weak, that she was not able to walk; so I went and axed her what she meant by going on so; for she know’d as how she owed me above twelve pound; so she only answered me, ‘she meant and wished to die, and at once release me and herself.’ But then she would hug her baby, and cry, ‘Poor little wretch! what will become of you? It were better we both died together.’”

Reuben’s eyes glistened with the dew of sensibility, but he was silent.

“So at last she fell into a consumption; I expect it was all owing to her pride that was so humbled and mortified. So seeing as how she was like to become a trouble to master, I told her how she must go about her business; for I wanted my room to let to somebody else.”

“Did you tell the poor dying creature so?” said Reuben, in a tone expressive at once of anger and commiseration; “did you tell her so?”

“Yes, I did,” said Jael; “for you knows self-preservation is the first law in nature, and ’tis but right one should christen their own child first. So madam got up, and with her child in her hand crawled down stairs; and when she got into the kitchen, she fainted away. So squire Dudley was in the next room, and he heard the bustle in the kitchen, and came out to axe what was the matter; so when I told him, he threw me the money she owed me; but he called me a very bad name. Then he got two men to carry the sick body to his own lodging in an arm chair, an there he had her tended and doctored; but that did no good, for she died. An there he took the child, and had it put out to nurse, though every body said he ought to be

be ashamed of himself for doing any thing for such a sort of woman."

"Oh my father! my father!" exclaimed Reuben, "ought not thy son to exult that thy character was such, that even the aspersions of thy enemies are thy highest praise?—And where is the poor child?" addressing himself to the woman.

"Dead; for ater the squire went away, Jacob Holmes would not pay for its being nursed; and who can blame him? There had been enough of his interest wasted already."

"I tell thee, woman," said Reuben, "Jacob Holmes never had any property whatever but what he enjoyed from the beneficence of my father."

"I expect that story won't do you much good here," said Jael; "but howsoever, you axed about the child, an so as I was saying, it went to the poor-house, and there it died."

As Jael finished this history, she took the dish and plate from the table, and left the room, and Reuben shortly after retired to bed, but not to rest. To find his father's memory traduced, to find Jacob Holmes in actual possession of his estate, and believed universally the lawful owner of it, was a shock he had never dreamed of receiving, and knew not how to support.

As he had imagined he should, without the least difficulty, take immediate possession of the effects his father had left in Holmes's care, and as he knew there must be considerable money in his hands, arising from the sale of merchandize with which he had been entrusted, our hero had taken but a very small sum of money with him from England. Indeed his finances in general were in so confined a state, that he could not command a sum of any consequence. It was therefore no small addition to his uneasy sensations, that he was in a strange land, with very little money, and without a single friend. However, he determined the next morning to visit Jacob Holmes; for, still unwilling to believe human nature could be guilty of such depravity, or that a man, adding dishonesty to ingratitude, would return the benevolence of the father by wronging the son,

son, he indulged a feeble hope, that his reception would be better than from what he had heard he had a right to expect.

After a restless and perturbed night, he arose with the earliest dawn, and having inquired for a horse, was preparing to visit Jacob, when, as he went to the door with the design of mounting, he saw the identical person he was going in search of just alighting. Spite of the intelligence he had received from Jael, Reuben's heart warmed with affection, when he beheld a person who had been so dear to his father, and who had borne himself and sister in his arms a thousand times. He darted forward, and took his hand. "Jacob," said he, in a tone of fraternal tenderness, "Jacob, how are you?"

"Well, I thank thee, young man," replied Jacob, coldly withdrawing his hand, and stalking with upright formality into the house.

Though chilled by his frigid manner, Reuben felt his heart contract, yet he followed him into the parlour, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, cried, "Don't you know me, Jacob?"

"No, really, young man, thou hast greatly the advantage of me; I do not recollect ever to have seen thee before."

Nearly six years had elapsed since Jacob had left England, and a period of that length might naturally be supposed to make a material alteration in the person of a youth, whom it had transformed, as it past, from a cheerful, blooming boy, to the graceful, well-informed man. But still there was sufficient in his manner, voice and features, to inform Jacob Holmes, at one glance, who it was addressed him. But Jacob had found a short memory very useful on many occasions, and was determined to try its efficacy on this; and therefore boldly asserted he had never, to his recollection, seen Reuben before.

"Look at me again, friend Jacob," said our hero, "you surely cannot totally forget the face of Reuben Dudley, the son of your friend, Mr. Dudley, of Lancashire."

"I do

“I do remember thee now,” said Jacob; “but how is it, young man, that I see thee in the garb of the children of vanity? thy father wore it not.”

Reuben was now struck by observing the very formal and primitive appearance of Jacob. “I hope I am not the less pious,” said Reuben with a smile, “because my coat is not cut in the same fashion as thine, or my hat quite so large. I am come to inquire after my father’s effects, and to release you from the trouble you have so long had, of attending to concerns which may interfere with your own business and pursuits.”

“Thou art welcome to Philadelphia, friend Reuben,” said Jacob, assuming some small degree of cordiality; “I shall be ready to give an account of my stewardship whenever thou shalt demand it. In the mean time, go home with me, and sojourn till thou canst suit thyself better. I am going across the river on some little matter of business; when I return, we will go together to my house.”

“Ah!” said Reuben, after Jacob had left him, “I fear this man has a dishonest heart; but I will not judge too hastily.”

Towards evening, Jacob returned, and with our hero proceeded to the house of Mr. Dudley, which he now claimed as his own. It was situated on the declivity of a hill, that, rising gradually behind it, sheltered it from the wintry blasts, and whose sides were covered with a variegated wood; the spreading pine, the cedar, the wild walnut, the hickory, the birch, the oak, were intermingled, and beautifully diversified the foliage, whilst here and there the persimmon tree displayed its tempting but deceitful fruit, which, like the frivolous pleasures of the world, are lovely to the eye when viewed at a distance; but when tasted, disappoint the expectation, and its harsh acidity is rejected with disgust. Here too, in native beauty, bloomed the laurestinus, and here innumerable wild flowering shrubs, gave richness and fascination to the scene, whilst the mild south-west breeze wafted their delicious odours to the senses, refreshing and invigorating nature.

ture. From the front of the mansion, the green banks sloped gently to the margin of the Schuylkill, and displayed the advantages of cultivation. Here were fields of ripened grain; here were pastures, where the sheep and cattle reposed in safety, and feasted on luxuriant verdure. To a mind so pure, so every way formed to conceive and enjoy the beauties of nature as was that of our hero, the scene was enchanting; he rode on, wrapt in contemplation and delight. At length perceiving the house, which just peeped from between the surrounding trees, he asked, "Is that my father's house?"

"That is my house," said Jacob.

"And how far from hence is my father's place?"

"This is the place he designed to purchase."

"Designed?"

"Yes, but he went away before he concluded the bargain, and I have since made it mine."

They had now reached the house, entered a large gate and dismounted, when Jacob, with affected solemnity and humility, welcomed Reuben to his homely dwelling, and presented him to his wife Dinah, a pretty Quaker, whose heart was naturally good, but whose understanding was scarcely above mediocrity, and had been cramped by prejudice, and whose knowledge of the world extended not beyond her own immediate family concerns. She loved Jacob sincerely; he was in her eyes the first of human beings; and when she presented her hand to welcome Reuben, it was with an air of friendly cordiality; for he was the friend of her husband she thought, and as such, claimed the first place in her esteem, and was entitled to every mark of respect and attention. She was more than commonly careful that her supper should be good in its kind, and served with neatness. A chamber was prepared for him by her orders, and thither he retired at an early hour, to reflect on his own uncomfortable situation, and lament the ingratitude and dishonesty of Jacob Holmes.

C H A P. XII.

Settlement of Accounts—A Campaign.

THE next morning after breakfast, Reuben requested to see a statement of his accounts, that he might be a judge of what he ought to do; but Jacob told him he expected his wife's father the ensuing day, and as he had been confidentially entrusted with the mutual concerns between Mr. Dudley and himself, he thought he would be a proper person to be present at the final adjustment of their accounts.

To this delay Reuben with reluctance consented, and the day passed on heavily enough; for notwithstanding the novelty, beauty and variety of the surrounding objects, his mind was too much occupied in reflections on his own forlorn situation, and from thence reverted to the inconveniencies and misfortunes to which his beloved sister might be subject, should he be detained from England, and by the fraud of Jacob Holmes rendered incapable of remitting her any pecuniary assistance.

On the following morning, Jacob's father-in-law arrived, and he, with great formality bringing out a heap of papers, began to read over to our hero long accounts of money paid.

"And pray," said Reuben, "where is the account of the sales of the merchandize from whence this money arose? My father left very considerable property in your hands, and I have every reason to imagine the estate he purchased here was entirely paid for, as he drew large sums from his agent in England for that purpose."

"Thou canst not prove what thou dost assert," said Jacob, with a look of malignant satisfaction; "and I believe thou wilt find it difficult to dispossess me of an estate, the title deeds of which are all made out in my name; and to prove my right thereto, I have the receipts given to me for various sums of money, paid by me at different times, till the whole was paid for."

“But tell me,” said Reuben, “whose property was the money with which you made these payments? Was it not my father’s?”

Reuben fixed his penetrating eyes on the face of Jacob, as he made this interrogation, whose eye fell beneath the scrutinizing glance; he dared not meet the honest look; his cheek turned pale, his lips trembled, and his tongue faltered, as stooping, with a pretence of replacing some papers in a box, but in reality to hide emotions he could not suppress, he replied, that the money was his own.

“Oh Jacob!” said Reuben, “how canst thou assert such a falsehood? Does not thy heart smite thee whilst thou art thus deliberately planning to rob the orphans of their just due?” His heart swelled; he could not proceed.

Friend Simcox, the father-in-law of Jacob, took upon him to answer:

“It was thy father, young man, who endeavoured to wrong the orphan of his just due; it is thou hast occasion to blush for his evil deeds. This worthy young man has improved the trifle of property Reuben Dudley left behind him, and all demands against him discharged, there remains a sum amounting to about fifty or sixty guineas, which Jacob is ready to pay whenever thou shalt demand it; and I would advise thee to return home in the first ship that goes.”

A conversation now ensued, which convinced our hero that he had little hope of ever obtaining his right; for was he even to apply to the law, money would be wanting to prosecute his suit, or to prove his right to the estate, which was called Mount Pleasant. Mr. Dudley had with him, at the time he was lost, all the original papers necessary to be produced, the duplicates of which were in the hands of Jacob. That all the papers were irrecoverably lost, Reuben had informed this unworthy steward of by letter, immediately after the fatal catastrophe.

There was another circumstance, which militated much against him, and with which he was not informed till that hour. Mr. Dudley had ever placed an un-
bounded

bounded confidence in Jacob Holmes; he was a man of easy disposition, fond of agriculture, and such pursuits as might ultimately tend to benefit the country of which he was about to become an inhabitant, and to render his new purchase at once beautiful and beneficial. He had therefore, after having surveyed the land, and had one conversation with the person of whom he was about to purchase it, entrusted the whole management of the business to Jacob. The whole of the payment not having been made before he left Philadelphia, he had never had the deeds properly executed, and the news of his being drowned arriving before they were completed, Jacob conceived the idea of having them filled up in his own name. He had, from their first arrival in Philadelphia, been artfully undermining the reputation of his benefactor, by representing himself as a youth of fortune entrusted to his guardianship; and whenever he made a payment, he always gave the person to understand that it was his own money that he was advancing to serve his friend Dudley. This idea having been artfully propagated, and universally credited, and Mr. Dudley and himself being equally strangers in the place, Jacob found no difficulty in procuring the estate to be secured to himself. He found it much more difficult to silence the admonitions of his conscience. But the heart naturally ungrateful, by easy gradations may be habituated to admit, and even approve, every other vice. Gratitude is the foundation and source of all the moral virtues. For if we receive the many great and good gifts of our beneficent Creator without a grateful sensibility, we no longer love him; and whom we do not love, we become indifferent, whether we obey or serve.

Jacob stifled the remonstrances of conscience; and even when he saw our hero, could he have done it without fear of the law, would scarcely have hesitated to give him a quick passport from this to a better world.

The accounts adjusted according to the plan Jacob had concerted, and which old friend Simcox never scrutinized,

scrutinized, because he wished not to be undeceived, the paltry sum of fifty-seven guineas was offered to our hero, for which he was requested to give a general acquittal of all demands whatever, on the person or property of Jacob Holmes.

When this money and this curious acquittal were presented to Reuben, the one for his acceptance, the other for his signature, his indignation arose beyond the bounds within which he had endeavoured to confine it. He rose from his seat, pushing, with an indignant motion, the proffered money from him.

“Add not insult to injury,” said he, “Jacob Holmes; I would recapitulate who and what you are; but there are several forcible reasons that oblige me to silence. And first—You, Jacob, are not answerable for the faults of those, whose memories the grave has consigned to eternal oblivion; nor dare I speak of obligations; for well I know he who conferred them, ever made it a rule to fix the seal of silence on his own good deeds, and the faults of his fellow-creatures. As to taking the money you offer and signing this acquittal, they are alike repugnant to my feelings. I have no demand on your property, Jacob; I ask but for my own; the property of my late dear father is mine and my sister’s. For myself, I value it not. I am young, unencumbered, have hands to labour, or an arm to fight. I cannot want bread. But my sister, lovely, innocent, unacquainted with the world, must she be dependent? Must she court the smiles of that world? Must she submit to the contumely of the haughty, the rights of the unfeeling, or the more humiliating pity of affected sensibility, and in return procure the scanty means of bare existence? No! I cannot tamely give up her right, however I might relinquish my own. I do assert, Jacob Holmes, and you, friend Simcox, bear witness to the assertion, that this estate, this house, this land, the stock and all appertaining to it, is the joint property of myself and sister Rachel, inherited from our father, Reuben Dudley; nor will I relinquish the claim whilst I have existence.”

He

He took his hat, and walked towards the door ; then turning, he added—

“ Jacob, poor as thou hast, by thy dishonesty, made me, I pity thee. Yes, Jacob Holmes, I pity thee. Thou hast reduced me to poverty, and thyself to misery.”

Dinah, Jacob’s wife, had overheard the conversation ; not at first intentionally, but passing through the parlour that adjoined the room in which they were, and catching a word that awakened her curiosity, stopped. Curiosity, when once awakened, is hard to be repelled, at least in women, say the opposite sex. Whether we are more troubled with the impulse than our fathers, brothers, or husbands, I will not now dispute ; it is a certainty Dinah stopped to listen to a conversation which had powerfully excited her’s.

It has been remarked, that Dinah’s understanding was not of the most brilliant kind ; but she possessed that plain, natural sense which enabled her to have a full and clear perception of right and wrong. Her wishes were moderate, her wants few. She was equally a stranger to avarice, luxury and ambition. She listened to the accusation of Reuben, and all that she possessed of sensibility was awakened ; not that she feared to be deprived of part of the comforts and conveniencies she at present enjoyed ; but the man whom she thought the first and best of all God’s creatures, had been accused of fraud ; if innocently, her indignation would fall on his accuser ; if justly, then Jacob Holmes was no longer the perfect being she had ever believed him ; and if guilty of dishonesty, Dinah felt she could no longer respect him. Yet she was unwilling to believe aught to his prejudice ; she therefore approached our hero as he left the apartment.

“ Thou must not leave us in anger, Reuben Dudley,” said she, laying her hand on his arm as he attempted to pass her ; “ if Jacob has done thee wrong, I dare affirm it was not wilfully ; and if thou canst make it appear, he will make thee ample restitution.”

“ Do not detain me, madam,” said he, gently freeing himself from her hold ; “ I am in haste to depart ;

but I part not in displeasure with you. God bless you, and make you as happy as you are innocent." Then kissing the child, which she held in her arms, he went hastily to the stable, saddled his horse, and without any opposition, mounted and proceeded to Philadelphia.

Dinah entered the room where her father and husband were sitting. "Good Jacob," said she, "let not the young man leave us in anger. I do remember his father; I have heard him speak of thee with affection, as though thou hadst been his own child. I verily believe he did love thee, Jacob; for his sake, let me call back the young man."

"No," cried Jacob, with a stern look, "stay where you are (for she was about to quit the room); the youth has behaved unseemly, refuses the money which I have tendered him, and lays claim to my whole estate."

"And art thou sure, quite sure, Jacob Holmes," said she, and her countenance expressed fear and doubt, "art thou quite sure that he has no lawful claim upon thy property? In good truth, I thought he spoke as though he were assured of his right."

"Dinah," said Jacob, "thou art a good woman; thou dost understand thy household concerns; they are sufficient for the extent of thy capacity. I pray thee, Dinah, trouble not thyself with what is beyond thy comprehension. Thou art a stranger to the world, totally unacquainted with the arts and deceptions with which it abounds."

"Verily thou sayest right," she replied mildly, "but as I could not assert a falsehood without hesitating, nor claim what was the right of another, without blushing, I judged by the firm voice and unembarrassed manner of the young man."

"If thou didst judge of him by thyself, Dinah," said her father, "thou didst wrong."

"Perhaps so, father; I am simple, and uninstructed. But I hope I am not equally wrong in judging of my husband's heart by my own; for I think, Jacob," continued she, and she laid her hand affectionately

ately on his arm; "I think I would rather be poor and honest, than rich at the cost of another; wouldst not thou, Jacob?"

Jacob could not reply, nor even lift his eyes to the face of his wife; he rather unkindly shook off the hand she had laid on his arm, and the child just then beginning to cry, he bade her take away the noisy boy, for it disturbed him. Dinah obeyed in silence, repaired to a distant apartment, and as the infant drew from her bosom life's nourishing fluid, she hung fondly over him and wept.

Our hero in the mean time returned to Philadelphia. His mind was harassed, his spirits depressed; he endeavoured to compose himself, and to form some plan for his future conduct; but, inexperienced as he was, he wanted a friend to advise and direct him. "To-morrow," said he, "I will deliver the letters I brought with me."

Reuben was elegant in his appearance, though perfectly plain in his dress; but there was an air of superiority, not pride or self-consequence; it was that native dignity of manner, which is ever inspired by conscious rectitude of heart and unimpeached integrity. His person was striking, and what would in general be termed handsome. It will naturally be supposed he was therefore received with politeness, and would have prepossessed almost every one in his favour, but that almost all whom he conversed with were prejudiced persons, who conceived that Jacob Holmes's interest had been much injured by the extravagance and folly of his father.

From several to whom he delivered letters, (which letters were nothing more than a simple annunciation of his name and family) he received invitations to their houses; but when his circumstances began to be suspected, and indeed the openness of his disposition led him rather to expose than endeavour to conceal them; when it was discovered he wanted friends who would be farther serviceable than merely giving him a dinner, or a bed for a few nights; he found, by their distant, frigid manner, that he was no longer
welcome,

welcome, that he was thought an intruder. His independent spirit took fire; he no longer visited, he shut himself in his apartment, lived sparingly, and revolved a thousand different plans by which he hoped to immerge from obscurity, and rescue from oblivion the name of Dudley. He had applied to several professors of the law to give him advice and assistance for the recovery of his right; but his poverty was known to be certain, his claims were supposed very doubtful; no one would undertake the cause.

Can any situation be more distressing, than that of a young man, of brilliant understanding, aspiring genius, laudable ambition and uncorrupted heart, thus deprived of every means of improving his fortune, or exerting his talents, in such a manner as might at once be advantageous to himself and society in general? In a large and flourishing town, without a friend, without even an associate towards whom he felt the smallest degree of affection, how forlorn, how totally devoid of comfort were his days! A solitary individual, who looked on the surrounding multitude, whom business or pleasure had drawn together, and saw not one with whom the feelings of his soul could claim kindred, not one who conceived or commiserated his sufferings, or, should sickness overtake him, would feel interested for his recovery; or drop a tear of regret over his bier, should it please Heaven to put a period to his existence:

Depressed by his own situation, and tortured by reflections on what might possibly be the distresses of his sister, Reuben had not courage even to write to her. "Why should I torment her," he would say, "by an account of my ill success? Why write, when I have not one comfortable idea to transmit? No, I will suffer her to suppose I am no more; my silence will lead her to imagine I have paid the debt of nature. She will grieve, but time will soothe and lessen her affliction, which even at the first will not be half so poignant, as the knowledge of my existing in a state of obscurity, without money, without credit, without friends would occasion."

Jessy Oliver too, would sometimes intrude on his thoughts; but he endeavoured to banish hopes, which, spite of reason, would often arise. "She is lost to me," he would say; "I shall never see her more, or should I, will my ruined fortune entitle me to the hand of a woman of her rank? But Miss Oliver is above valuing a man for the paltry distinctions of wealth. Then ought I not to repel, with the utmost force of honour, every selfish passion that would inspire a wish to degrade her by a union with my humble destiny?"

These were the hourly reflections of our hero. Night came, and he, cheerless, sought the pillow of repose, courting oblivion in the arms of sleep. But the somnific power was deaf to his solicitations; or if, perchance, he paid a transient visit, sealing his weary eyes for a few hours, Memory, still wakeful, would represent past scenes, or fondly paint illusive present joys.

Rachel and Jessy were the objects of his dreams. Sometimes he saw his sister on the brink of a precipice, from the edge of which a horrid spectre strove to precipitate her; when, as she fell, Jessy appeared with arms extended to catch and save her from plunging into the dreadful abyss that yawned beneath. Sometimes his fancy represented his sister and Miss Oliver embarked in a small and ill-accommodated vessel, on a tempestuous ocean; the sky lowered, the winds howled, and glaring meteors shot along the horizon; the waves rose tremendous, broke on the little barque, and she disappeared. Then in a moment he saw the fair form of Jessy leading his fainting sister up the beach, when, as they strove to avoid the encroaching tide, their feet would slip, and succeeding waves again immerse them in the foaming flood; and then again an instantaneous change (for the visions of sleep are wild and unconnected) would represent those dear objects of his fondest solicitude seated in an arbour of evergreens, twined round with myrtle flowers and roses. He saw them, talked to them; sweet smiling infants seemed to play around them. Archibald Oliver too was there, and a stranger of noble mien. But
suddenly

suddenly some new terror would arise; he started, awoke, and all the fascinating vision fled. Sleep thus agitated and disturbed afforded but little refreshment; and in a few weeks our hero was but the shadow of his former self.

About this period the natives, who had been driven back into the Allegany Mountains, and who had pitched their habitation, in different tribes, upon the furthest banks of the Susquehanna, Allegany and Mohawk rivers, made frequent descents into the new settled parts of the country, plundering, burning and destroying with impunity every European settlement within their reach.

In consequence of the treachery and rapacity of these savages, it became necessary to send a military force to repel them, and guard the lives and properties of the inoffensive settlers; and Patrick Gordon, Esq. who at that time governed the colony, proposed raising a volunteer company for this service. Proper officers were accordingly appointed, and the company increased daily.

The noise this occasioned in the city awakened Reuben from his lethargy of despondency. The native spark of ambition, which had so long lain dormant, was fanned to a flame, and with the sanguine ardour ever inseparable from youth, vainly imagining to deserve was to insure preferment, he offered himself to the Governor, and was accepted.

His candour in speaking of himself and circumstances; his youth, his manners, his open, unembarrassed air, and intelligent, manly countenance, spoke volumes in his favour, and procured him the honourable appointment of standard bearer.

Early in the spring, they began their plan of operations, and marched towards the margin of the Susquehanna. During the spring and summer months, they had several rencounters with the Indians, and being in general victorious, they had driven and pursued them a farther distance into the country than they imagined, and the weather began to grow cold before they thought of returning. At length the officers
having

having unanimously agreed that it would be hazardous, as well as of little use, to pursue their retreating foe any farther, preparations were made for their gaining good quarters before the inclement season should be too far advanced. The main body had begun their march, and our hero, (who was now promoted to the rank of lieutenant) with a small party, was left to follow the next morning with the baggage.

Amongst the party of which Reuben was second in command, was an Irish youth, who particularly attached himself to our hero. O'Neil was ignorant, but honest. Like an unpolished diamond, his outward appearance was uncouth and rough; but within was a jewel of inestimable price. Simplicity, integrity and humanity were the characteristics of his soul. This young man was so pointed in his attentions to our hero, that it could not pass unnoticed. One day, when he had been voluntarily performing some little menial office, Reuben thus addressed him:

“By what good fortune, O'Neil, is it, that I am so particularly favoured with your kind offices?”

“Arrah, my swate master,” said O'Neil, “by no great matter of good fortune, only that your Honour happened to have a father.”

“Did you know my father, O'Neil?”

“Ock! and did you think I did not know him? Many is the time I havent served him, to be sure; and while Pat O'Neil lives, he will serve any that wears the name of Dudley, for his sake; aye, by night or by day, fair weather or foul, all's one for that. And did you think now I could ever forget how he paid the money for that swate crater, Madam Juliana, and how he had her nursed, and ——”

It now struck Reuben that he might, through O'Neil, learn some further intelligence concerning a circumstance, which he had often thought of since the information he received from Jael, on the first day of his arrival; for he naturally supposed that the Juliana he talked of was the unfortunate woman, whose sorrows his father had alleviated. He put several questions to his humble friend, and gleaned from him a

tale

tale which cannot be better related than in his own simple language.

“It was in dear Ireland,” said he, “about fifteen miles from Dublin’s swate city, that my honoured master had a house; I would tell you his name, but that I can’t, because, you see, I promised Madam Juliana never to breathe a syllable of the matter. She was all the child he had; and he thought she was too good for the sun to shine on, and so she was; but she was not quite so good neither, that is to say, she might a done better than to listen to a spallpeen of a lord that was an Englishman, only that he was born in Dublin. So he saw her one day when she was riding out, and he spoke to her, and rode home with her; and when my master saw who he was, he turned him out of the house, and never asked him into it; and I heard him tell Madam Juliana at supper-time, that he was no better than he should be, an if he had said not half so good, he would have said more in his favour than he deserved. I was a boy, please your Honour, then, and half a guinea tempted me to take a letter and give it to her. Och! the remembrance of that makes my heart ache very often; for if I had not been so easily persuaded, my good master and my swate lady might a been alive and happy together now. So she did not mind what her father said, but wrote to him, and met him; and one evening he brought a chaise and four horses. It was after sunset, and the new moon gave but little light; so she said, “Patrick, will you walk with me as far as the Mill-Bridge?”

“Now it was October, and the wind was sharp. So says I, ‘It is cold, my lady,’ says I.”

“A little or so,” said she, and her voice seemed to tremble. “It is a little cold, Patrick, but here is something to keep you warm;” so she put a crown piece into my hand. So we went out together, and as I opened the gate, she turned and looked up at the windows of her father’s study; for there was a big row of trees from the house to the gate, and his study windows were right opposite. So she looked at them,
and

and lifted up her hands and wrung them, and I heard her sob."

"You had better go back, Miss," said I; but she made me no answer, only walked very fast forward; and when I saw the lord and the chaise, my mind misgave me, and I said, "Och! Miss July, what are you going to be after doing?"

"Do not be frightened, my good lad," said she, "but go back and take this letter to my father."

"Go back?" said I, "no! no! Pat O'Neil does no such thing; I could not bear to see my poor old master die of the heart-break, or go crazy for your loss."

"But you must go back," said the lord.

"But I won't," said I; "I will follow my mistress to the end of the world, and farther too if needs must."

"Och! your Honour, I cannot tell how I felt when I thought they were going away without me. He had lifted my poor lady in, who seemed almost dying; so I caught hold of her gown, and hung upon the step of the chaise, and swore never to quit my hold till my hands were cut off."

"Let him go with us, poor fellow," said my lady.

"He will betray us," said the lord.

"No, I will not," said I; "let me go with my mistress, and I will not speak a word to nobody; but I will protect her, fight for her, die for her."

"Get up behind," said he.

"I sprung up in a giffey, and away we went. Well, that night we went aboard a packet, and sailed away to England, and there a Roman Catholic priest married them; but the false-hearted lord never meant the thing that was right all this while; for in a week or two he grew cool, and at last told her he was no Catholic, and therefore not her husband, and that to provide for her during her life, he had got her a husband, and when she was married, she might go back to her father. So a captain used to come with him, and I don't know how they managed; but Madam Juliana was married to him, and I thought the next day she

would have gone distracted. She tore her beautiful flaxen hair, and wrung her hands, and cried and sobbed. So then, in a little while her husband went away over sea, and then after Madam lay in, she followed him, and when she came to Philadelphia, he would not own her, and she pined and pined, till at last——”

Here the voice of poor O'Neil failed. His honest heart burst forth at his eyes.

“Spare yourself, Patrick,” said Reuben, “for I think I know the rest.”

“Not quite all, your Honour,” said Patrick; “for on the day before she died, your good father, Heaven bless him for it, let me see her. She was almost gone, and spoke so low, I could scarce hear her.”

“Patrick,” said she, “I want to thank you for your steady attachment to me. I would fain leave you something as a remembrance; but I have nothing left of any value.”

“My dear, private, angel lady,” said I, “you will leave me the remembrance of your precious self. I never! no, never! shall forget you.”

“I sent for you,” said she, “to tell you, Patrick, that, should you ever see my father, he may know from you that I have been punished, justly, I own, though very severely, for my disobedience to the best of parents. I leave my child an orphan, in a strange land; but my benefactor has promised to take care of it. You, I know, will, to the utmost of your power, protect it.”

She fainted before she had finished; they took me out of the room, and I never saw her again. Och! your Honour, she is surely in heaven; for to die heart-broken, and in poverty, in a strange land, without any friends——Do you not think she is in heaven? do you not think her sins were pardoned?”

“We will hope so,” said Reuben; “but disobedience to parents is certainly a deep offence against the commandments of our Creator.”

“But she was very penitent,” said O'Neil. Reuben was silent.

After this conversation; there seemed a kind of social bond formed between Reuben and the young Irishman;

man; the latter performing all the offices of a servant, the other practising all the kindness and benevolence of the best of masters. The autumn nights were cold; O'Neil would watch till he saw our hero in a slumber, then, adding his own blanket to the slight covering of Reuben's bed, he would wrap himself as well as he could in his great coat, and lie down on the ground beside him.

The baggage being placed in order ready for an early march, the soldiers and officers were retired to rest. O'Neil had, as usual, thrown his blanket over his master (as he delighted to call him) and the air being more than usually sharp, he found it impossible to sleep. He arose, and raking together the dying embers of a fire by which they had dressed their supper, began to re-kindle it. As he was thus employed, he thought he heard a rustling amongst the trees; and turning half round, perceived, by the faint light the fire cast around, the faces of two Indians peeping from behind a large tree. He gave a loud cry; the Indians uttered the war whoop; a scene of confusion and horror ensued, and in a few moments part of the little corps were slain, the rest wounded and made prisoners. Amongst the latter was our hero, and his faithful adherent, Patrick O'Neil.



C H A P. XIII.

Another Visit to savage Habitations.

THERE had, some little time previous to this event, been several of the Indian chiefs taken prisoners by the Europeans, and it was to this circumstance those, who were taken prisoners by the natives, owed the preservation of their lives, as the savages entertained hopes that by means of these they might procure the liberty of their captured brethren.

Their route lay across the country, and before they had reached their place of destination, a very heavy fall

fall of snow rendered the woods almost impenetrable; but the Indians, inured from their infancy to cold, hunger, every species of hardship, felt little or no inconvenience from the severity of the season, whilst the Europeans sunk under their accumulated sufferings; and of twelve who were taken prisoners, seven died by the way.

Reuben had been slightly wounded, and O'Neil had received a scratch, as he called it, in endeavouring to preserve his master, from the tomahawk of an Indian. But Reuben was by nature intrepid, and O'Neil was callous to every calamity that affected only himself. They mutually comforted and supported each other, and were amongst the few who survived at the end of their wearisome, pedestrian journey.

The morning after their arrival at the Indian settlement, the five surviving captives were presented to the sachem, Wampooghoon. His wigwam was larger and more commodious than those of his subjects. It was well lined with skins of various wild beasts, and on a kind of throne, covered with the same materials, sat the sachem. At his left hand sat a woman, whose complexion spoke her of European descent, and behind them stood a young female, in appearance about seventeen years old. Her skin was a shade darker than that of the woman's; her eyes were of that kind of dark grey, which may almost be termed blue, and yet, from the shade of long black eyelashes, may sometimes be mistaken for black. Their expression was at once soft and animated, and her dark auburn hair, which did not really curl, but hung in waves down her back and over her shoulders, was ornamented with a few glass beads, and a tuft of scarlet feathers, fancifully arranged, and not entirely devoid of taste. The rest of her dress, though greatly similar to the other women, had a something of delicacy, in its formation and method of being put on, that was particularly pleasing to Europeans. Her figure was above the middle size, yet not robust enough to be thought masculine, though every feature glowed with ruddy health, every limb displayed the strength and firmness of her frame.

She

She stood with her right hand leaning on the sachem's shoulder, in her left she held an unbraced bow, and a quiver full of arrows was slung across her back.

Wampoogohon received the captives with a kind of sullen dignity. He spoke to them in very bad English, but they understood sufficient to comprehend that he meant to detain them till the captured Indians were returned in safety.

During the time he was speaking, Reuben looked attentively at the two women, who from their places, and the universal respect paid them, he concluded were the wife and daughter of the chief. The pensiveness manifest in the countenance of the elder, the beauty and majesty of the younger, awakened in his bosom a wish to be acquainted with their story; for he was certain they were of European extraction, though of what nation he could not determine, as they had neither of them spoke.

At length, when the conference was ended, and the sachem waved his hand for them to depart, his wife arose, and spoke to him in the Mohawk tongue. Reuben perceived, from the soft tone of her voice and her earnest manner, that it was a supplication. He answered, but not with the gentlest accent; she laid her hand on his arm, and repeated her request, in which she was joined by Eumea, his daughter. He looked irresolute for a moment, then seeming to acquiesce in their demands, arose from his seat, and taking his bow and arrows, was followed by his attendants out of the wigwam.

The two interesting-females now came forward, and the eldest, whose name was Victoire, addressed our hero in very tolerable French:

“Stranger, I am sorry for your captivity, though my situation amongst these Indians makes me appear your enemy. Yourself and companions are no doubt surpris'd, to see a person of my complexion so intimately connected with one of theirs; my story may be told in a few words. My mother, a native of France, being of a protestant family, and apprehending persecution, emigrated to this new-found world,

in company with her husband, a man of strict piety and principles. Their portion of worldly goods was not large; they purchased a wild, uncultivated spot upon the borders of the Allegany, and by five years of indefatigable labour, rendered their little hut and surrounding garden, together with one field, tolerably comfortable; but just when they began to taste some small degree of happiness, which would scarcely have deserved the name, but by being contrasted with the excess of hardship they had endured in clearing and rendering their little demesne fit for cultivation; then, at the moment when they hoped to reap the reward of their labours, a party of Mohawks came down upon them, rifled and destroyed their dwelling, murdered my father and two little brothers, and carried my wretched mother and myself, then only a year old, into captivity."

Victoire paused; she seemed affected; a tear glistened in the expressive eyes of Eumca. At length the former proceeded:—

"My mother was a convincing proof of the excess of misery the human mind can suffer; she survived the loss of a husband tenderly beloved, and two children. I was her comfort, her stay, which held her to this world; for my sake she bore captivity without murmuring, for my sake she wished and strove to preserve her existence; she lived till I was fourteen years old, and gave me every instruction which memory furnished, for she had no assistance from books. She instilled into my young mind a knowledge and love of a supreme, benignant Being, and taught me to place my whole dependence on him, whose goodness was equal to his power.

"Wampoogchoon was the youngest son of the sachem, who at that time governed this tribe; he offered me his protection. My mother, in a dying state, rather than leave me exposed to insult, advised me to accede to his proposal, and I became his wife. His father and brothers are since dead, and you behold him a chief of the Mohawks. He is not unkind to me, and as the father of my children, I feel an affection

tion for him. Eumea is the only surviving child I have of six ; for her sake, I wish for some intercourse with the Europeans, that her mind, which is not a barren soil, may receive the culture of education. To this end, I have requested my husband to permit you to have a wigwam to yourselves, where you may dwell in quiet, till we hear of the safety of those Indians who have been detained by your party. In return, I only request you to exert your abilities to instruct, in your language, customs, manners and religion, my child Eumea."

Saying this, she presented the Indian maid to Reuben, who assured Victoire he would do all in his power to return the obligation she had conferred.

He was then, with his companions, shewn to a habitation that wore a trifling appearance of comfort ; in it were three or four bear skins, a quantity of clean dry straw, some dried fish, venison and maize, and without was plenty of fuel.

Here our hero indulged himself in reflection ; and often would his thoughts revert to his grandfather, William Dudley, who was for many years in a situation somewhat similar. But Reuben had seen too much of savage men and manners to have a wish to remain amongst them, even though he might have been elevated to the highest seat of dignity.

It was at once a comfort and amusement to Reuben, that he was obliged, for several hours every day, to employ his mind, in order to cultivate that of his pupil Eumea. He contrived, by boiling the shumak berries, to make a liquid with which he could write on white birch bark. In this manner, he made an alphabet, which she presently learnt ; and seeming to delight in attending to his instructions, he experienced a double satisfaction in endeavouring to expand and inform her understanding. She was soon able to read short sentences, which he composed for her ; his hand being generally employed, and his mind often totally occupied in striving to recollect what might be of the most service to his lovely scholar, he had little time for reflection.

O'Neil laboured incessantly to keep their dwelling warm and tight; and sometimes he went out with his gun, and brought home some kind of game which served to diversify their scanty repasts; and often Victoire would accompany her daughter to their wigwam, and on those occasions generally carried something which they thought a delicacy, such as noa-cake, omanny, or succatash, viands composed of maize and dried beans; and thus wore away a very long and intensely severe winter. Reuben had been a prisoner above six months, and yet no news had arrived that could raise his hopes of speedy liberation; and we must leave him amongst these children of nature, and return to our heroine, whom we left married to Hamden Auberry, but living in the vicinity of Mary-le-bone, under the assumed name of Dacres.



C H A P. XIV..

Scandal—Separation—Jealousy.

IT has been already remarked, that Rachel had a little curiosity in her composition as any woman existing: she was also by nature of a retired, quiet turn of mind, though easily led into scenes of dissipation, in which, as she generally mixed to gratify others, she took but little satisfaction. She therefore spent the chief of her time at home, either employed at her needle, or reading. Hamden was fond of music; he had procured her a spinnet and a master. She had a considerable taste for drawing; Hamden was a proficient in the art; he directed and improved her judgment; pointed out proper subjects for the exercise of her genius, and with her book, her pencil, her needle, music, and some few domestic concerns, she so sweetly diversified her time, that not one moment hung heavy on her hands. Indeed, Rachel had, from her childhood, been taught that most useful, and to those who practise it, that most pleasant of all lessons, constant

constant employment ; that it is better to be engaged in trifling pursuits (if innocent) than suffer the mind to sink into inanity for want of exercise.

Hamden remained in London about a month or six weeks after their marriage. He then left her to return to his aunt, who was still in Scotland ; and at the time he bade his dear Rachel adieu, he purposed returning to her within the space of two months.

After the departure of her husband, our heroine continued the same regular course of life. But calumny, who has a hundred ears, a thousand eyes, and ten thousand tongues, not one of which is ever suffered to slumber for an instant, could not permit her to enjoy her favourite and inoffensive employment unmolested.

Though Rachel had imagined that the uniform tenor of her conduct was such, as might defy even the prying eyes of malice and envy, yet she felt there was something wrong in her appearance. She went by an assumed name ; yet, confident that she was in reality the wife of Auberry, she also felt that though she had transgressed the bounds of prudence, she had strictly adhered to the rules of virtue and morality ; and this internal assurance gave her great comfort. And when retiring for the night, she would reflect that her heart was in universal charity with all her fellow-creatures, that her pursuits were altogether harmless, and in some degree laudable ; a sweet serenity would diffuse itself through her bosom, and offering up her prayers for the safety of her beloved Reuben, and her almost adored husband, she would sink into a slumber, as composed and refreshing as her own mind was pure and uncontaminated.

The heart that is itself a stranger to guilt suspects it not in another. Such was the heart of Rachel ; without enthusiasm pious, without ostentation charitable, and innately virtuous, without an idea that there was any particular merit in being so ; since, without being insensible to the inevitable misery that must and ever will follow the forfeiture of that inestimable jewel, chastity, she wondered how so many heedless women fell into an error so repugnant to her own feelings.

As

As Major Auberry was certain he could not remain long with his wife, when he secured her a handsome and convenient place of residence, he was not forgetful of the pleasure that would naturally result from a companion of her own sex being under the same roof with her. In his search after lodgings or a ready furnished house, chance directed him to Mrs. Varnice, the widow of an attorney, whose pride would not suffer her to leave the house her husband had engaged but a short time before his death, and who would, to support that pride, (the real origin of which was meanness, not real dignity of soul) submit to any thing but labour.

At the time Major Auberry applied for the upper part of her house, she knew him, and that his name was not Dacres. "But he will pay me well," said she mentally; so she concealed her knowledge, and agreed to our heroine's becoming the mistress of the apartments.

When Rachel was first introduced to her, she observed her lovely, majestic form, and sweetly interesting countenance. Mrs. Varnice was short, rather too much *en bon point*, dark complexioned, and on the wrong side of forty; but her eyes, which were of jetty hue, and whose brilliancy she endeavoured to increase by an artful tinge of rouge on her high cheek-bones, were animated and expressive, and she was not without hope that some future conquest might secure to her a second matrimonial establishment. To such a woman, the first appearance of our heroine was by no means prepossessing.

"She is certainly handsome (said she, on the day Rachel took possession of her new lodgings) she is handsome, I must own; but your pretty women have seldom much to recommend them besides their beauty." This remark was made to a poor relation, who was dependent on Mrs. Varnice for bread; an unfortunate being, who, from want of education, and extreme poverty, possessed a mind as abject as her circumstances.

Education, spirit of light, being of the first order, who in thy right hand dost hold a magic mirror; displaying

playing to the astonished sense of youth the wondrous, fascinating charms of nature; who, still receding as we pursue, yet still displaying something strange and charming, invite the admiring pupil still to follow; whose left hand holds a tablet, on which is written all that was learnt from thy instructive mirror; who, as thou passest, giving place to age, who hangs his head and droops that thou canst charm no more, presentest the tablets, whence fond memory gleans something to cheer the last cold eve of life, and being transmitted to the rising age, incite them to attend thy earliest call, follow thee through thy most intricate labyrinths, that, as thou dost ascend the hill of fame, holding before them still the instructive glass, each rising age may take a higher step, till frail humanity stands on thy summit:—Education, thou first, best gift that mortals can receive; those who know thee not, conceiving not thy intrinsic value, slight thee, condemn thee, treat thee with contempt; but they who feel thy influence, benignant power, will revere thee, worship thee, and court thy smiles, humbly entreating that the rising age might fully comprehend and taste thy beauties.

Rachel had received a good, though not a brilliant education; her mind was therefore free from prejudice. Mrs. Varnice and her cousin Lettuce were totally uncultivated, and superstition and prejudice were easily admitted and encouraged. The former of these women, therefore, concluded our heroine to be a deluded victim to inexperience and affection. She thought the infatuation (as she called it) of Hamden would not last long, and wisely imagined, by paying the most marked attention to him, by giving up her own opinion whenever it was in opposition to his, and in a hundred different forms, which she conceived to be the height of complaisance, but which to Auberry himself appeared to have partook more of abject servility, to supplant her in his good opinion; however, as he imagined her, in the main, a good-natured, inoffensive woman, he encouraged her advances to an intimacy with Rachel. He knew the purity of our heroine's mind, and native good sense would

would prevent her receiving any ill impressions, or contracting any low ideas from conversing with a woman every way so infinitely her inferior, and at the same time thought her knowledge of the world might guard the inexperienced Rachel from impositions.

If the first sight of our heroine awakened in the bosom of Mrs. Varnice the malignant fiend envy, her manners and conversation assisted to heighten it, and in less than a fortnight Mrs. Varnice pronounced her to be proud, conceited, foolish, in short, every thing that was the direct opposite to her real disposition. Yet she concealed her opinion, and would take opportunities to admire her understanding, praise her shape, her complexion, even the tone of her voice. Rachel was not greedy of flattery; but where is the human being that can at all times turn a deaf ear to its adulating voice, or steel their hearts to its insinuating qualities?

When Auberry left his wife to go to his aunt in Scotland, Mrs. Varnice had not an idea that he meant to return, and felt somewhat mortified that all her arts to attract his notice had proved ineffectual; but as she found it would be to no use to repine, she turned her thoughts to what advantage might be made of our heroine.

The parting between Major Auberry and his lady had been extremely painful on both sides. Rachel's heart sunk within her, and as the chaise drove from the door, her emotions became so violent, that Mrs. Varnice was obliged to lead her into her own parlour, and give her a glass of drops and water.

"Come, come, my dear Madam," said she, as Rachel endeavoured to suppress her tears, "you must not give way to this immoderate sorrow; Mr. Dacres, I dare say, will soon come back again; I suppose he is not gone very far."

"Four hundred miles," said Rachel, "appears to me an immense distance; and I know not how to account for it, but I feel such an oppression at my heart, it seems as though I had beheld him for the last time, and yet I know he will return as early as possible."

"O! to

“O! to be sure he will; he promised to come back soon, did not he?”

“He will come as soon as he can, I know; but the length of his stay does not depend entirely on himself. However, he has promised I should hear from him very often, and I shall count the moments with impatience till I can hope to receive a letter. I have been very troublesome to you, Madam,” continued she, rising to quit the parlour; “pray pardon my childish behaviour; I will retire and endeavour to attain fortitude to bear this first (and I hope in Heaven it will be the last) separation.”

Her eyes filled again as she spoke, and courtesying hastily, she repaired to her own apartment; and having disburthened her heart by giving a free course to her tears, she composed her spirits; and asserting that understanding which was ever ready at her call, she began to employ herself on a piece of embroidery, the pattern for which was drawn by Hamden; from that she went to her spinnet, and played as well as she could a trifling air which he had taught her. These employments amused and soothed her. She became composed, and determined, during this enforced and painful absence, to occupy herself in acquiring those accomplishments which she knew would be most agreeable to her husband. Every trace of the primitive puritan was now entirely abolished, except that she was extremely neat in her dress, and simple in her manners. She followed fashion as far as she thought it consistent with propriety, but no farther; and though strangers would pronounce her perfectly elegant at the first glance, were they to scrutinize the several articles that composed her apparel, they would be at a loss to say what particularly constituted that elegance. In short, Rachel was the kind of woman who gives taste and fashion to every thing she wears, however plain its formation, however common the materials of which it is made.

The state of her mind after the departure of her husband was such, as precluded every idea of seeking society during the day. She attempted, but the at-

tempt was vain, to partake of a meal which the care of Lettuce had provided (for Lettuce had performed the office of attendant on the person of our heroine from the first day of her residence in the house of Mrs. Varnice); but towards evening she began to reflect, that the sollicitude and attention of her hostess demanded some return; she therefore requested she would come and take tea in her apartment.

It was now the middle of October, and the twilight at that period soon closes; it was six o'clock, when the tea things were placed on the table; a cheerful fire illumined the hearth, two wax candles lent their rays to enliven the scene, the windows were closed, the curtains let down, and perfect silence reigned in the apartments. The house was as retired as though twenty miles from London, and not a sound interrupted the tranquillity of the surrounding scene, save now and then the rattle of a solitary carriage passing to and from the environs of the city.

If there is a moment in which the human mind is more inclined to unbend, and place an unlimited confidence in those who profess a friendship, it is, when fully comprehending the charms of solitude, we find that solitude may be enlivened by being participated by one who enters into all our feelings, and smiles or weeps as the colour of our fate or expression of our sentiments excites the opposite emotions. Such was the moment we have just described, nor was our heroine insensible to its influence.

"I am glad to see you so much recovered," said Mrs. Varnice, seating herself at the tea-table, and drawing the tea-board towards her, which Lettuce had just brought in; "shall I save you the trouble and make the tea?"

Rachel acknowledged her goodness, and acquiesced in the proposal.

"I suppose Mr. Dacres," said she with a sigh, "is now many miles distant from me; and suppose he writes at the first post town, when may I expect to hear from him?"

"That I cannot tell," said the artful Mrs. Varnice, "unless I knew what road he took." "The

“The High North-road.”

“Well, you may hear from him sooner, but I do not imagine he will write till he gets to York. He is a beautiful man,” taking a miniature in her hand that hung by a ribbon round Rachel’s neck; “a very handsome man indeed; and I think there is something in your countenances very much alike, very much indeed, just about the eyes and the mouth; that pretty dimple, just at the left corner. Well, you were certainly relations.”

“No indeed, we were not, I never saw him till within eight months of our union.”

“Indeed! Well, I could have sworn you had been cousins. Where were you married, in London?”

“In Westminster.”

“In Westminster? what at the Abbey?”

“No.”

“At St. James’s Church?”

“No.”

“Oh! you were married at St. Margaret’s?”

“No, I was not.”

“Bless me, then what church was it?”

“Pardon me, I am not at liberty to say.”

Mrs. Varnice smiled. “Ah! I understand now; it was a stolen match?”

“Not entirely so.”

“What, I suppose your friends knew it?”

“I have no friends in England.”

“None?”

“No, not one. I have a brother, a dear, respectable, worthy brother; but he is in America.”

“In America? Dear me; what all amongst the blacks and the wild Indians?”

Rachel could not suppress an inclination to smile, whilst she answered, “No, Madam, amongst the European settlers, who have, within the last century, emigrated into the new world, which I understand is a fertile continent extending from north to south, and constituting one entire quarter of the habitable globe.”

“And so, your brother is gone over sea to those strange parts. And what could tempt him to leave dear little England?”

“To

"To inquire after property my father left there."

"Dear well, how odd! And so your father died abroad."

"No, he was lost on his passage home, even when in sight of his native shores."

"Oh dear! how unfortunate! So you have no friends in London?"

"In London? No, nor in England, except my husband."

"Dear me! Well, I hope he will prove a faithful, good husband to you."

"I have no doubt of his faith or tenderness."

"Oh dear no! I dare say not; though men are strange, inconstant beings, will profess much without meaning any thing, marry women under assumed names, and never care for them after a little while."

"There may have been such things," said Rachel; "but for the honour of human nature, I could wish not to believe them possible till my senses convince me."

"Sweet innocent! I wish you may never be convinced," said Mrs. Varnice pointedly.

This exclamation awakened something in the bosom of Rachel, that could not rightly be termed either jealousy or curiosity, but it was a mixture of both; and the artful Varnice led her on, till she had gleaned from Rachel (only that names were concealed) every circumstance relating to herself, her brother and her husband.

After a day or two past in that kind of uncomfortable, unconnected manner, which every person of sensibility must have experienced when separated from the chosen friend of their hearts, Rachel began again to resume her usual avocations. Her needle employed the earliest hours of morning, after which she dressed, and walked into the fields for air and exercise. Her dinner past, she employed the intermediate hours between that and evening with a book, her pencil, or a lesson on her spinnet; and the evenings were usually passed in reading to, conversing and working, or playing picquet with, Mrs. Varnice.

But

But during this period, it must not be imagined that she was entirely forgotten by her quondam friends, the Websters. They had been indefatigable in their inquiries, till they found out her lodgings, and hearing that she went by the name of Dacres, they were persuaded that she had forgot the respect due to herself, and become the mistress of Hamden Auberry.

Mr. Spriggins, though at first mortified and disappointed by her sudden departure from his aunt's house, soon found consolation, by transferring his devoirs to his eldest cousin, by whom they were very favourably received; and an old uncle having left him a decent house, shop and stock in trade, in a market town in Northumberland, he soon obtained the assent of Mrs. Webster, and took her fair daughter, to shine forth in all the airs and finery of a London bride, and to set the fashions for three months to come, to all the tradesmen's wives and daughters in a little country town. His shop too was newly painted and decorated in the London style, and Mr. Spriggins himself was so polite, so obliging, that he soon attracted a large number of customers.

Beginning the world thus, not only without embarrassments, but with a small sum of ready money in hand, this young couple found, in a very short time, that they were in a fair way to accumulate a fortune. The wife, though proud, vain, and fond of finery, was meanly parsimonious, and would stint her family in necessaries, in order to buy a finer gown, or give a more expensive treat than her neighbours. Belle Webster was sent for to be her companion, and set her cap at some of the smart young men, in hopes of an establishment for life; while little Polly was left to assist and console her mother for the loss of her two eldest daughters.

When Hamden Auberry reached his uncle's seat, he was received with such affectionate tokens of joy by lady Anne, that he was almost tempted, in that moment of tenderness, to throw himself on her mercy, and confess his marriage. Happy had it been, both for himself and our heroine, had he followed the im-

pulse; but he took time to consider, and that false pride, which was his only foible, represented to him, that he was secure of the person and heart of Rachel, bound to her by the most irrevocable vows; he hazarded nothing, therefore, by longer concealment. But to avow his engagements with a woman in respect to rank and fortune so diametrically opposite to what lady Anne desired, might forfeit her regard forever; nay, this very pride flattered him that it was for the sake of his wife he still wished to conceal their union, and that the wealth and consequence in lady Anne's power to bestow were only valued by him, as, by possessing them, he could elevate the woman of his choice to a rank she was born to adorn. Alas! this was false reasoning; it was in reality an unwillingness to give up the respect, the parade, the ease and conveniencies, wealth is ever certain to insure.

Two days after his arrival in Scotland, the family were surprised by the sudden and unexpected appearance of lady Lucy. The tour to the continent had been shortened by an untoward incident, and she having, on her return, landed at Harwich, she proceeded immediately north, without going to London. Lady Anne was not displeased by the return of her niece; she looked upon Hamden as the certain successor to the title and estates of his late grandfather, but she thought a union with lady Lucy might by no means retard the completion of her wishes, which were to see him at the head of her family.

It was the evening after the arrival of this lady, that, sitting in a family way with only her aunt and cousin, and diverting them with her vivacity and innocent prattle, when, turning suddenly to Hamden, she cried, "Oh! by the bye, Coz, how does your pretty Quaker girl do?"

Hamden's face was but a trifle paler than his coat. He hesitated, attempted to answer; but finding himself at a loss for words, affected a laugh.

"You may laugh," cried she, "but I declare I thought her very pretty."

"Who

“Who are you speaking of?” said lady Anne, fixing her eyes on the glowing face of Hamden.

“Oh! he knows,” continued the thoughtless girl, “and now I have the scene full in my mind, I’ll tell you, aunt. You must know we went to the play.—”

“Nay, dear Lucy,” said Hamden, gaily catching her hand, “how can you remember such ridiculous trifles?”

“Your servant, cousin Hamden; it was no trifle at the time. Now, aunt, I’ll tell you how it was. Between the play and farce, I had observed a very pretty, interesting Quaker, who sat in the pit looking very earnestly at Mr. Hamden. I suppose she had seen him before. Eh, cousin?—Well, dear aunt, the house was very full, and the pretty Quaker fainted; when behold ye, my gentleman here takes a leap over the front of the box, and rushing through the crowd, flew to her assistance. But if you had seen when she recovered——”

“A little moderation, if you please, lady Lucy,” cried Hamden, eagerly interrupting her; “you paint the scene in such lively colours, that my aunt will suppose the bagatelle of consequence.”

“And your manner, Hamden, does not contradict the supposition,” said lady Anne pointedly. “Pray who was this fainting damsel?”

“It was a Miss Dudley,” said Hamden, in a hurried accent; “I was introduced to her when I last visited my mother.”

“Indeed!” said lady Anne, sarcastically.

“Yes, she was a great favourite of my mother’s; but I understand she is lately married to an old crony of mine, one Dacres. I am sure, aunt, you must remember what friends Tom Dacres and I were when boys.”

“And are you friends now?” said Lucy with a half smile and a sly glance at her aunt.

Lady Anne was struck with the evident embarrassment of Hamden; she therefore put an end to the conversation by rising and desiring him to attend her to her closet. Here a conversation ensued, which convinced

vinced Auberry, that the moment his aunt should be assured of his having formed a family connexion with our heroine, would be the last of her favour.

“I must dissemble longer,” said he. Alas! dissimulation is seldom necessary, can never be laudable, and was in this case despicable.—But we will return to our heroine.

The first six weeks of her husband’s absence she bore with tolerable patience; when a month more passed over, and no hope of his return, she murmured at the delay; but when, at last, week after week glided on, and Auberry did not appear, she began to despond.

Mrs Varnice was not surprised; it was what she had expected. She by slow and almost imperceptible degrees endeavoured to undermine the principles of our heroine; but Rachel, though not quick at discerning evil (because almost a stranger to its baneful qualities), at last discovered her aim, and repulsed her with the scorn she merited.

But innocence is ever inadequate to oppose, with any degree of success, the united powers of envy and cunning. In revenge for the contempt with which she had been treated, Mrs. Varnice suppressed the next letter with which Lettuce was entrusted to carry to the post, opened, read it, and committed it to the fire. By the tenor of this letter, she comprehended that Rachel fully believed herself the wife of Auberry; but this she knew before, and inwardly laughed at what she supposed to be the credulity of a fond, unsuspecting girl.

Having once begun to interrupt the correspondence, she did not hesitate the next post-night to make Lettuce keep watch at the street door, and prevent the rap of the post-man, which would have immediately called our heroine down stairs. The stratagem succeeded; she took the expected letter from the post-man’s hand, paid the postage, and retired to her own apartment to read it.

It has often been said, that envy is its own punisher, and in this case the adage was completely verified; for when from this letter she discovered that Hamden really

ally was, and freely acknowledged himself, the husband of our heroine, her heart overflowed with rancour, and she determined to hesitate at nothing which might be likely to poison the happiness of one she at once envied and hated.

One act of guilt leads but to the commission of another; it is in vain the human heart may think only this one little deviation, and I will stop. As the ball precipitated from the summit of a hill pauses not, but rushes with amazing velocity till it reaches the very lowest part of the vale beneath, so the human soul, giving way to temptation, sinks from error into guilt, nor pauses till plunged in the lowest abyss of depravity.

Another and another letter from Hamden was opened by Mrs. Varnice, whilst those from Rachel (whose heart now began to throb with fear, doubt, and a thousand anxieties, which none but those who are united to, and suffering an early separation from, the man of their choice can conceive) suffered the same fate. At length one arrived inclosing a bank bill for a hundred pounds. At the sight of it, Mrs. Varnice turned pale; fear was the first emotion of her bosom. But not even Lettuce was privy to the receipt of this letter. Mrs. Varnice was not very economical; a hundred pounds would relieve her from some few embarrassments. She looked at it, paused for a moment, at length, committing the letter to the fire, she deposited the note in her pocket-book, and on the ensuing morning exchanged it at a silk mercer's where she purchased a gown of rose-coloured tabby.

This note would have been very acceptable to Rachel; for she began to be sensible of the decrease of her finances, and to experience the solicitude and pleasing cares of maternal tenderness; and to prepare for the reception of a little stranger, she had nearly exhausted the whole of the money Hamden had given her at parting.

It cannot be supposed that the mind of Hamden was in a much easier state than that of our heroine; but as he was now on a party of pleasure with his uncle, lady Anne and lady Lucy, making excursions from

from one part of Scotland to another, and staying but a few days in each place, he reconciled himself to not hearing from his wife, under the idea that her letters might not follow him as he directed, and that he should get them all together when he returned to Glasgow. But when he returned, and found not a single letter waiting for him, he felt the utmost impatience, and would have set off immediately for London, but that his aunt was attacked with an alarming fever, and to leave her at such a period, would be the height of ingratitude. She lingered long, and even when pronounced out of danger, still hovered as it were on the brink of the grave for many weeks, and at length change of climate was ordered as the only chance of perfect restoration.

Hamden, whose mind was now tortured almost beyond sufferance, finding that he should be obliged to attend his aunt to Lisbon, whilst preparations were making for the voyage, dispatched his confidential servant to London, to make inquiries for and bear remittances to our heroine. Though this man may justly be termed confidential, yet so fearful had Hamden been of having his marriage known, that even he was not entrusted with the secret, and Rachel was humiliated even in the eyes of her husband's servant. But her manners were such as had ever secured respect from James, and the honest fellow, often when he thought of her situation, pitied her, and blamed his master.

Nearly seven months had now elapsed since the marriage of our heroine, above five of which she had been separated from her husband, and half of that period had passed in the continual distress of alternate expectation and disappointment.

"I have been deceived," she would say, whilst tears of anguish stole down her cheeks; "Hamden no longer loves, no longer thinks of me, and, forsaken of him, who is there in this vast universe, (for Heaven alone can tell whether my dear brother is in existence) who then is there that cares for the unhappy Rachel? And forlorn, forsaken, wretched as I am, I shall give life to
a helpless

“helpless innocent, whose father will perhaps blush to own him.”

Rachel's days were joyless, and the tear of anguish fell nightly on her pillow. The rose no longer bloomed on her cheeks, nor did the animated beam of health and internal peace dance in her expressive eyes; pale, languid, heart-broken, she suffered in silence; for to whom could she complain?

Mrs. Varnice had exposed to her, her true character, and Rachel would not hold communication with a woman she despised. She nursed her grief in solitude. If she endeavoured to amuse the heavy hour, by her pencil or music, every flower she drew was moistened by her tears, and the chords of the instrument reverberated but the strains of melancholy.

It was a fine morning in the beginning of March, that, still considering it a duty to use every method to preserve health, (though life was no longer valuable) Rachel walked to the green park. It was an early hour; she did not fear being met by any one who knew her; there were but few by whom she would be recognized, and those few seldom visited the park except on a Sunday evening, to see and be seen. As with slow step she paced along the margin of Rosamond's Pond, she was startled by a voice which suddenly exclaimed, “Heavens and earth! Miss Dudley!” She raised her eyes, and beheld Archibald Oliver. A sudden emotion, something like shame, rushed upon her heart; she just articulated his name, extended her hand towards him, and, tottering to a seat that was near, she sunk on it almost fainting.

“Good God! my dear Miss Dudley, to what am I to attribute these emotions?”

“My name is Dacres, Sir,” said Rachel; but her voice faltered, and the carnation visited her cheeks as she remembered her very apparent situation.

“You are married then?”

“Yes.”

“May you be happy, happy as you deserve. But why thus alone? it is not surely proper. Where is Mr. Dacres?”

The

The former intimacy that had subsisted between Oliver and our heroine could alone have excused these abrupt interrogations; but Rachel had ever considered him as a brother, and new ties, new affections, had made him behold her now only in the endearing light of a sister.

“My husband is in Scotland,” said Rachel, “whither he was called by business of consequence; but come (continued she, forcing a smile) if you are disengaged, walk home with me, and I will tell you all you wish to know, and in return be very inquisitive concerning your happiness.”

Then, with that innocent freedom that gave a charm to all her actions, she passed her hand through his arm, and they pursued their way to her lodgings, engaged in such interesting chat, that they had reached the door before either imagined they were half way.

During their walk, Rachel told as much of her own story as could be done without infringing the vow she had voluntarily made to Auberry never to divulge his real name and family till authorized by him; and in return, she learnt that Oliver had experienced a very tolerable share of happiness in his matrimonial connexions, that his wife was then in town, and had just made him a father. Of Jessy he could give her no information, and since our heroine's marriage, that young lady had declined the correspondence of Rachel, alleging, as she no longer shared her confidence, she would not intrude her letters where she must suppose them unwelcome. This had at the time given Rachel much pain; but as Hamden would not allow her to explain her situation to her friend, she was forced to relinquish a correspondence so dear to her heart, and with it all intercourse with the only woman she had ever known whom she thought really deserved the name of friend.

Oliver could not on that morning set above half an hour with our heroine; but on the ensuing day he called, and drank tea with her. After this, scarce a day passed but he inquired after her health. He saw there was something of mystery enveloped her; he saw she

was not happy; and though his knowledge of her heart, understanding and principles made him reject the idea whenever it intruded itself, he sometimes almost feared she had been imprudent.

To the afflicted heart, the voice of friendship is a soothing cordial. Rachel had not heard its adulating sound for several months previous to her meeting with Oliver. She dreamt not of impropriety, and, unconscious of evil, dreaded not censure. His visits were always welcome, and the day passed drearily in which she saw him not.

It has been already remarked, that the greatest and almost only fault of our heroine was a too great openness of disposition, in regard to her own circumstances or business; she never thought of concealment, and nothing but the most unbounded affection for Auberry could have prompted her to enter into engagements which would involve her conduct in apparent mystery, and oblige her to wear for a while the veil of concealment. To Oliver, therefore, only concealing his real name and family, she was explicit in regard to her fears for the health and life of her husband; she also, without hesitation, mentioned the embarrassed state of her finances. Oliver offered her money; but, though she sought consolation from the soothing of friendship, her spirit rose above pecuniary obligation. She was grateful for the offer, but firm in her refusal to avail herself of it.

On the evening when this explanation took place, Oliver had sipped with Rachel, and the hoarse voice of the watchmen proclaiming half past eleven o'clock, was the first thing that reminded them it was time to break off their interesting conversation. They had talked of Reuben, of Jessy, and the doubtful fate of those dear relatives had drawn tears from both their eyes.

"I must leave you, Mrs. Dacres," said he, rising and taking his hat.

Rachel rang the bell; but no one answering, she took one of the candles from the table, and descended the stairs to light him out.

“Good night, my dear Madam,” said he; “do not come to the door, you will take cold.”

“Good night, Mr. Oliver,” said Rachel; and as he pulled the door after him, she turned the key, put the chain across, and turned to re-ascend the stairs, when, to her surprise, the parlour door opened, and Mrs. Varnice appeared.

“Bless me,” said Rachel, “I thought you were all in bed.”

“Oh! I dare say you did, and hoped it too.”

“Hoped, Madam! I neither hoped, nor cared; only I rang the bell for Lettuce to light Mr. Oliver out, and as she did not answer it——”

“I would not let her answer it; and let me tell you, Mrs. Dacres, (if that is your name) I think your conduct very unwarrantable; and if you must have gentlemen visiting you in your husband’s absence, and staying till twelve or one o’clock, you must get another lodging; for I will have no such goings on in my house. Mr. Dacres, (as you call him) if he is your husband, will have no great reason to be pleased with your conduct; and if he is not, why, my house is a house of good repute, and the sooner you quit it the better.”

Petrified with astonishment, Rachel could not answer for the space of a minute; at length, resentment conquering her sensibility, she replied:

“Had I supposed you entertained such humiliating ideas of me, Madam, I would not so long have remained an inmate in your habitation; but, painful as it is to me, I shall be necessitated to stay some little time longer till I can discharge my account with you. I shall not leave a house whilst I am indebted to the mistress of it.”

“No, I’ll take care of that,” said Mrs. Varnice, with a malicious grin; “I shall hardly let you go in my debt when I can detain any valuable property to the amount. But I shall say no more to-night, to-morrow you must look out for another place, and pay me how you can; for paid I will be, or you must take the consequence, and so good-night.”

Rachel

Rachel would have said good-night, but the words stuck in her throat; she slightly inclined her head, and passing hastily up stairs, sunk almost fainting on the nearest seat. Lettuce, who had been tutored by Mrs. Varnice, followed her up, pretended to blame her cousin, and take the part of our heroine.

"I will not stay in the house," said Rachel, "but how to raise money to pay her."

"Dear! that would be no difficult matter," said Lettuce, "so many pretty trinkets as you have! These bracelets now——"

Rachel looked on them and sighed.

"I cannot part with them," said she, "they were the first present I received from my husband."

Well, but you have such a vast number of pretty things, your watch and your etwee!—"

This conversation let our heroine into a secret with which she was before entirely unacquainted—that she could raise a sum of money on these baubles without entirely parting with them; and she went to bed with a full determination to quit the mansion where she had been so much insulted, the ensuing morning. It may well be supposed she slept but little; short moments of forgetfulness, and those interrupted by horrid visions, were all she could obtain.

At the dawn she arose, and so earnestly did she set about a removal, that by twelve o'clock, she had paid the exorbitant demands of Mrs. Varnice, and was seated in her new lodgings; though to accomplish this point she had disposed of almost every thing of value she possessed, not excepting the bracelets, for which she had expressed so much regard.

Two days after this removal, James arrived, commissioned by his master to make inquiry after our heroine. The tale told by the arch-fiend, Mrs. Varnice, filled his honest heart with horror.

"Receive the visits of gentlemen, obliged to leave the lodgings in which his master had placed her, and go into others, on account of keeping bad hours, and other disorderly behaviour. Good Sirs," said James, "I can hardly believe it; she was so good, so modest,
fo

so mild. It made one's heart glad to look at her; and to hear her talk, would a made an old man young again. Body o' me! there must a been some witchcraft used to make her change so all of a sudden."

But to all James's inquiries of where she was removed to, they pleaded ignorance; and he being restricted in the time allowed him to make the journey, could not stay so long as he wished to make inquiries in the neighbourhood. With a heavy heart, he set forward on his return to his master; but near Berwick, the carriage was overfet in which he was travelling, and his right arm broken.

Hamden, agonized almost to distraction by his long absence, the cause of which he was not acquainted with, (as a fever and delirium, which immediately succeeded the accident, prevented James from taking any method to let his master know his situation) was obliged to embark with his aunt, without receiving the least intelligence of the fate of Rachel.

'She has forgotten me, she repents her union with me,' he would say, 'and seeks for an opportunity to break those engagements which I have hesitated to announce to the world.'

In these moments he would be ready to reveal all to his aunt; but the fear that Rachel no longer loved him, or perhaps was no longer worthy of his affection for her, always withheld him; and the voyage to Lisbon, though in itself extremely pleasant, seemed to the unhappy Hamden to teem only with vexation, and when landed, and the first bustle of seeking a lodging, &c. was over, he walked through the streets like a discontented shade; indeed, it was but the shadow of Hamden Auberry, for his better part was flown to the shores of Albion, where it hovered round the mansion in which he imagined still dwelt the object of his dearest affection.

C H A P. XV.

Sorrows of the Heart.

IN the mean time, the afflictions of our heroine daily increased. Oliver had left London; she was without friends and without money, and to increase the sorrows of her heart, she became the mother of a fine boy about the middle of June. Before her confinement, she entrusted her hostess with the real state of her finances, and to retrench her expenses, had taken a room on the second story, where she suffered in silence all the miseries of disappointed love, added to the poignant sting of poverty. Once she wrote to Mrs. Auberry; had she addressed the letter to Dr. Lenient, she had done right. But Mrs. Auberry had received a letter from Mrs. Webster, which had prejudiced her against Rachel; she therefore did not mention to her brother that she had heard from her, and threw the letter into a draw, without deigning to give our distressed heroine the comfort of one line in answer.

During her confinement, she was told by the woman who attended her, that a very fine lady had taken the range of apartments on the first floor, which consisted of a dining-room, drawing-room, and bed-chamber; that she had taken them only for a few weeks, whilst her own house was finished and properly furnished. "She is a charming lady," said the talkative old woman; "and keeps her chariot, her own maid and footman."

All this intelligence appeared of so little consequence to our heroine, that she scarcely heard a syllable of the whole harangue; but the next day, as she was passing from the bed to the sofa at the other end of the room, she cast her eyes casually out of the window; an elegant chariot drew up to the door, and to her utter astonishment she saw Mrs. Courtney descend from it.

Lost in amazement, she sat down; that her eyes had not deceived her, she was certain. To what could

she attribute this sudden elevation of fortune? This was a riddle she had not power to unravel; but whatever was the cause, she rejoiced at the effect, and, forgetting the coldness she had experienced from La Varonne immediately after her marriage with Lieutenant Courtney, conscious only of a pleasurable sensation, to find a person with whom she had formerly lived in habits of intimacy so near her, she wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper,

“Dear Mrs. Courtney, your friend Rachel is again an inmate of the mansion you inhabit, and flatters herself you will give her the pleasure of your company for half an hour.”

This billet she sent by the nurse, and in a few moments Mrs. Courtney entered the apartment. The attendant withdrawn, and a few common-place inquiries past,

“You cannot think, my dear Madam,” said our heroine, “what real pleasure it gives me to find Mr. Courtney’s prospects so much amended, since your marriage.”

“Yes, he is made a Captain; besides, a particular friend of mine, whom I had not seen for many years, has settled on me a very handsome income, which makes me quite independent.”

“How fortunate!” said Rachel in the simplicity of her heart. “And where is Captain Courtney?”

“Come to India.”

“Is either of your sisters, or your mother-in-law in town with you?”

“Oh dear no.”

“They are well, I hope?”

“Yes, quite well; that is, I believe so, for I have heard nothing to the contrary, but I have not seen them lately.”

“No?”

“No, not for these three months past. But come, tell me, my demure friend, what changes have taken place in your fate since we parted.”

With a look of mingled confusion and candour, in the simple language of truth did Rachel explain to
Mrs.

Mrs. Courtney every circumstance of her marriage and consequent uneasiness, still concealing the real name of her husband.

She spoke to a woman whose heart was impure, and who scrupled not to judge of others by herself. Besides, Mrs. Courtney had been to visit Mrs. Webster, and had learnt from her the manner of our heroine's departure from her house, and with whom it was supposed she resided. She laughed at the affliction Rachel appeared to experience from her husband's neglect, called her agony of heart ideal misery, told her the honey moon could not last forever, bid her keep up her spirits, and, promising to see her again in the evening, left her. Accordingly, in the evening she again visited her.

"I have been thinking, Mrs. Dacres," said she with a half smile, and looking sidelong from under her dark eyelashes, "that change of scene and air would be of service to you. I am going into Northumberland, to visit our old acquaintance, Mrs. Spriggins; what say you to a jaunt? You will travel at your ease with me in the chariot, Pelham will help take care of the child, and I dare say the journey will not be the less agreeable because it will take you near the borders of Scotland."

A tinge of carnation passed over the languid cheek of Rachel, as she said she should like such an excursion, but it was not in her power to take it.

"What, for want of money, I suppose? Pshaw! nonsense! you cannot be wholly destitute; a trifle will serve, and you surely wish to be nearer the Major than you are at present."

Rachel's heart beat quick, as she attempted to reply. Mrs. Courtney put her hand before her mouth,

"Come, don't deny it; I have found out your secret, but I won't betray you. Perhaps, when you are within a day's journey, he may be able to visit you. London is at a vast distance from the banks of the Clyde."

There is nothing more difficult to a person of natural veracity than to be under the necessity of asserting

ing a falsehood. Rachel felt the impossibility of doing it, and remained silent. In short, her innocence, her credulity, her ardent wish to be near her husband prevailed, and she consented to accompany Mrs. Courtney into Northumberland. But, however liable to err from the frankness and candour of her temper, Rachel had still that pride of soul which could not condescend to tell Mrs. Courtney that three guineas, and a few clothes, constituted the whole of her worldly possessions. Part of those clothes, with some very fine laces, were disposed of to pay the nurse and other contingent expenses; and with a mere trifle in her purse, our heroine departed with her unworthy associate from London.

Mrs. Courtney was deceived when she invited Rachel to take this journey with her; but it was the depravity of her own heart had deceived her, and before she reached Northumberland, she discovered that the mind of our heroine was still uncontaminated, still pure, and shrunk from vice with disgust, turned from immorality with abhorrence.

On their arrival at Mr. Spriggins's, Mrs. Courtney was received with a profusion of compliments, whilst Rachel was scarcely noticed. She was shown to an upper apartment, and, weary as she was with the journey, suffered to undress the child herself, and put him to bed. She laid him on the pillow of repose, and, kneeling beside the bed, poured forth her afflicted soul to her Maker. Her cheek rested on the same pillow with that of her infant, and her tears flowed without restraint. She felt that the pretended friendship of Mrs. Courtney was only ostentation; she feared she had more to suffer than she should be able to support. She prayed for resignation to the will of Heaven, and her tears continued to flow, not from impatience, they were the effusions of an afflicted spirit.

After a few weeks residence in the family of Mrs. Spriggins, Rachel perceived that not even a shadow of respect and attention towards herself remained in the manners of the whole family. At meals, she was suffered to take the lowest seat at the table, where she was sometimes so totally overlooked, as not to be helped
till

till every one else had begun their dinner; and then she was insulted by an affectation of friendly familiarity, such as, "Bless me, Mrs. Dacres, I had forgot you; but why don't you speak? you are at home you know."

At these moments, Rachel's heart would swell to her eyes, and in struggling to suppress her tears, the food she attempted to swallow seemed almost to choke her.

Mrs. Courtney disagreed with and discharged her woman, and the next day requested our heroine to rise from her seat, and fetch her work from the other end of the room. Had Rachel been independent, she would without hesitation have complied with the request; but Rachel was poor, and she felt the request an insult.

"I am not qualified to supply the place of your servant, Madam," said she haughtily.

"Why I do not suppose you are," said Mrs. Courtney, yawning indolently; "but indeed, child, circumstanced as you are, I do not know what you could do better than endeavour to get a place; though to be sure your child is an objection."

The expressive eyes of our heroine flashed indignation, at the insolent manner and proposal of her ostentatious friend; but she disdained to answer. "I am not yet fallen quite so low as that," thought she, and rose to quit the apartment.

"I really am sorry for you, child," continued Mrs. Courtney, detaining her, "but painful as it is for a person who is so much interested for your welfare as I am to speak disagreeable truths, I really must tell you, that the haughty airs you give yourself are very unbecoming; you must learn humility."

"I hope I shall in time," said Rachel indignantly, "if I do not, I shall profit but little by your endeavours."

"Come, come, you misunderstand me; if you do not incline to do something for a livelihood, I really think it would be advisable for you to go on to Scotland to your husband. I expect a friend of mine here
in

in a few days, with whom I am going to make a tour through the northern counties; if you choose to go with me in quality of a companion, and take the care of my clothes, assist me to dress and undress, I will pay you twenty guineas a year; but then you must leave your child here at nurse."

"No, Mrs. Courtney," said Rachel, "if I am obliged to eat the bread of servitude, I will earn it of strangers, not of one who once thought herself honoured in being called the friend of Rachel Dudley. I will be the humble companion (or rather a slave on which ill humour may be lavished with impunity) to no one. I would gladly embrace your first proposal of seeking my husband, but you know I have not the means of prosecuting the journey, even by the cheapest conveyance."

"Heavens and earth!" replied Mrs. Courtney, with a look of well-affected surprise, "is it possible you can have come into this strange place without any money? And what do you mean to do, child?"

"To be no longer troublesome to you, Madam," said Rachel. "I thank you, Madam," continued she, "for the shelter your roof has so long afforded me," turning to Mrs. Spriggins, who had sat a silent and insensible spectatress of the scene, "but will no longer intrude; but this very night remove to a habitation better suited to my present humble condition."

She then hastily left the room. On the stairs she met Belle Webster.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Dacres?" said she; for the tears, which a laudable pride had restrained whilst she was in the presence of her insolent hostess and her companion, wounded sensibility forced in a torrent from her eyes the moment she had shut the door. "What is the matter?" said Belle.

"Nothing," replied our heroine, "only I have stayed here too long."

"Dear! I'm afraid sister has been vexing you; well, don't mind her, you know she never was very good natured."

"I do

"I do not mind either her or her associate," said Rachel; "but I wish to release them from an unwelcome intruder, and shall leave the house immediately. Do me the favour, Miss Webster, to request one of the servants may take my trunk to the inn."

"Dearee me! I hope you are not in earnest?"

"In very earnest, I assure you."

"Well, now I'm quite sorry."

"I thank you, Miss Webster. Will you ask the favour I request?"

"Oh! to be sure I will; but you won't go before tea?"

"Before another hour," said Rachel firmly.

Belle was not overburthened with understanding; she did not perfectly comprehend the delicacy of our heroine's feelings, nor did she give herself the trouble to think much about it; so wishing her health, she descended the stairs, and sent up a boy to take her trunk. It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when Rachel, taking her dear boy in her arms, and followed by the lad with her parcels, left the house of Mr. Spriggins, and went to seek a lodging in a town, to almost every inhabitant of which she was a perfect stranger. She knew that the public inns afforded lodgings to travellers, and to one of the most reputable of these she directed her steps. Her purse was but slenderly provided, but she augmented her little store by the sale of a gold locket, the last thing of value which she possessed, and from which she took a lock of plaited hair; for it was the hair of Hamden Auberry, and to her a thousand times more precious than the metal in which it had been enshrined.

On the following morning, she inquired after a private lodging, and was recommended by the woman who kept the inn, to a mean apartment in one of the most unfrequented streets in the town. To this humble asylum she retired, and felt a degree of melancholy pleasure that she could indulge her tears without restraint.

It may occasion some degree of surprise, that Spriggins, who had formerly been an admirer of our heroine,

inc, would suffer her to leave his house without either friends or money; but the heart by nature contracted, and whose chief object has been self, is sensibly affected by an appearance of slight; it can never either forget or forgive it; and such a heart languidly moved in the bosom of Spriggins.

But those visitors, who had seen Rachel in the family, and now missed her, felt an awakened curiosity to know what was become of her. To these interrogatories had the Mesdames Spriggins and Courtney simply answered, that she was gone home; curiosity would have died, but they felt they had done wrong in driving her, poor and unprotected as she was, from their house; and in palliation of so inhuman an action, threw aspersions on her character. Not content with depriving her of the protection of their own roof, they prevented her obtaining that protection from any other, whose inmates were in the smallest degree respectable.

That the human heart is liable to error, and that on the eternal record our crimes and follies are enrolled, and will one day appear in dreadful judgment against us, is a solemn truth, which no person of common sense will attempt to deny; yet we are led to hope, that the tear of unfeigned penitence will blot those offences out. But the crime of slander is of so foul a die, its sable hue stains the sacred page, and only mercy infinite can purify it. Oh thou Giver of life, guard, I beseech thee, my heart from ingratitude, and my lips from slander; and for the rest, thy will be done.

During the period of these vicissitudes, Rachel had never omitted writing every week to her husband, only at the time when the birth of her son prevented her. These letters, written after she left the house of Mrs. Varnice, all lay at the place where he had desired them to be addressed; and when James was sufficiently recovered to follow his master, he made them into a parcel, and took them with him.

But words are inadequate to describe the feelings of Hamden, when he by turns listened to the account
which

which James gave him, and read the pathetic letters of his wife; sometimes love, sometimes resentment predominated. But when he read that he was a father, and that his once loved Rachel, in that season of sickness, was without the means to purchase the necessary accommodations and comforts to render the situation in some measure supportable, he determined to hazard every thing, own his marriage, and fly to her relief and comfort.

Hamden was ever impetuous; he resolved one moment, and the next put the resolve in execution. Lady Anne heard him with more calmness than he had expected; but that apparent calm was deceitful; when he had finished, she upbraided him with his duplicity, imprecated misery on both himself and his wife, and with a determined air renounced him forever. In vain was every endeavour to soften her resentment, and Hamden embarked for England, without the smallest hope of being reinstated in her affection, or of ever being the better for her fortune.

Mortified pride, love and jealousy corroded in his bosom during his short voyage; and on his arrival in London, he repaired immediately to the house of Mrs. Varnice; for though Rachel had mentioned her removal, yet she had forgot to mention the name of the street to which she had removed; and though she was displeased with Mrs. Varnice, yet, as she did not know the extent of that woman's villainy, she spoke of her no farther than to say she had reason to think both Hamden and herself had been mistaken in her character. This was not sufficient to deter Hamden from going to her house, especially as he conceived it the only probable means of finding Rachel. But this visit did not serve to conciliate his affection, or awaken returning tenderness. Mrs. Varnice told her own tale. Our poor heroine was represented as imprudent, if not guilty, in regard to Oliver; extravagant and thoughtless, in her expenses.

"Why indeed," said Aubeny, "I thought I left her sufficient to defray every expense till my return;

and when I found my stay protracted beyond my expectations, I forwarded her a hundred pounds."

"Well, who could have thought it?" said Mrs. Varnice; "before she left me, she, to my certain knowledge, raised money on her watch, rings, bracelets."

"Bracelets?" said Hamden.

"Oh yes! Lettuce pledged them for her."

"Cruel, unkind Rachel!"

"Dear! don't let it distress you so; I suppose her young friend Oliver helped her off with some of the money."

"Damn him!" said Hamden. "Oh! Rachel, Rachel, why have you used me thus? Oh! Mrs. Varnice, if you knew how I loved her, how I adored her! how at this moment her fascinating image twines around every chord, every fibre of my heart! you would wonder how she could be so ungrateful, so vile, so barbarous."

Alas! weak, credulous Auberry, had you instead of listening to this woman's infamous aspersions, treated them with scorn, and boldly asserted the innocence of your wife, and your full confidence in her truth and honour, her accuser, conscious of her own guilt and duplicity, would have retired intimidated within herself, and shrunk from a scrutiny, from whence she must have been assured her own falsehood would stand detected. But who will espouse the cause of an injured wife, when he who has solemnly sworn to protect her from all evil, listens with avidity to the voice that defames her, and joins with her worst enemies to precipitate her into the abyss of ignominy.

From the house of Mrs. Varnice, Hamden went to the lodging she had last occupied, and there, from a conversation with the woman of the house, learnt the route Rachel had taken, and with whom; but unfortunately, he also learnt that she had been visited almost daily by Oliver, during the period of his stay in London. Tortured almost to madness, he resolved to follow her, upbraid her with her perfidy and cruelty,

oblige

oblige her to relinquish the care of the child to him, and take an everlasting leave of her.

In the mean time, our heroine was drinking very deeply of the cup of affliction; poverty was her constant companion. The trifle she possessed, at the time she left the house of Spriggins, was soon expended, and by degrees the remains of her wardrobe dwindled away, till two cotton gowns, with a change of linen, were the whole of her earthly possessions. She had inquired for work, but could get none. The dearth of amusement in a country-town makes every trifle, if wearing the appearance of novelty, become of consequence; and what spreads faster than a tale of scandal? The circumstance of our heroine's coming from London to Mr. Spriggins, and quitting the house so abruptly, had been talked over in almost every family in the place, told a hundred different ways, and each narrator adding or altering some circumstance, poor Rachel was looked upon, even by the woman of whom she rented her small apartment, as a suspicious character; and had she been inclined to partake the pleasures of society, she would have found the doors of almost every class of people shut against her. But she had still the consolation of an innocent heart, and a firm faith and reliance on an omniscient Deity, who would not suffer her eventually to perish. She submitted to her afflictions as to the wise dispensations of his providence, and prayed daily for a more humble, more unrepining spirit. She was entirely ignorant also, that any stigma had been thrown on her reputation, and conscious of not deserving, she feared not the censures of a world, which, though she would not wilfully offend, she was but little solicitous to please.

The neglect of Auberry sunk the deepest into her heart, when her thoughts reverted to the few happy weeks past in his society immediately after their marriage. The tear of bitter remembrance would gush from her eyes, and as she pressed her infant to her heart, it bled at every vein, that he, as well as herself, should be so totally abandoned by his father.

It

It was one evening in August, when Rachel, having lulled her darling to sleep, the twilight still giving sufficient light, took her tablets from her pocket, and, as she leaned over a window she had just opened to gaze at the serenity of an evening, that seemed to give pleasure to the whole creation but her forlorn, unhappy self, wrote with her pencil the following lines :

When the frame to the earth is bent low,
By sickness or sorrow oppress'd ;
When the moments drag pensive and slow,
And the heart it lies cold in the breast ;

When each social comfort is fled,
Nor friend nor companion is near ;
When rest has forsaken the bed,
And the pillow is stain'd with a tear :—

Ah ! then, what avails each gay scene
Which Nature unfolds to our sight ?
In vain Phebus rises serene,
Or Cynthia enlivens the night !

In vain is yon canopy spread
Thus gorgeous, with sapphire and gold,
When each sense of pleasure is fled,
And each fond affection lies cold !

Haste, Apathy, haste thee, and bring,
With poppies infused in the bowl,
A draught from the Lethean spring
To steep in oblivion my soul.

Thy sable stole pass 'fore mine eyes,
That when pale affliction I view,
No shades of past pleasures may rise
To sharpen her arrows anew.

But come, with thy sense-numbing power,
Assist me those arrows to brave ;
Nor leave me till that happy hour,
When I sink to repose in the grave !

When she had finished, the full sense of her own deplorable situation rushed upon her mind ; she rested her head upon her hand, and, unable to weep, a kind of stupor pervaded all her senses ; and so entirely absorbed

forbed was she in her own agonizing reflections, that she was as perfectly lost to every surrounding object as if she had been no longer in existence. From this reverie she was aroused by the cry of her child, and in her haste to let down the window, she dropped her tablets. It was an awkward circumstance; for the window looked into a garden belonging to a genteel house that was in another street. It was therefore impossible to regain them that night; but she resolved to go early the ensuing morning to inquire for them; for they had formerly belonged to her mother, and were on that account highly valued by Rachel.

Accordingly, the next morning, as soon as she imagined she could gain admittance, she took her child in her arms, and walked round to the front of the house. The door was opened by a decent young woman, and Rachel was beginning to speak, when, turning her eyes toward a parlour, the door of which stood partly open, she saw Archibald Oliver, dressed in deep mourning, sitting at a breakfast table, and holding the identical tablets she came to inquire for, in his hand. She was surprised—she was silent.

“Did you wish to see my mistress, Ma’am?” said the young woman.

“Yes!” said Rachel, hardly conscious that she had answered at all.

There was something in the air and manner of our heroine, that, had she been clothed in the meanest apparel, would still have commanded respect. The young woman passed before her, and courtesying as she pushed open the parlour door, desired her to walk in, and she would call her mistress immediately. At the sound of approaching steps, Oliver raised his eyes.

“Good God! Mrs. Dacres!” exclaimed he.

Rachel was fluttered; she could not speak. A languid smile illumined her pallid countenance as she extended her hand towards him. But the expressive tear that burst from its glistening orbit, contradicted the appearance of tranquillity the smile was meant to convey.

"How is it, Mr. Oliver," said she, when she could command her voice, "that I see you here?"

"A very unhappy circumstance brought me and still detains me here," he replied. Rachel glanced her eye over his sable dress. Jessy darted into her mind.

"Your sister!" said she eagerly.

"Is well," interrupted he, at once comprehending her fears, at least I have no reason to think to the contrary; but Mrs. Oliver is no more."

His voice faltered; Rachel was silent; she knew the folly and impertinence of common-place consolation. Oliver recovered himself, and having learnt from our heroine every occurrence that had taken place since he saw her in London, he in return informed her, that friendship for a very particular acquaintance of her's had brought him to that place—

"An acquaintance of mine?" said Rachel.

"Yes, Lieutenant Courtney."

"Courtney! You astonish me; I thought he was gone to India."

"He had an appointment of that kind, which was procured him by lord M——; but some discoveries which he made after he had even joined his ship, and had received sailing orders, compelled him to quit his appointment, throw up his commission, and follow his unprincipled wife to this place. Lord M. has a seat at Alnwick, which is only a short ride from hence, and Courtney having obtained sufficient testimony of her depravity and his own dishonour, came to me, and asked my advice in what manner he should proceed. See your wife, said I, and remonstrate with her. I will go with you. He seemed inclined to follow my advice, and we rode together toward this place. When we had proceeded a few miles, we saw a chariot and four driving furiously along; the liveries bespoke it the equipage of lord M. Courtney no sooner saw it, than, clapping spurs to his horse, he galloped from me, and before I could get up with him, had stopped the carriage in which was Mrs. Courtney

ney and his Lordship. The irritated, impetuous husband had dragged the ignoble peer from the carriage, and, drawing a case of pistols, presented him one, whilst with the other he prepared to defend himself, when one of the footmen struck him across the head with the end of a whip, and he fell lifeless to the ground. Lord M. sprang into his carriage again and drove off, leaving me with my servant to take what care we could of poor Courtney. We were nearer this place than we were to Alnwick, and placing him on the horse before John, with great difficulty we got him here. This house is kept by a woman who nursed my wife; and as I thought he would be quieter and better attended here than in a public inn, I had him brought hither. The wound on his head is deep, but the surgeon does not think him in so much danger from the effect of that as from the violent perturbation of his mind.

Rachel listened with astonishment to this detail, and was so entirely absorbed in reflection on the strange incidents Oliver related, that when the mistress of the house entered, and requested to know what her commands were, she had totally forgotten the circumstance that had brought her to the house. She hesitated, blushed; at length, casting her eyes on the breakfast table, she saw the object of her inquiry; but the consciousness of her embarrassed, awkward appearance, so increased her confusion, that the inquiries she made for her tablets had more the appearance of subterfuge than truth. However, the maid having mentioned that Mr. Oliver had picked them up in the garden, they were delivered to our heroine, who, having expressed a desire to see Courtney, and promised to return in the afternoon for that purpose, took her leave.

Now, though Rachel did not know five persons in the neighbourhood where she dwelt, even by sight, yet she was herself known by every individual in it; and her embarrassed and hesitating manner, added to a knowledge of the evil reports which were circulated concerning her, led the woman where Oliver lodged,

to

to imagine she came to visit him, or Courtney, as she seemed so perfectly acquainted with both.

In the afternoon, Rachel determined to see Courtney. She had no idea that impropriety could be annexed to a visit which she conceived to be an act of duty; and when she found him so extremely ill as to need the most constant and tender attention; when she discovered that it was in her power to soothe his afflicted heart, and smooth the bed of pain, by an exertion of friendly assiduity; forgetting every thing but that she had once been under obligations to him, she resolved herself to be his attendant till he should recover strength sufficient to enable him to return to his mother and sisters. Thus every morning she repaired to the chamber of the sick man, nursing him with the affection of a sister, and administering to him the consolation of a friend.

Mrs. Spriggins and her unprincipled guest were mean enough to employ their servants to inquire in the neighbourhood after our heroine, and be constant spies upon her actions. That she was often, nay, almost continually at the house where Oliver was, and where Courtney lay sick, they were assured of; and though they knew that she constantly returned to her solitary apartment to her meals, which were scanty enough, and that she was always at home at an early hour in the evening, yet they failed not to attribute to motives the most degrading to the sex, a conduct which was the result of pure benevolence, and did honour to her heart, however it proved, that her head was not too much stored with worldly prudence and knowledge.

Things were exactly in this situation, when Hamden Auberry arrived in search of a woman, whom, one moment, he was ready to kneel and worship, and the next, to call down everlasting wrath upon her.

It may easily be imagined, that the story told by Mrs. Spriggins, Mrs. Courtney and family did not tend to soften his heart towards her; so far from it, he poured forth a torrent of execrations, and vowed never to see her more. But when he had returned to his inn, and mused a few moments, he thought he would

would see her once more, and bid her an everlasting farewell; he had learnt in what quarter of the town she lodged, and at the dusk of the evening went to the house and inquired for her. She was not at home. At eight o'clock he called again; still she was not returned. Having obtained a direction to the house where he was told she spent every day, and having assured himself that was the residence of Oliver, he determined to keep watch before the door, and be himself an eye-witness of her leaving it, and at what hour. Long and wearisome was the night, and horrible were the feelings of Auberry. About twelve o'clock, he determined to leave her to her fate, and return with all speed to London; but before he had reached the inn, desire of revenge impelled him to return. 'I will tear her from the arms of Oliver,' said he, 'and wreak my vengeance on both her and her paramour;' but then the memory of his child crossed his imagination, and with it the fond recollection of what the mother was when he first knew her; a flood of tenderness rushed over his soul, and he wept like an infant.

In this distracted manner did Auberry pass the night, and the dawn of day found him sitting on the steps of a door opposite to the lodgings of Oliver. He rose from the cold, damp seat, and with a heavy heart was giving a last look at the house, when the door opened gently, and Rachel herself, with her child in her arms, came out.

Though during the whole night Hamden had supposed his wife was there, yet something like hope had sometimes led him to think he might have been deceived, and she might still be innocent; but this ocular proof was beyond all doubt. He reeled against a post, staggered and fell.

Rachel saw him; but, wrapped in a coarse great coat which he had borrowed at the inn, with his hat flapped, it was impossible, by the faint glimmer of the twilight, she should know him; she imagined it to be an inebriated person, just endeavouring to return home; and fearful, should she be observed by him at that early hour, that he might in some respect or other

be rude to her, she quickened her steps, and before Auberry was sufficiently recovered to speak, or rise from the ground, she was out of sight, and in a few moments reached her own habitation. A little girl, who was up on some particular occasion, let her in, and she threw herself on the bed, in hopes to obtain some repose, while Auberry returned to the inn, penned a hasty letter to her, which he left, with orders that it should be sent by eight o'clock in the morning. He then ordered a chaise and four, and proceeded with all the rapidity of such a conveyance to London, seldom stopping even for refreshment, as though he thought, by the velocity, of the movement, to leave his cares behind, or lose the remembrance of them, by attending to the various objects that passed in quick succession before him.

In the mean time, Rachel had enjoyed about two hours sleep, and felt herself greatly refreshed; for the fatigue and anxiety of the night had exhausted both her spirits and strength. She had attended as usual the day before at the bedside of Courtney; towards noon he had arisen, and was removed for the benefit of the air into an adjoining apartment, and placed in an easy chair near the window. The noise of horses drew his attention towards the street. He looked out, and saw his wife, accompanied by lord M. on horseback, attended by two servants in rich liveries. She raised her eyes, saw the emaciated figure of her husband, pointed him out to her dissolute companion, and both burst into a loud laugh. Courtney was unequal to the shock; he attempted to speak, but his voice failed him; he gasped, groaned, and fell to the floor. Alarming faintings succeeded each other, and he was reduced to such a state of weakness, that the medical gentleman who attended him imagined it almost impossible that he should live through the night. Was it possible for Rachel in such a situation to leave him? No! She had not been treated with sufficient respect by the mistress of the house where she lodged, to make her think it necessary to send any message to her concerning her staying out, or her reasons for so doing.

Towards

Towards morning, Courtney fell into a quiet sleep, and Oliver entreated Rachel to retire, and endeavour to take some repose. Acting from motives the most pure and even commendable, without a thought or wish in the smallest tittle derogatory to virtue, Rachel had no apprehension of incurring censure from any. How surpris'd was she then, on awaking in the morning, to read the following note, which was brought to her by the little girl who had let her in.

“Mistress Dakirs, ater the advenfer of last nite, you cant suppos I will suffer you to stay any longer in my ouse, wich is a oneit ouse; and furdernmore, I does not expect you to go without paying me every fardin of what you oes me. You must go meditly, as I does not want women of your fort in my ouse no longer.”

Rachel was really so totally unconscious of evil, that she was at a loss to think what the woman meant by “the adventure of last night;” but going to her to inquire, was so overwhelmed with abuse, that, weeping, trembling, almost fainting, she retreated from the house leaving every thing behind her to satisfy the rapacity of her inhuman landlady.

As she was going out of the door, she met the porter with her husband's letter. She took it, broke the seal, and read that he had been there, that he had seen her, that he believed her lost to virtue, and that he abandoned her forever. Overcome by sensations the most agonizing, she sat down on the steps of the door. The letter remained open in her hand; her eyes were riveted to it, and only that she breathed, she might have been taken for a statue of fixed and mute despair. How long she would have remained in this situation is uncertain, or whether, sinking into insensibility, she would not have lost all consciousness of her misery, had not the woman with the diabolical malice of a fiend opened the door, and bade her begone from the step. Aroused from her lethargy of grief, she arose, folded her child to her bosom, and bowing her head in meek resignation, the sorrows of her heart found vent at her eyes, and she obeyed in silence.

And

And what was there, in this moment of anguish, to support the sinking spirits of our afflicted heroine? Conscious innocence! And whilst humbled to the very dust, she could look up with hope and confidence to Him who is a rock of defence to the injured, a sure help to those who trust in him.

Wounded pride would have first impelled her to hide herself from Oliver, as she discovered, from the unconnected scrawl left by Auberry, that it was of him he was jealous, and had it been only for herself that she was interested, she would most likely have suffered every degree of misery before she would have asked relief of any one; but her child, the son of Auberry, the lawful heir to large possessions, for his sake she was resolved to stifle her feelings, and endeavour to convince his cruel father that he had injured her in the most unwarrantable manner.

She therefore went immediately to his lodgings, and calming her perturbed spirits as much as she possibly could, thus addressed him:—"Mr. Oliver, I am necessitated to request the loan of a few guineas, at the same time that I tell you it is more than probable I may never be able to repay you. Something has taken place this morning, which obliges me in future to forbear seeing you, or giving any farther attendance on our unfortunate friend."

"Good heavens!" said Oliver, struck with her pale countenance, swollen eyes and evident agitation; "what can be the matter? Wherever you are going, do not refuse me the satisfaction of knowing, that I may be able to assist, protect, comfort, be a brother to you."

"It is impossible," said she, "the world will not suffer it."

He comprehended the meaning of her words, and without reply tendered her his purse. She took five guineas from it, and then requesting to see Courtney, of whom she took a silent leave, she departed, leaving Oliver astonished and affected at her conduct. He mused a few moments, and then thinking, however rigid propriety might forbid her to visit the house he inhabited,

inhabited, or receive visits from him, yet it did not forbid him following and discovering her retreat, where he might supply her with all the necessaries and comforts of life. He snatched his hat, and rushed into the street; but he was too late; Rachel was no longer in sight, nor could he discover which way she had gone.

Our heroine walked to a poor cottage about a mile from the town, inhabited only by an old woman and her daughter. Here she agreed to board at a very low rate for a few days, and then sat down to write to her husband. She endeavoured to explain circumstances that appeared suspicious; but to think that Auberry suspected her honour, gave her such inexpressible anguish, that she was frequently obliged to lay down her pen and weep. At length she finished, earnestly conjuring, if not for her own, yet for his child's sake, he would send her some relief, nor suffer them to expire with want, or languish out their lives in poverty and obscurity.

This letter she directed to a coffee-house in London, which she knew he frequented, and requesting an answer to be directed to the post-office at Newark, she left her infant in the charge of her old hostess, went herself and put her own letter in, inquiring at the same time when she might expect an answer.

When she returned to her humble home, fatigue, anguish of heart, and the violent emotions she had experienced during the day, had so far overcome her, that she went to bed much indisposed, and after a night of restless agitation, she awoke from a short slumber so ill, as to be unable to rise.

From that time, a period of three weeks was a total blank to Rachel. A fever, accompanied by a delirium, brought her to the verge of the grave; but the tenderness of her good old hostess and her daughter, co-operating with a naturally good constitution, and the attendance of a skilful man of medicine, at length triumphed over the disorder, and she returned to life and a renewed sense of her sorrows.

The first thing she thought of was her expected letter. She dispatched the young cottager to New-

ark to inquire for it; she returned empty handed; there was no letter there. Thus day after day passed on. The five guineas Rachel had borrowed of Oliver were totally expended during her illness, and no letter arriving from her husband, she was once more penniless, but not totally friendless. The poor inhabitants of the cottage were *Christians*. Had she been stained with a thousand errors, they would not have thought it right to remember them when she was bowed to the earth by affliction. Their whole possessions were, the cottage, a small garden, a cow and two spinning wheels; but they dried the tear from her eyes by the voice of kindness, and told her she should be welcome to share their humble fare till returning health enabled her to join their labours for subsistence, if nothing better offered. During her illness, the old cottager had found Auberry's letter, and wishing to gain some intelligence concerning her family, had perused it.

"She may be guilty," said she, "but I have no right to judge her. She is sick and afflicted; it is therefore my duty to nurse and comfort her." She then returned the letter to the pocket from whence she took it, nor even after Rachel's recovery did she suffer her to imagine, by any word, look or hint, that she had seen it.

As soon as Rachel had gathered strength sufficient to enable her to attempt it, with slow and uneven steps she proceeded to Newark, determined to make inquiry herself concerning a letter; for she thought it impossible for Auberry to abandon her and his child to absolute want.

She went to the office, and was told no such letter was there. "Are you certain, Sir?" said she; "it must have been here some time, if it is here at all. Pray look amongst the letters that lay in the office; it is of more consequence to me than you can imagine. It is directed to Mrs. Dacres, to be left here till called for."

A young man hearing her repeat the name of Dacres, turned over a parcel of letters, and presented to the

the trembling hands of our heroine the long-expected epistle from her husband.

Rachel opened it; a hundred pound bank note dropped from it! She attempted to read it, but a mist came over her eyes; she reeled, and would have fallen, but the young man caught her. He called for water, and an interior door opening, a young woman, very plainly habited, rushed out, supported and pressed to her bosom the lifeless, inanimate form, calling on her to revive by the tender name of friend, her dear, unhappy Rachel. Life soon revisited her lips and cheeks; she opened her eyes, and found herself in the arms of Jessy Oliver.

Leaning on the arm of this dear friend, and hardly daring to trust her senses lest it should prove an illusion, Rachel retired into a small, neat parlour, where she soon regained sufficient composure to peruse her letter. It was short, and the conclusion of it almost annihilated her. It was as follows.—

My adored Rachel,

THERE is such an appearance of candour and sincerity throughout your whole letter, that I cannot but believe you innocent; prove yourself so, and on the receipt of this come immediately to London, and prepare to follow my fortunes to foreign climes. Our marriage is no longer a secret; my aunt has discarded me. I have sold my commission, and in the despair I felt at your perfidy, have taken passage on board a vessel bound for Philadelphia. If you love me as you say, and as I would fain think you do, you will not hesitate to leave England forever, since it is for my peace of mind that I should do so. I cannot submit to live in it below the rank I have been accustomed to fill. If your affection leads you to be the companion of my voyage, the sharer and soother of all my cares, I shall regret neither fortune nor country. If not, if some stronger attachment binds you to this spot, Oh Rachel! I cannot bear the thought; but should it be so, why the farther we are divided the better.

“Inclosed

“Inclosed I imagine is a sum sufficient to discharge any debts you may have contracted, and bring you to London. If you come, I shall expect to see you in ten days from the date of this letter. If not, farewell forever; we meet no more on this side eternity, and I will strive if possible to forget you.

HAMDEN AUBERRY.”

Rachel referred to the date of the letter; it had been written near a month. “Then he is gone! left me forever! and thinks me the most depraved of women,” said she; and her emotions became so violent, that in her present debilitated state, Miss Oliver feared she would have fallen into fits; at any rate, she thought it necessary to take her home, and procuring a carriage, she herself accompanied her to her lowly habitation. By the way she talked her into something like composure; she learnt every circumstance that had taken place since their separation.

Convinced of the purity of our heroine’s heart, that her motives had been always right, though her conduct had been sometimes directly contrary to the rigid rules of prudence, she felt all her affection for her revive; and taking her hand when she had finished her detail, she cried, “Well, Mrs. Auberry, (as we shall henceforth call Rachel) in return for the confidence you have reposed in me, I will tell you my story. It is a very simple one, without one romantic or extraordinary incident.

“When I left London, I recollected an old school fellow I had at this place, of whose sense and discretion I had a very high opinion; to her I repaired, and through her means settled the method of corresponding with you and Archibald, also the means of receiving a small yearly income, which I possessed independent of my father. I then threw aside the fine lady entirely, assumed the plain attire you see me now wear, and with it a simplicity of manners that might be likely not to betray my real rank in life. I then procured an apartment at a farm-house, that is situated in a most delightful though very solitary valley,
about

about three miles from hence. I purchased a few books, with materials for needle-work, and diversified my time with reading, working, and taking necessary exercise. The productions of my needle, through my friend were sent to London and sold, increasing my little income in such a manner as to afford me all the comforts of life. I heard of my brother's marriage, and of his residence so near me. I longed to see him; but was too proud to think of throwing myself on the liberality of his wife, for I knew that Archibald himself was as poor as I was. I therefore continued my retirement and avocations. I have frequently thought of you, and from some accounts which accidentally met my ears, was led sometimes to blame but oftener to pity you.

“But should I ever return to the gay world, my young associates will, I have no doubt, be surprised that I should have eloped from my father's house, changed my name, and secluded myself above a year and a half in a cottage, yet never have met with a single adventure, or made one conquest; nay, if you will believe me, the impenetrable rustics have entirely overlooked my beauty and accomplishments; and though I have appeared regularly every Sunday, when the weather permitted, at the parish church, the Squire has not once noticed me, and I have remained entirely unmolested.

“But I am weary of this dull sameness of scene, and you and I will now set out together in search of adventures. This mad brained, harum-scarum husband of yours, though I think he little deserves such attention from us, yet we will e'en go after him. For if we should not find him; we may perhaps find somebody else that will be glad to see us.”

Rachel comprehending that Jessy meant Reuben, replied with additional pensiveness, “Alas! my dear girl, I have never heard from my brother since he left England.”

“So I understand,” said Jessy, still forcing a smile, while her eyes were brimfull of tears; “but I cannot repress a fond hope, which almost amounts to a belief,

that he is still in existence, and that we shall one day meet again. As to Archibald, it will not be proper to let him know of our design till it is too late for him to overtake and accompany us; for that would overthrow my whole plan of reconciliation between you and Auberry. And should the worst come to the worst, there is still my little annuity; we will live together, my dear Rachel, in humble, but contented independence. What our income will not procure, industry shall supply. We will study to fulfil the duties of our lowly station, and, enjoying the sweet consolation of an approving conscience, hold the trifling multitude, that is in general termed the *world*, in so little estimation, as neither to court its smiles or fear its censures."

This was a plan too agreeable to the feelings of Rachel not to be immediately closed with. This recommencement of friendship, with a person so dear to her heart as Jessy Oliver, seemed to ease her bosom of half its load. A very short time sufficed for the settlement of every concern, either of Miss Oliver or our heroine, and on the second morning after their meeting they were on their road to London. Rachel left ample testimony with her aged hostess at the cottage, that whatever her other errors might have been, she was not guilty of the sin of ingratitude. Arrived in London, they made every inquiry after Auberry, and learnt that he had been departed above a fortnight, and it was universally believed to America.

It was late in the season for vessels to cross the boisterous Atlantic ocean; the two fair friends could hear of none likely to sail to the port they wished, under a month or six weeks. This appeared to the anxious and impatient Rachel an eternity; and being informed that a ship would go from Liverpool in the course of ten days, they pursued their journey for that place, and arrived just in time to secure a passage, as the vessel was to sail the following morning.

Reduced as our heroine was by illness, this long journey was almost too much for her strength; but Jessy Oliver had fine spirits, and a constitution which, though

though not robust, could support great fatigue without sinking under it. They alighted at the inn, and resolved to indulge in a few hours rest before their embarkation, where we will leave them and make some little inquiry after Auberry.

When he had dispatched his letter with the money to Rachel, he waited with the utmost impatience the arrival of the time in which he might expect her. He had in the first hurry of jealousy, rage and disappointment sold his commission, and taken a passage on board a ship bound to Philadelphia, determined never more to visit his native country, where every bright prospect of his youth had been untimely blasted. The reception of his wife's letter awakened all his tenderness for her. Rachel in want, depressed, sick, broken-hearted, was ever before his eyes. 'She may yet be innocent,' cried he; the very supposition seemed to give him comfort; 'yet the proofs of her depravity were so incontestable——' here his heart glowed with resentment; 'I will at least send her the means of coming immediately to me. If she comes, I will receive her with affection, if not, I will endeavour to forget that I ever knew her.' In this frame of mind he wrote the letter which conveyed the money to our heroine.

But when day after day passed, and no tidings of her neither by letter or any other means, he concluded she was totally abandoned, and in despair of ever knowing peace again, he embarked on his intended voyage. But tempestuous weather ensuing, and the brig in which he embarked being rather ancient, sprung a leak, and they put into Liverpool to refit; where Auberry, giving way to the despair that preyed upon his mind, sunk into a state of inanity. Both mind and body became debilitated; a hectic fever slowly undermined his constitution; and when the vessel was ready to depart, he was too ill to make the voyage, and suffered her to go without him. He had gone to his mother immediately on his arrival in Liverpool, where he explained to her all his cause for sorrow, and felt every wound bleed afresh as he perus-

ed some letters from Belle Webster, which tended highly to criminate his wife. Doctor Lenient was absent at the time of his arrival; a small estate had been left him in Ireland, and he had crossed the channel in order to take possession and settle some very material business.

When Hamden had been with his mother about three weeks, the Doctor returned, surprised to see his nephew, and more surprised at his very rueful appearance. He inquired what he had been doing to alter himself so. "I have been ruining myself," said Auberry.

"Odds! I hope not," replied the good-hearted Doctor. "What, have you been gambling?"

"Yes, in the lottery of life, and have drawn a blank. In short, my dear uncle, I have married a woman without either family or fortune, and am discarded by my aunt; but that I could have borne, had my wife been faithful."

"Odds my life!" said the Doctor, "matrimony seems no improver of happiness; for this is the second tale of misery I have heard to-day. What think you, sister? just as I landed from the packet, I saw two women standing on the shore, ready to step into a boat that was waiting. One countenance I knew instantly; for though pale and greatly emaciated, there was still that character of sensibility and virtue impressed upon it for which I used to admire it. It was our unfortunate young friend Rachel Dudley."

Hamden gasped for breath, but he suffered the Doctor to proceed without interruption. "She had a fine boy in her arms," continued the Doctor, "apparently about four months old, and spite of all we have heard, I felt myself impelled to speak to her. Her companion was Miss Oliver, whom we heard had eloped from her father's house, and who has not been heard of by her family for above a twelvemonth."

"Well, Sir," cried Auberry impatiently, "but what of Rachel?"

"Why I'll tell you," said the Doctor, taking off his wig and deliberately putting on his crimson velvet cap.

cap, and without noticing the emotions of Hamden ; “when I went up to her, and asked her how she did, she laid her hand on her bosom, and with a look I shall never forget, answered, “Neither well nor happy, Doctor.”

“I am sorry, my poor girl,” said I, “for some circumstances that I understand have taken place, and knowing your extreme sensibility, cannot be surprised that they have injured both your health and peace of mind. But where are you going now?”

“To America,” said she, “in pursuit of my husband.”

“You are married, then,” said I.

“Yes,” she replied, and fixing her eyes on my face, “did you not know it?”

“No, how should I? I have been in Ireland these two months past. Just then the sailors called to her to get into the boat. She tendered me her hand.”

“God bless you, my good Doctor,” said she. I shook her hand, helped her in, and——”

“And she is really gone, then,” cried Hamden frantically.

The Doctor raised his eyes; the agitated countenance of his nephew alarmed him. “Yes, I believe so,” said he in a doubtful tone; “but why does it affect you thus?”

“Why does it affect me? Oh! Sir, I am the husband of Rachel! It is me she is gone in pursuit of. I have deserted, abandoned, forsaken her; I thought her depraved; I was told——”

“Yes, and so have I been told,” said the Doctor with vehemence, striking his hand on the elbow of his chair; “but after beholding her meek, expressive countenance, where candour and purity are stamped on every feature; after seeing her emaciated frame, and hearing her tremulous, plaintive accents, I would not believe the smallest tittle to her disadvantage, though millions joined to affirm it! Young man, you have been hasty, and blinded by passion; have thrown away a pearl of inestimable price.”

Hamden's

Hamden's feelings were now too great for utterance. His mother soothed him; but Dr. Levent, who hated family pride, blamed the whole of his conduct; and though before he went to bed he prescribed something to compose the agitated spirits of Auberry, yet when retired, his thoughts were wholly occupied by Rachel, wandering without a proper protector, in search of a man who had wantonly sacrificed her happiness and reputation on the altar of ambition and interest.



CHAPTER LAST.

Where heaven-born Freedom holds her court
 Let me erect my humble shed;
 Where all the arts with joy resort,
 And Science rears her laurell'd head.

WE left Reuben, in captivity, employing every leisure moment in expanding the mind and cultivating the talents of Eumea. In this manner six weary months passed on, and still no hope of emancipation. At the end of this period, tidings arrived that the Indian chiefs had been guilty of a breach of the European laws, and in consequence had suffered death. The sachem called a council of his elders and chieftains, and it was determined that Reuben and his unhappy companions should on the ensuing morning be bound to the stake, and suffer those inhuman tortures which none but savages could inflict, and none but savages submit to, without an endeavour to be avenged of those who inflict them.

Eumea was in the wigwam at the time this horrid sentence was passed; her heart sunk; there were but a few hours to intervene before it was to be put in execution. In the dead of night, she entered the wigwam of our hero.

“Englishmen,” said she, “awake, get up; danger and death are at hand; haste, quit this place, flee into the woods that skirt the mountains, and the God of the
 the

the Christians go with you." In a few words she explained to them the necessity of their immediate flight, and directing their steps to a cavern in a hollow glen, she threw her arms round the neck of Reuben, bathed his cheek with her tears, pressed her cold trembling lips to his, and sobbing, Adieu! returned to her restless bed to weep and pray for his safety.

Innumerable were the hardships endured by Reuben and his companions, skulking in caves, or deep woods, feeding on wild fruit, and even glad to make a meal of acorns; terrified by the rustling of the leaves, or the steps of wild though inoffensive animals, natives of the uncultivated tracts through which they were obliged to pass.

After three weeks wearisome journey, they at length arrived at a European settlement; but so reduced through famine and fatigue, that it seemed as though they were only arrived at a place of safety that they might rest from all their cares in death. Even the strength and spirits of O'Neil began to flag, and he bitterly regretted that he was no longer able to cheer, attend and comfort his dear master.

But what was the surprise of Reuben, when, the day after his arrival at this place, he saw Eumea enter the apartment where he was. He raised himself from the bed on which he was reclining, and in a voice that expressed at once surprise and pleasure, exclaimed, "Eumea here! what strange incident!" She stopped him, took hold of his hand, and looking earnestly in his face—

"Is it strange that I should follow you; (said she) were not you my instructor, my more than father, my friend, and was it possible Eumea could stay behind you and live? Do not look angry; I know I have done wrong; for you taught me to love, respect, and never forsake my father and mother. I tried to remember your precepts, I tried to obey your injunctions; but, alas! the silent night was witness to my anguish, and the rising sun could not dry the dew from my eyelids. If I slept, I saw you, listened to you, and was happy. Fleeting joy! that but embittered
the

the moment of awaking! The flowers you had gathered for me the day before you left me, I bound upon my breast next my heart; I have worn them there ever since; they withered and dried, but every day I refresh them with my tears. One morning, just as the day appeared, I arose, took my bow and arrows, and resolved to follow you. My mother was still asleep; I looked at her, I knelt beside her; but I dared not kiss her lest she should awake. I would have prayed, but you had told me that an undutiful child could never be a favourite of our heavenly Father; so I pressed my hands on my heart, which throbb'd so loud, it seem'd to say, Oh! God of the Christians, bless my mother! God knows every thought of the heart, and though I dared not pronounce his sacred name with my lips, perhaps its silent petition may be read and answered."

Eumea paused; Reuben would have answered, but he was at a loss what to say. O'Neil, weak and ill as he was, had moved towards her, and sitting at her feet, leaning one hand on her knees, his head rested on it, and his languid eyes were fixed on her face, as he listened to her with profound attention.

"It is my belief," said he, "that God Almighty never turns away from the prayers of an innocent heart; and then to be sure he knows all we want, when we can't speak to ask for even a morsel of bread. Oh! if we were only to have what we deserved, we should find but poor accommodations, in our journey through this world; but you see he was so good as to send people before us, to make every thing comfortable; and all he requires is, that we shall in return make things pleasant and agreeable for them that come after us."

Reuben could not help smiling at O'Neil's morality. Eumea seem'd lost in thought, and scarcely to have attended to what he said; but when she found he was silent, she again address'd our hero.

"So you see here I am; but what have I gained by following you? Nothing! for now all that I suffer'd before for your absence, I now feel on account
of

of my mother. But I will not return. No; I could not support my father's unkindness, and my mother's reproaches; which would be the more painful because mingled with affection. I will follow you, my dear instructor; I will be your handmaid, and love and serve you to the last hour of my life."

"And so will I," said O'Neil, "and I'll well serve you too, my beautiful Indian lady, every day and all the day, and by night too, if so be there be necessity."

"And how did you know that you should find me here?" said Reuben.

"I knew," she replied, "that this was the nearest settlement, and had I not found you here, I should have travelled onward to Philadelphia; and had you not been there, I should have thought you had died by the way, and would have sought you in a better world, the world of spirits."

"You would not, I hope, Eumca, have dared to rush unbidden into eternity?" said Reuben.

"I fear I should," she replied; "for why should we endure life, when the nights are past in anguish, and every day is a day of sorrow? When the wintry blasts howl, when the snow falls, and the frost binds up the lakes; then, when confined to the wigwam, there is no comfort within, but the tempest of the passions rages more furious than the gale that bows the tall cedars, and shakes to the roots the stately oak; why should we not sleep with the insect or the reptile tribes, that pass the dreary season in insensibility? And when the warm southern breeze dissolves the ice, and bids the trees be green, the blossom come; when the blackbird whistles merrily, and the robin begins to dress his plumes; if then nor fragrant blossom, nor cheerful bird, nor flower-speckled field delight the sense, or soothe the tortured soul, were it not better to seek repose in other climes, more suited to our feelings? Or when the deer seeks the deep woods, and pants though lying on the river's brink, when the scorching sun dries the grass and parches up the ground, where is the harm if, plunging in the wave, we quench the fever that consumes us, or from our veins let out the blood, that rushes with

such fury through our frame, swelling the heart till it is near to bursting? Or even when the season of corn arrives; when clusters of wild grapes hang on the bending vines; when the berries, blackened by the sun, peep through the half-faded leaves; when the cool, soft breeze of evening, and the sweet air of the morning, affords refreshing slumbers to the eyelids, or uncloses them to pleasing prospects, that, being surveyed, makes the heart dance with joy—Ah! then, if the eyes are dimmed with tears and the heart oppressed with sorrow; is it a sin to seek that happy place where we can neither weep nor suffer more?"

"You have profited but little by my instructions, Eumea," said Reuben, "if you can argue thus."

"I will follow you, then," said she emphatically, "and endeavour to improve."

In about a fortnight, our hero and his companions were enough recovered to continue their journey. It was in vain he entreated Eumea to return to her mother, she persisted in following him. It was without effect that he represented to her, that in accompanying him she would be looked upon with disrespect by the European women; her resolution was taken and was not to be shaken.

The appearance of Reuben and his followers was miserable in the extreme when they entered Philadelphia; and what added to their misery was, that amongst them all they had not a single copper, nor any friends to whom they could apply for assistance. The forlorn group had crossed the Schuylkill, and with weary steps were approaching the city, when a venerable man of the society of Friends, riding out for exercise and air, surveyed them with an eye of compassion, and stopping his horse—"Friend," said he, addressing Reuben, "both thou and thy companions seem fatigued, and appear to have taken a long journey; from whence dost thou come?"

"From captivity," said Reuben.

"Yes," cried O'Neil, who, having recovered his usual spirits, pushed forward to speak for himself: "yes, we have been obliged to pay a pretty long visit

to the copper-coloured gentlefolks, and if we had not come away as we did, they would have scalped us and roasted us; and then a pretty figure we should have cut! But this dear creature, who, though she is a little darkish or so, has a heart as beautiful as an angel: so she told us what they were about going to do. Said she, Get up, my lads, and run away whilst you can; for to-morrow you will have no legs to run with. So away we came, and a fine trampoofe we have had. And now we have got here, I don't know that we are much better off; for if they had roasted us, we should not a lived to be starved to death; for a devil a penny have we got to buy bread."

"Nevertheless," said the benevolent friend, "thou shalt not starve. I am not rich; but Heaven forbid that I should suffer a fellow-creature to want while I have a morsel to give him, or a blanket to spare to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather. I have a house on the banks of the Delaware, but a very short distance from the city, and its doors were never shut against the unfortunate; come home with me, then, and bring the good Indian maiden with thee. It matters not to what nation, kindred or people they belong who are in affliction; I feel they are my brethren, and as such, I will gladly share my own comforts with them."

They heard with delight the genuine effusions of mercy and benevolence flow from the lips of the man of peace, and being directed by him, pursued their way to the habitation of hospitality.

"A small mansion, built by frugality and furnished by simplicity, situated on the banks of the Delaware, and surrounded by a large and well-cultivated garden, was the dwelling of Stedfast Trueman. Elizabeth his wife was not handsome, but there was something in her look, voice and manner, more charming than beauty. Her house, her children, herself, were pure emblems of neatness, innocence and industry. She heard that some poor guests were arrived, directed to their friendly roof by her husband, came into the kitchen to bid them welcome, and with her own hands
assisted

assisted to set forth refreshment. The children came round them, some eagerly curious and inquisitive, and others timidly standing aloof, to observe the strange dress and appearance of the travellers.

In this asylum, Reuben and his companions soon recruited both health and spirits. Their benevolent friend supplied them with some coarse clothing, the joint product of his farm and his wife's industry. In the course of conversation our hero mentioned his father's name.

"Dudley," said friend Trueman; "I knew him well; a more worthy, honest man never existed. If thou art his son, thou hast, I fear, been greatly wronged by the man Jacob Holmes. I have reason to believe thy father was a man of strict integrity, and that he would not premeditatedly assert a falsehood. He did declare to me in confidence every particular of his past life, and though he did not boast of his good deeds, yet I gathered enough to believe that Jacob was the child of his bounty. But the man has since so boldly and solemnly contradicted that belief, that I dare not judge too rashly; and Heaven forbid that I should condemn him; for, just or unjust, he is gone to give an account of his stewardship before Him, who, requiring but humility, justice and mercy from his servants toward their fellow-creatures, will in no wise excuse those who slight his counsels, or break his commandments."

Reuben was surprised: "Is Jacob Holmes then dead?" said he.

"Verily he sleepeth with his fathers," said Trueman. "He was greatly hurt about three months since, by a fall from his horse; the bruise was internal, brought on a spitting of blood, which baffled all medical aid, and he went off suddenly, when he supposed himself mending. Indeed, I was told he never believed himself in danger. More is the pity; the rod of affliction, that warns us of approaching dissolution, is a salutary and necessary judgment, that as we bow under the correcting hand, we may implore that mercy which is never withheld from the penitent sinner."

"And

“And who inherits his estate?” said Reuben.

“His infant son, who with his mother, still resides in the house.”

“Mrs. Holmes is a worthy woman,” said Reuben, “and possesses an honest simplicity of heart extremely interesting. Oh bounteous Disposer of events,” continued he, and his soul expanded as he spoke, “visit not, I humbly beseech thee, the sins of the father upon the child; but may he live to be a comfort to his mother, a friend to the worthy, and thy faithful servant to a good old age.”

“Thy pious prayers, good young man,” said Trueman, “return tenfold on thy own head.”

The unfortunate participators of Reuben’s captivity being recruited, departed in search of employment; but himself, O’Neil and Eumea were detained in the habitation of friend Trueman, who wished to place our hero in some reputable employ, meant to detain O’Neil in his own service, and thought the food and raiment necessary to render the Indian maid comfortable, would never be missed by his own family. The inquiries he set on foot for employment for our hero made it universally known that he was returned to Philadelphia.

One morning, as he sat conversing with Trueman, he was surprised by the entrance of Mrs. Holmes. She advanced to him with a firm but eager step, and presenting her hand, “I am glad to see thee, friend Reuben,” said she; “I did not hear of thy return till yesterday even, or I should have come to visit thee before.”

Our hero cordially shook her proffered hand, led her to a seat, and told her he was happy in an opportunity to renew their acquaintance.

“I expect thou dost know already that Jacob Holmes is gone home,” said she, her bosom heaving and her eyes swimming in tears. Reuben bowed assent.

“Thou hast no right to regret his departure,” continued she, “but he was the chosen friend of my heart, the father of my child, the support of his family; his loss to me is irreparable.” She paused a moment. “I have, since his departure,” she continued, recovering her voice, “discovered amongst some old papers, which

I do hope and believe he had never inspected, the attested copy of a will, and other accounts of consequence to thee. Here they are; thou wilt find by them that thou art the real possessor of Mount Pleasant. I am sure I could not be happy to detain it from the lawful owner, and I here relinquish all claim to it, and throw both myself and child upon your benevolence." She then untied a handkerchief, and delivered the papers into the hands of Reuben, whose feelings on the occasion cannot easily be described.

Our hero, thus raised almost instantaneously from extreme poverty to a state of ease, and indeed (what in those days of moderation was termed) affluence, made it his first care to place Mrs. Holmes and her son in a comfortable habitation, and to settle upon them one third of all his father died possessed of. He placed Eumea with her, who assiduously endeavoured to conform to the European dress, customs and manners; but she pined at being separated from Reuben, and if more than two days elapsed without her seeing him, she would give way to the most violent affliction.

Our hero had, previous to his campaign against the Indians, frequently written to his sister; but these letters being directed to the care of Mr. Andrew Atkins, were never forwarded to our heroine; indeed, after the first, he might have pleaded in excuse that he did not know where to find her.

Reuben made every inquiry at the post-office, and of the masters of vessels then arriving from England, for letters, but could hear of none addressed to himself; and he meditated a voyage to his native place, in order to bring his sister over, and sometimes indulging the fond hope, that Jessy Oliver might accompany her. But as he had much to settle previous to taking so long a voyage, he deferred it till the ensuing spring.

His friend, Stedfast Trueman, had made a purchase of some land situated in New-Jersey, near the mouth of the Delaware; he thought it necessary to visit it this autumn, and plan out the improvements he meant should take place in the spring. He invited Reuben to

to accompany him on this excursion, and he, wishing to see a little of that part of the country, assented. Their journey was extremely pleasant; but on the day preceding that they had settled for their return to Philadelphia, a cold storm, such as often precedes or accompanies the sun's autumnal passage across the equinox, commenced, and they resolved to tarry till its fury was abated. On the evening of the second day, it was increased to a tremendous degree, not blowing steadily, but in gusts, that threw the ocean into horrible convulsions, heaping up vast mountainous waves that seemed to threaten heaven, and leaving hollow chasms, in which the vessels (which they could plainly descry from the windows of the house they were in) seemed often to be lost, though in a moment after they appeared again on the summit of the highest wave.

Friend Trueman and our hero were greatly affected at the evident distress in which several small barks appeared; they stood anxiously watching them, till the curtain of night shut them from their view. The house they were in was situated at the entrance of Great Egg-Harbour; and as the storm abated in some trifling degree towards morning, Reuben and his friend arose with the earliest dawn, to see if any signs of wrecks were apparent, or if they could be of any service to the suffering mariners, who might, if luckily they escaped such a catastrophe, be in want of friends and assistance. They wrapped themselves in their great coats, and walked towards the sea, where they presently descried a ship dreadfully shattered, endeavouring to make the harbour. Her foremast and main-topmast were gone; some of her sails, torn in atoms, were fluttering in the wind, and the few she could expand were scarcely manageable.

Long they laboured, for some hours opposed both by wind and tide; at length the latter turned in her favour, and she fetched in, but not without making repeated signals of distress; and it was very evident, as she approached the shore, that she laboured heavily in the water, and all the spectators concluded she was in danger

danger of sinking. The sea ran so high, no boat could, without imminent risk, go to the assistance of the wretched crew. At length a fishing boat ventured off. The people on board had thrown out an anchor, but she dragged it, and the wind setting across the harbour, she was making stern foremost to the shore. Just as the boat reached her, she struck, and the cries of the affrighted sailors and passengers reached the ears of those who stood on the shore, waiting in suspense and horror to behold the fate of so fine a ship and her unfortunate company. Several women were seen on the deck, and the spectators seemed as though they could have given their own lives to preserve the lives of the sufferers.

When the boat reached the ship, the people rushed over the sides into her; the women were helped in, and in a few moments their situation was as perilous from having overloaded the boat, as it had been before in the vessel. However, they put off, and made towards the shore; the wind favoured them, and the spectators exultingly cried, In five minutes they will be all safe; but in a much less time, a sudden flaw took the sails; from the number of persons on board, the fishermen could not slack the sheets in time, and she overset.

All the aim of those on shore was now to save, if possible, the lives of some, who, borne by the foaming surge, seemed almost to reach the land, when the receding wave would dash them back into the dread abyss of waters. Spars fastened by ropes were thrown into the sea, while a number of men on shore stood ready to drag them to land, should any despairing wretch seize them as the means of deliverance. Reuben was busied in this humane endeavour, when he heard a shout of exultation from a group of men employed in the same manner at a little distance. They waved also for more help. He therefore quitted his own party, which was more numerous, and ran to their assistance, when he perceived that two women had been already snatched from a watery grave, and several

several men were, by the help of the spars, near the shore.

“Here,” said the master of the house at which they lodged, “here, take this poor infant, and carry it to the house, bid my dame make up a large fire in every room, and get all the beds ready: You must sleep on the floor to-night, Sir.”

Reuben clasped the poor little dripping infant to his naked breast, wrapped his coat round it, and was delighted to find, by a faint moaning noise it made, that in all probability it would recover. He ran to the house, gave the child into the care of a kind-hearted Negro wench, and then returned to help the two women. One was entirely senseless, for she had dropped on the very moment she reached the shore; the other was unable to walk or speak, but yet could make signs that her senses were perfect. Reuben assisted to carry them in; gave them in charge to the women of the house, and then returned to the sea side; but soon perceiving nothing more was to be done, he came back to inquire after the little traveller.

“The women are both recovered,” said a man, as he entered the house.

“I am glad of it,” said Reuben; “might I be admitted to speak to them; they are no doubt English women, and will rejoice to find a countryman so near them, who is willing and ready to render them any service.”

This message was carried to the ladies, and in a moment he was admitted. They were in separate beds in the same room. Reuben drew near that which was next the door; the person who occupied it raised herself partly, and exclaiming, “It is! it is my brother!” threw herself into his arms, which, sinking on the bed beside her, he had extended to receive her; for the moment he beheld her face, he recognized his sister, and the exclamation of ‘Dear Reuben!’ ‘beloved Rachel!’ mutually escaped their lips as they burst into a flood of tears.

And what were the feelings of Jessy Oliver at this moment? they were indescribable. She folded her hands

hands over her face, and the silent tears trickled through her fingers. Rachel recovered articulation first. "Reuben," said she, "there is a dear friend of both yours and mine; 'tis Jessy Oliver, who has been my friend, my supporter, my more than sister."

Reuben left his sister, and dropping on his knees by the bedside of Jessy, drew her hands from her face, and feeling more at that moment for her kindness to his sister, than from any other motive, pressed them to his heart, and cried, "May Heaven forever bless you." The ensuing scene may be conceived, but cannot be described. Reuben discovered, from the lamentations of his sister, that it was her infant he had brought to the house (she had dropped it at the moment of landing when her senses failed her, and imagined it drowned) and he had the exquisite pleasure of restoring it to her arms.

A few days reinstated their health and spirits, and our hero, with his friend Stedfast Trueman, escorted the happy Rachel and Jessy to Philadelphia. The former explained every circumstance of her marriage, and its subsequent consequences; and the latter when solicited to become mistress of Mount Pleasant, did not frown or threaten to be obdurate. They arrived at friend Trueman's house about midday, and after taking a slight refreshment, Reuben, with his sister and her charming friend, proceeded to Mount Pleasant. They were met at the gate by O'Neil.

"Och! my dare master," said he, "I'm mighty glad you are come back, for here has been a strange sort of a gentleman here, and for the matter of that he is here now, in our house, but he is sick; so as he seemed to love your honour, and talk kindly of my good lady your sister that I have heard your honour speak of, I put him into the best chamber, and sent for a doctor, and I hope your honour won't be angry, because you see I did as if I had been in your honour's place."

O'Neil would have gone on, had he not seen a chaise approach (for Reuben was on horseback). "And be these visitors?" said he.

"Yes,"

“Yes,” replied our hero, “and the very sister you spoke of, and a charming lady, who I hope will soon become your mistress, O’Neil.”

The honest, affectionate O’Neil stayed not to reply; he darted forward, and seemed as if he would have helped the horse that drew the sister of his beloved master. When the carriage stopped, he waited not for ceremony; but as Jessy stood on the side of the chaise ready to alight, he seized her in his arms, and bore her into the house; then running back, took the child from Rachel, (whom Reuben had helped out of the chaise) almost devoured it with kisses, and leaping, dancing and capering, cried, “Yes! yes! he will be happy after all, I knew he would, I was always sure he would. O that my dear Mistress Juliana was but alive now!”

Perhaps the reader has before this surmised, that the strange, inquisitive, sick gentleman was no other than Hamden Auberry, who had embarked for Philadelphia immediately after his knowledge of our heroine’s seeking him in that place; but the ship in which he embarked being a fast sailer, and steering a different course to that pursued by the one in which was his wife, arrived safe in the port of Philadelphia the very night before the commencement of the storm in which poor Rachel suffered so much, and so nearly escaped with life. His first inquiries were for Reuben, and he was directed to Mount Pleasant; on his arrival there, he learnt that Rachel was not arrived, and that Reuben was absent from home. Change of climate, the fatigues of a long voyage, and the anguish of mind he had endured for six months past, had so enervated his frame and shook his constitution, that when he attempted to remount the horse that brought him, he turned so faint as to be obliged to return to the house, where he grew so much worse, that O’Neil (as he had told his master) advised him to go to bed, and sent for a doctor.

The meeting between our heroine and her husband was all that real affection and sensibility can imagine. Rachel wept, and regretted the pain she had unintentionally

tionally given him, whilst he implored her pardon for that false pride, which had first exposed her to the suspicions and insults of those who, envying her superior merit, rejoiced in an opportunity to level her with their own contaminated ideas.

About six weeks after this happy meeting, Reuben received the hand of Jessy Oliver. It was a day of festivity. The gates of Mount Pleasant were thrown open, and every visitor made welcome. To add to their mirth, a dance in the evening was to finish the entertainment.

A social meal, dispensed with cheerfulness, and partaken with a true spirit of hilarity, had been just removed, when the parlour door hastily opened, and Eumea entered. Her hair hung loose about her shoulders; her eyes were wild, and her voice broken. She rushed toward Reuben and Jessy, and taking a hand from each, joined them; then pressing them to her bosom, raised her eyes to heaven—

“God of the Christians,” said she fervently, “make them forever happy. Wife of Reuben, thou art a happy woman, for thy husband is a man of honour. He saw the weakness of a poor, unprotected Indian maid, he pitied her folly, but took no advantage of it.”

Jessy was affected by the simple yet fervent address. Reuben took the hand of Eumea, and would have made her sit down, but she refused.

“No! no!” said she, “Eumea will rest no more, know peace no more. I had raised a deity of my own, built an altar in my bosom, and daily offered the sacrifice of a fond, an affectionate heart; but the days are past, I can worship no longer without a crime. Farewel,” said she, enthusiastically clasping her hands, “do not quite forget the poor, poor Eumea!”

She then left the house, and Reuben sent a person to follow and see that she came to no ill. She went home, but continued not long there; a young woman, who from her wild looks and incoherent language imagined her mind to be disordered, endeavoured to detain her, but in vain. About the dusk of the evening she went out, and all inquiry for her was fruitless till

till three days after, when as Reuben was giving some orders to O'Neil, in that part of his ground that lay on the verge of the Schuylkill, they discovered something floating on the water; the garments bespoke it a woman. Reuben's heart shuddered; they dragged it to the shore; it was the corpse of poor Eumea. Reuben sighed; raised his eyes to heaven, but was silent. Not so O'Neil. He fell on his knees beside the pale corse, and his honest heart burst in a torrent from his eyes.

"Och! my flower of the forest," said he, "and art thou gone, and was it love that made thee leave us? Beautiful, good, sweetest of savages—O! thy poor O'Neil can pity thee. And what shall he do now thou hast closed thine eyes? Thou hast murdered thy sweet self, and what is there now in the world that he cares for?"

Reuben was struck with the fervency and humility that was at once expressed by O'Neil; for it spoke as plain as words could speak, 'I loved her, but I never dared to tell my love, lest it should offend her.'

Our hero by degrees drew him from the contemplation of the melancholy object, and proper forms being gone through in regard to the body, it was buried in a field near the margin of the river. O'Neil banked up the grave, twisted osier twigs and fenced it round; at the head he planted a weeping willow, and at the foot a wild rose tree. Of a night when his labour was finished, he would visit the spot, sing old ditties, and weep whilst he sing; and though he lived to good old age, O'Neil never knew another love.

After this period, our heroine for many years enjoyed an uninterrupted series of felicity. Auberry, entirely occupied by the cares of a mercantile life, into which he had successfully entered, and giving every leisure moment to the assisting of Rachel in the education of a beautiful rising family, was entirely cured of jealousy and ambition, and wondered he could have ever doubted the faith of his wife, or have risked losing so vast a treasure forever, rather than relinquish the hope of being rich and great.

Reuben and Jessy were patterns of conjugal felicity, and that felicity was increased in the course of a few years, by the arrival of old Mr. Oliver, Archibald and Courtney. The former had saved a trifle from the wreck of his fortune, which had been almost dissipated by a worthless woman. Archibald brought with him an amiable bride in the person of Courtney's sister. The abandoned Mrs. Courtney had met the fate her vicious course of life merited, and died abroad, neglected by all her pretended lovers, a victim to disease, poverty and remorse.

It was in the seventh year of our hero and heroine's happy settlement in Philadelphia, that the latter was told one morning that a gentleman from England desired to see her. She went into the parlour, and beheld, to her infinite surprize, Mr. Allibi.

"Mrs. Auberry, I presume," said he, bowing profoundly. "I am happy, Madam, to be the first to wish you joy on a very great and unexpected accession of fortune. Your husband's relation, lady Anne, is dead; also her brother the Earl, and I may now salute you Countess of Montmorill. Moreover," continued he, not giving her leave to speak, "I am to inform you, by order of Mr. Andrew Atkins, that yourself and brother, Mr. Reuben Dudley, being the only descendants of the lady Arrabella Ruthven, who married about the year 1644-5, with Edward Dudley, son of Henry Dudley, descendant of the unfortunate lady Jane Grey, and who relinquishing her title, embarked with him for America; as I say, yourself and brother being the only legitimate descendants of that marriage, you are acknowledged joint heirs to the titles and immense estates of the house of Ruthven. And I am commissioned by my very good friend, Mr. Andrew Atkins, to receive your orders in what manner he shall proceed in regard to said estates, and to inform you, your Lancashire estate is now, through his care, entirely free from incumbrances."

Rachel, overwhelmed by the rapidity with which Allibi related all this good news, and scarcely crediting what she heard, yet understanding sufficient, perfectly

fectly to comprehend the mean finesse of Allibi and his dirty employer, in thus informing her of her accession of fortune, and making a merit of relinquishing the Lancashire estate, in hopes of being made agent and steward to those of much greater value, could scarcely command her temper, whilst she interrogated him concerning the extraordinary intelligence he conveyed. However, being ascertained of the truth of his assertions, and received from him some papers of consequence, with a long, fulsome, congratulatory letter from Mr. Andrew Atkins, she appointed him to call the ensuing morning, when her brother and husband would be sure to meet him.

On the following morning, therefore, at a little past eight o'clock, Mr. Allibi entered the breakfast parlour, where he found Reuben, Rachel, Mr. Auberry and Mrs. Dudley assembled to breakfast. After partaking a social meal, and delivering and attesting to every necessary paper, both in regard to their new acquisitions and the Lancashire estate, he was somewhat astonished to hear Reuben address him in the following words:—

“You may think, Mr. Allibi, that by bringing us this intelligence you have greatly heightened our felicity; and in one respect you have, as it extends our power of serving our fellow-creatures. As to titles, both my brother Auberry and his wife Rachel, join with me to renounce them; they are distinctions nothing worth, and should by no means be introduced into a young country, where the only distinction between man and man should be made by virtue, genius and education. Our sons are true-born Americans, and while they strive to make that title respectable, we wish them to possess no other. Let the titles then go, and such of the estates as are annexed to them, to more distant branches of our several families, or in case of default of heirs, let them sink into oblivion. Of the immense property of which we are become possessors, we shall retain no more than will set our sons forward in business, and give our daughters moderate portions; the

the residue shall be equally divided amongst the indigent relatives of both families."

Allibi brightened at these words, thinking he should be constituted agent in this business; but Reuben continued:—

"I am obliged to you for the trouble you have taken on my account, and hold myself your debtor for the expenses of your voyage and other contingencies, which, whenever you please, I shall be ready to discharge; and when you return, I will trouble you with a letter to Mr. Andrew Atkins, informing him he will be no farther troubled with my affairs, but will please to settle all accounts with Mr. Courtney, a gentleman who has kindly undertaken to go to England for that purpose."

The poor, disappointed Allibi could scarcely breathe at the conclusion of this speech; he shuffled on his seat, attempted to recommend himself by reprobating the conduct of Atkins, but a look of marked contempt from Reuben silenced him; and, mortified beyond endurance, he rose hastily and took his leave.

In a short time, Courtney embarked for England; settled every thing according to the directions of Reuben and Auberry, made many an orphan glad, and many a disconsolate heart leap for joy. He liberated the poor debtor, afforded relief to depressed merit, and wiped away the tear from the eye of suffering virtue. The incense of gratitude ascended towards heaven, and was returned in blessings on the heads of Reuben, Rachel, and their posterity.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Vol. I. page 129, 14th. line from the bottom, for *wife* read *sister*.
page 170, 11th. line from the top, for *sister* read *cousin*.







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